Memoirs of
MONSIGNOR J. M. KIRWIN

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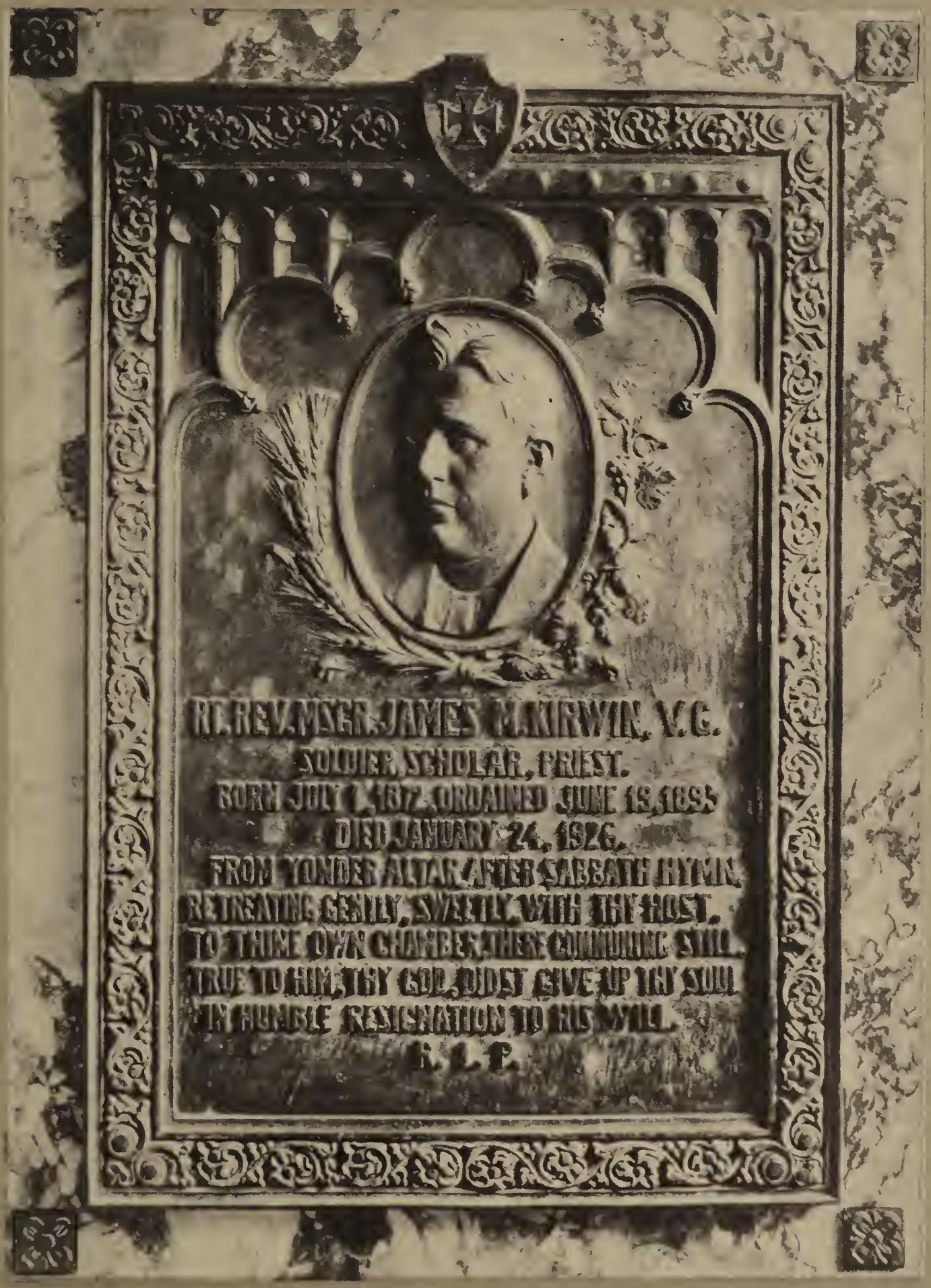

RT. REV. MSGR. JAMES H. KIRWIN, V.G.
SOLDIER, SCHOLAR, PRIEST.
BORN JULY 1, 1837. ORDAINED JUNE 15, 1865
DIED JANUARY 24, 1926.
FROM YONDER ALTAR AFTER SABBATH HYMN,
RETREATING GENTLY, SWEETLY, WITH THY HOST,
TO THINE OWN CHAMBER, THERE COMMUNING STILL,
TRUE TO HIM, THY GOD, DIDST GIVE UP THY SOUL
IN HUMBLE RESIGNATION TO HIS WILL.
R. I. P.

Dedication

This Volume is respectfully dedicated to
His Lordship Right Reverend
Christopher E. Byrne, D. D., LL. D.,
Bishop of Galveston, Texas

By the death of Monsignor Kirwin, Bishop Byrne lost an able assistant, a loyal Vicar General. In the words of Bishop Joseph Lynch, "Monsignor Kirwin was not only loyal in the strongest sense of the term to his Bishop but he revered and admired him with the affection of a son."

Geo. T. Elmendorf, M. A.,
Priest of Galveston Diocese

Introduction

By The Right Rev. C. E. Byrne, D. D., LL. D.

Bishop of Galveston

IN SONG, and story, and eloquent address, the beauty and benefits of memory have often been eulogized. But in spite of all its pleasures and consolations memory has, at times, not only proved treacherous, but has also become utterly blank.

So, from earliest ages, men have joined to their traditions a written record of their deeds and sayings. Such history gives us a clearer and truer portrait of the men and women gone than the most skilled canvas, or the most prefectly chiseled marble. Portrait or statue can present little more than the body. But the immortal souls of men, with all their tumult of thought, their hopes and aspirations, their convictions, their endeavors, their joys and their sorrows, stand revealed in the record of what they have spoken, and what they have done.

It is this that makes history so fascinating a study; and that makes that branch of history called biography the more absorbing. And when a biography is written of one we knew and loved in life, every line of the record is a recreative stroke bringing out into clear mental vision the voice, the look, the stride, and all the mannerisms of a dead friend.

It is the hope of the contributors to this biography of Monsignor James M. Kirwin that they have presented something to his friends which will be a lasting memorial of Father Kirwin, and which at the same time may increase his merits by extending adown the years he was not permitted to tread, the encouragement of his good life, and the light of his fine teaching to many others who only heard the praises of Father Kirwin spoken.

May the fragments here gathered up feed many hungry and yearning souls.

Compiler's Preface

"LET US PRAISE men of renown, and our father in their generation. There are some, of whom there is no memorial, who are perished as if they had never been, but they were men of mercy whose Godly deeds have not failed. Their bodies are buried in peace and their name liveth unto generation and generation. Let the people show forth their wisdom and the church declare their praise."

In all these texts Holy Scripture praises great and good men and suggests to us that it is the proper thing for us to do likewise. This, then, kind reader, introduces to you our motive for compiling these "Memoirs" of the Right Reverend Monsignor James Martin Kirwin, the much lamented late Vicar General of the Diocese of Galveston, Rector of the Cathedral and President of Saint Mary's Seminary, La Porte.

The Rev. Doctor Peter Guilday, Professor of History at the Catholic University, on hearing of the death of Monsignor Kirwin, wrote in a letter to Father D. P. O'Connell, at La Porte: "I can hardly tell you how shocked I was at the news of Monsignor Kirwin's death. Your diocese has lost an outstanding character and the Seminary a splendid leader. On Monday last, at the celebration of St. Paul's Day, our Rector took occasion to make Monsignor Kirwin's life an exemplar for the young of Divinity Hall."

A month later we received the following lines from the same noted historian: "You are doing a nice thing and an encouraging thing in compiling a Memoir of the late Monsignor Kirwin, and I think that your idea of a compilation is an excellent one. I wish you every success in your work."

Under date of March 15th, 1926, we received the following reply from Mr. C. B. Gillespie, Manager of the Houston Chronicle: "First let me thank you heartily for the distinction you have given me in asking me to write something in memory of Father Kirwin. Nothing would please me more than to write something that would be acceptable, but I hesitate to promise such an undertaking because sometimes I find it very difficult to express my great esteem and friendship for him. I will be glad to do the best I can and write of him 'as a friend.' "

Mr. Tom Finty, Jr., of the Dallas News, sent us the following: "It will afford me pleasure to collaborate in preparing the 'Memoirs' of my good friend, Father Kirwin. I would prefer to write upon him as a citizen, and in that connection I would tell a good bit about his splendid work following the storm of 1900. I was an eye witness to it."

Rabbi Doctor Henry Cohen said: "I consider it a privilege to acquiesce in your invitation to write a chapter of the contemplated 'Memoirs' of my good friend, Monsignor Kirwin, and I appreciate your request."

The following lines are an excerpt from the letter of the Honorable Edgar Odell Lovett, Ph. D., President of Rice Institute of Houston, Texas:

"I warmly appreciate the request conveyed by your kind letter. I need hardly add that, with you, I hold Monsignor Kirwin in blessed memory. I also recognize how inadequate is the accompanying brief tribute to him as an educator, but it is at least a sincere estimate, and as such I venture to hand it to you."

These and many similar tributes to the memory of Monsignor Kirwin encouraged us to compile the "Memoirs". We are especially grateful to His Lordship, Bishop Byrne, whose assistance financially and otherwise, made this work possible. To all the kind collaborators who have contributed the chapters bearing their names, we are very thankful. Our gratitude is extended to Miss K. Daffan who has assisted very materially in some of the research work connected with these writings. We also wish to thank the managers of the "Southern Messenger" of San Antonio, and the controllers of the "Houston Chronicle" as well as those of the "Galveston Newspapers" and the Houston and Galveston Public Librarians for the courtesy shown us in assisting us in every way in their power with the research work of the newspaper files.

This volume is by no means intended to be an exhaustive treatise on the life and time of the priest whom, it was reported, General Pershing offered the Chaplain Generalship of all the American forces under his command. We feel that it would take many more volumes to give even a fair estimate of the Monsignor who "went about doing good."

Nevertheless we venture the hope that these "Memoirs", though falling far short of a just estimate, will help to keep his memory alive amongst the rising generation and will cause an occasional prayer to be whispered for him.

If this much can be attained, it will indeed be considered ample recompense for the labor of love and memory by

THE COMPILER.

Eulogy by Bishop Lynch

(This eulogy was delivered at the funeral of Father Kirwin by Bishop Joseph Lynch of Dallas.)

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

"As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just judge, will render to me."—II Tim. IV., 7-8.

A life rich in achievement and golden in promise, whilst scarcely beyond its meridian, has passed into the great and inevitable eclipse. That event brought to its conclusion an unusual career of consecrated service and chronicled the removal from the arena of this perishable world of a great moral leader in the person of the Rt. Rev. Monsignor James M. Kirwin, the zealous and beloved vicar general of this diocese.

Around his mortal remains the magnet of love and Christian fellowship draws us together in a cause that is common. We come to weep and to pray; to weep at the loss we have sustained by his death, and, bowing in humble submission to the divine wisdom, to supplicate the God of all consolation, in solemn dirge and plaintive chant, that favor be shown at the bar of mercy and of justice to the soul of our dear departed. We mourn, and well we may. The sense of our loss appalls us. A ripe scholar, an ardent patriot, an unselfish servant of Christ, a zealous priest, a loyal vicar general, a tried friend will no longer share our counsels, rejoice in our triumphs or grieve in our trials; "he has gone to that bourn whence no traveler returns."

SORROW IS WIDESPREAD

But the sorrow of this occasion is not confined to those who are assembled within sound of this voice, or within the confines of this city, or within the limits of this diocese, but it vibrates with a tone of ringing sincerity throughout this whole gulf region, because the Southland knew Monsignor Kirwin, and valued him for his own worth, and for the message of Christian faith and practice, which he was wont so charmingly to unfold.

Monsignor Kirwin, from the very nature of his vocation, was interested primarily in the spiritual development and the moral standard of the people. As a faithful priest he was necessarily a most helpful promoter of public order, and as an ardent Catholic he was necessarily a loyal citizen. He was the incarnation of the divine injunction, "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's."

For 30 years and more he traveled up and down this great commonwealth with the cross of Christ in the one hand and the Star Spangled Banner in the other, telling the story to open-minded men and women that our divine Lord had told his church—the identical story which the church in turn had repeated to himself. At the same time he reminded the people of the basic principles of their civil government as treasured

in the Declaration of Independence and the constitution of our country. For this task he was eminently qualified, since the cardinal points of the Declaration of Independence were first thought out by the beatified scholastic theologian Bellarmine, who, in far-off sunny Spain, had received a training similar to his own. In brief, he expended his energy of mind and body, that honest men might learn the true sphere of church and state; and, to the end that the church be unfettered in her mission of teaching and mercy and that Columbia be permitted to sail evenly on the keel which was laid by her builders, he allowed himself to know no fatigue day or night.

WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD

For 30 years and more, like his divine Master, "he went about doing good." Whether his path led him to the magnificent home of plenty or to the humble cottage of want; whether duty found him in the midst of alarm in the camp on the way to San Juan, or in the fever plague district, or in the confusion of a deluged city, it was all the same to this soldier of Christ, who was ever "about his Father's business"—that of pouring into the open wounds of afflicted humanity the oil of Christian consolation.

For 30 years and more it was his delight to stand at the altar and break daily the word of eternal life to the hearts of the people, or from the pulpit, to break, with a beauty that often ravished the soul of the auditor, the same word of eternal life to the minds of the people.

During this long space of time he was ever constant in his duty of instructing the ignorant, counseling the doubting, admonishing the sinner, warning the godless, chastising the frivolous and consoling the afflicted. In and out of season he planted the seeds of virtue in the minds and the hearts of the little ones, thereby causing the flowers of faith, hope and charity to blossom and perfume society with the grateful fragrance of Christian living.

IN THE MAJESTY OF DEATH

Finally, at the call of him who admonishes, "I shall come as a thief in the night when you least expect," with the Eucharistic kiss fresh upon his priestly lips, he folded about himself his mantle to appear no more to mortal eye, except in the majesty of death, in which we now behold him.

Yes, he has passed from this first state of consciousness, called mortal life, to other states of consciousness in the great beyond, where divested of the vanities and superfluities of human existence he journeys, if he has not actually reached his destination, to the beatific vision, where he shall see his Master, "not vaguely through a glass, but face to face," where clothed with the mantle as pure as the driven snow and as chaste as the untouched star that sentinels the approach to his Father's home, he will marvel for all eternity at that gift of God—eternal salvation—the

beauty of which eye hath not seen nor ear heard nor mind of man conceived.

KEY TO HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER

Does anyone wonder at the secret of his moral and patriotic power? Then let such a one read into the depths of the influence that formed his youth, study the principles that matured the ideals of his manhood, and there will be discovered the key to his life and character.

His mental and moral vitality was reared upon the firm foundation of a sound Christian education, which had its beginnings at the fireside of his Catholic parents in the State of Ohio. There a pious mother, who still survives him, and to whose aching heart we send abundantly the warmth of our fraternal Christian sympathy, and a ruggedly honest father, whose moral integrity, made the family name the synonym of honor in that distant state, discharged their full duty to their son James. They realized well that the care of his life as indicated by the rosebloom on his cheek, sturdiness in his form and the brilliancy of secular knowledge in his mind, was not the limit of their concern, but that they had a graver obligation in the matter of developing his soul-life.

Theirs was a real Catholic home; the walls of the rooms were ornamented here and there by pictures, telling the story of the redemption and the mysteries of religion. The books upon the table and on the shelf were not studies in some nauseating sex-problem, but they were sound in moral teaching and correct in statement of historic fact. There was a family altar in that home, around which father and mother gathered their little ones for the recitation of the holy rosary and spiritual union with God.

NO SPIRITUAL ILLITERATE

In a word, it was within the shelter of a church going, prayer reciting, debt paying, law respecting home that the boy, James M. Kirwin, passed his youth, and where he was saved, in the providence of God, at the hands of dutiful parents, from the awful blight of becoming a spiritual illiterate.

There he advanced in grace and wisdom and thence he passed to a Christian college, seminary and finally university, and reached that maturity in the science of the mind and of the heart, that made him the power for sane thinking and upright living which all know so well.

During the course of this training he learned that man is a rational animal and as such is morally accountable for his deeds to his God and to his fellow man; that this moral law is not founded upon willfulness and capriciousness, that it is not subjective, but that it rests upon eternal verities that are objectively knowable. He learned, likewise, that the moral law had been decreed in the court of everlasting light, in the councils of the adorable trinity; that it had been traced by the finger of God upon nature as upon an open page; that it had been written by God upon

tablets of stone; that it had been uttered by him at divers times and sundry places through the lips of seer and prophet of old; and that, last of all, it had been confirmed by the same God through his ambassador from the heavenly court, Jesus Christ, the light of the world. Who as the divine messenger, the great central figure of all history, had founded a society, the abiding place of the Holy Spirit, the third person of the same Trinity, and had commissioned it to be the witness of him and his message authoritatively to all nations and in all times. It was of this society that St. Paul declared: "The house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth."—I Tim., 3-15.

AGAINST FALSE PROPHETS

By this pillar and ground of truth, James Kirwin, later Father Kirwin, afterwards Monsignor Kirwin, took a firm stand and from the heights of its moral and intellectual eminence he viewed this age which is our own. He applauded its real progress, its devotion to the arts and sciences. But he fearlessly indicted its follies that were destined to lead to moral and social destruction. He upbraided it for its exaltation of mammon, its love of soft living, its eager pursuit of the material universe, and its unbridled license of thought that had all but crowded from the sphere of its mental activity all knowledge beyond that of mere sense-perception. He warned those who wished to see home and country flourish, against false prophets and pseudo-philosophers who would chloroform the minds and consciences of the unaware with a doctrine based on mere naturalism to the end that they might re-assassinate the Redeemer of the world and drive on the rock of destruction our own ship of state –fair Columbia.

All of these observations unite in urging us to conclude that the divine principles that illumined the mind and the soul of Monsignor Kirwin, while pointing the way for the development of soul-life by soul-service, throw a flood of light upon the solution of problems that are too often falsely considered mere human enterprises.

I can not, however, conclude these remarks without extending my most heartfelt sympathy to his lordship, the esteemed bishop of this diocese, and to his devoted clergy, consecrated religious, and loyal laity, because of the affliction that is theirs today.

CHARITABLE TOWARD ALL

Monsignor Kirwin was not only loyal in the strongest sense of the term to his bishop, but he revered and admired him with the affection of a son. He was justly proud of the achievements of clergy, religious and laity of the diocese of Galveston; and where he could not render praise, I, who have known him for over a quarter of a century, never heard him give blame. He was charitable toward all.

And I venture to express the hope that the presence of so many distinguished members of the hierarchy on this occasion, which is the most

eloquent evidence of the far-reaching influence of our dear departed, will be the source of abundant consolation to Bishop Byrne and his diocese in this hour of trial.

And now, dear friends, I have finished my sad but necessary task, and I know that it is needless to urge you "who have loved him in life, not to forget him in death." You realize that much will be demanded of him who received many talents, and the best test of our affection for him will be the measure of the earnest prayer that ascends to the throne of mercy for the happy repose of his dear soul.

And now loved friend of many, many years acquaintance, I, who have been privileged to know the warmth of your affectionate heart, to appreciate the benefit of your counsel and to have been your co-laborer in vindicating the rights of holy mother—the church, bid you farewell for a brief time.

May the angels of God, whom you have so faithfully served, receive you into paradise and may you take your place in the company of the Immaculate Lamb and the Immaculate Mother to enjoy peace and refreshment and wave the palm of victory that you have so richly merited. May your great soul rest in peace.

Final Honor to Father Kirwin

(One of the beautiful accounts of the funeral is by Clara Ogden Davis in the Houston Chronicle.)

By Clara Ogden Davis

Galveston, Texas, January 28.—James Martin Kirwin faced his well beloved friends this morning for the last time, faced them as they knelt about his bier in St. Mary's Cathedral and offered their prayers for the repose of his soul.

A glass covered the bluff Irish face, and a gleaming chalice stood over the great fighting heart that had stilled. Instead of the hearty tone of the voice that had led those friends through trials and happinesses there sounded the broken words of the bishop who mourned the friend and helper who had gone before, there swept the sobbing notes of the organ, there rose and fell the solemn chant of the Gregorian choristers.

Priest and prelate, soldier and citizen, they laid at his feet the pomp and glory that his church had handed down through the centuries for the funeral mass. They gathered there from all the wide lands of the state he adopted and to which he gave his young strength, his fullest years, his love and his patriotic devotion; they came from homes of wealth and huts of poverty to weep beside the last house he would have on this earth.

Not all the traditional ceremony of the mass could have robbed so human a figure on this last appearance of its homely touches, not all the solemnity of such a ceremony could still the sobs of strong men who knelt about the altar.

Two close friends, Bishop Byrne and Monsignor Kelley, celebrant and arch-priest of the last mass, went through the ceremony as men do in a dream.

Suffering was written deep on each face, heartbreak resounded in each voice.

It was more than a last prayer for a fellow priest. It was a last service for one well beloved, greatly mourned, thoroughly missed from their side.

And then, after the mass had been finished, after they had closed the casket for the last time, they carried him out of the cathedral where he had worshipped for more than a quarter of a century, carried him out under the heavy gray skies, out between lines of people who had known him so well for all those years, who had stopped their work to do him one last honor.

People from the city, the county, the state, had gathered there to follow him once more, if only to walk behind the body as it went from cathedral to undertaker's parlors.

All last night, mourners gathered at the church to pray beside the bier. Candles gleamed as dawn broke once more over the gulf where the young Father Kirwin had laid so many bodies after the storm had wrecked his beloved town in 1900.

Men and women wept as they realized it was the last time they would look on his face.

As the morning went on, train after train brought other mourners from all over the state, and they gathered, too, at the cathedral.

Priest after priest joined the group—elderly men who had served the same church for years; middle aged men who had fought beside the dead priest; young priests who had sat at his feet at La Porte as he trained them to take up the work that he and the older ones would have to lay down sooner or later.

About 9:30 the priests began to gather before the altar to recite their prayers. The bells of the cathedral began to toll their call to the faithful.

A priest began to recite a prayer. The voices of 200 priests responded before the high altar. An acolyte touched the tall candles into stars of light, gleaming against the crimson velvet.

Then the voice of a young priest rose above the mumbled prayers, the young voice ringing clear and suddenly a high clear note of the organ swept down from the loft.

Out beyond the massed priests stood the bier, two soldiers in uniform at its head, two Knights of Columbus, swords at their side, at the feet.

Only the seats reserved for pallbearers and the military escort were unoccupied. People were jammed in every aisle.

Before the priests had finished their prayers, officers of the National Guard filed in. They passed the coffin, pausing a bit to look at the face of their fellow warrior and went on to their seats. Their subdued footfalls blended with the mumble of prayers.

Father Marius S. Chataignon, for 14 years assistant rector to Father Kirwin, ushered the officers to their seats, and ere he went back to the altar paused just a brief minute to look at his friend—a sort of an inquiring look "Are we doing it well? Do you know I'm grieving?"—and then hastily strode on, his face set.

Then came a long procession of Knights of Columbus, who filed out, to stand in the center aisle. Then the last of the honorary pallbearers took their places.

The five visiting bishops and their chaplains came in to take their places at the right of the altar. Then Bishop Christopher E. Byrne of Galveston, whose vicar general Father Kirwin was, came in to take his throne and there followed the solemn words of the "De Profundis" (out of the depths I have cried unto thee, O Lord.)

The bishop was robed by the deacon of honor. All the gleaming crimson and purple of his robe was hidden by the silver and black of the funeral chasuble and maniple, and the mass began.

His voice trembled, broke, almost failed. It was as though for the first time he realized it was the last service for his well beloved friend. His hands, as he lifted them to make the sign of the cross, trembled.

Then a tenor voice sounding from aloft lifted the "Dies Irae" (oh, day of wrath). The chant took up the burden, the organ thundered forth its condemnation of sin, and the bishop bowed his head in prayer. He left his throne and went to the altar.

Against the crimson velvet curtain behind the high white marble altar the black and silver robe of the celebrant gleamed through the thin cloud of incense; at each side there were hovering angels, their marble wings draped with purple of mourning.

After the bishop went back to his throne there advanced from the left another figure clad in crimson and purple of a bishop. Bishop Joseph Lynch of Dallas knelt for a moment before the altar in prayer and then went to stand at the head of the friend whom he would honor. His sonorous voice rolled out over the kneeling people. Its rumble was broken now and then by stifled sobs, heard the more plainly since the wail of the organ was stilled.

Men and women wiped their eyes as he measured the life and deeds of the dead man.

"For a quarter of a century he had gone about this state with the crucifix in one hand and the Stars and Stripes in the other," said Bishop Lynch.

Father Kelley looked straight ahead, his lips set. Bishop Byrne bowed his head in prayer. Priest after priest lifted his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Peace to your dearly beloved soul, my friend," concluded Bishop Lynch.

He went back to his place beside the high altar to wipe his eyes, while his lips moved in prayer.

Then those two nearest friends, Bishop Byrne and Monsignor Kelley, came out to the side of the bier to give the final absolution to the dead.

Three times the corpse was sprinkled on each side, three times incense was swung beside it.

"May he rest in peace," came the broken tones of the bishop and the choir chanted "Amen."

The visiting clergy walked past for one last look and the people followed. The young priests of St. Mary's Seminary lifted the coffin and carried it out to the hearse, and James Martin Kirwin had quitted finally the church where for 25 years he had knelt in prayer; quitted the people for whom he had prayed; quitted the fellow clergy for whom he had lived a life rich in example.

Outside the rain had ceased and a great crowd of people was massed about the door of the church.

The procession formed and the body was taken to the undertaking parlor, whence it will start back tonight to the aged mother in Ohio.

There may have been men and women in the church today who came to view a great church spectacle. There could not have been a single one who stayed through the ceremony untouched by the depth of the sorrow in it.

Jew and Gentile were mingled there with the people of the congregation. All were seared with the knowledge that a community deeply mourned a dead leader, that friends sobbed because a great soul had passed from their midst, that children wept because a great teacher had gone from them, that clergy prayed that his example might be lasting.

There were men from the community who gathered in honor of a man who had been sincere in his stand for the right.

There were men who knew what the great understanding soul of him had done when men were less sane than they were today as they measured him for the last time.

It was more than a church spectacle, more than a church ceremony.

It was as though the heart of Galveston stood there bared in sorrow at the passing of a man who had fought with all its citizens and for them in days of trouble; as though the people of all estates knew him at last.

The body was sent tonight to Circleville, Ohio, where Father Kirwin's mother lives, for burial.

An Imposing Demonstration

(The following account of funeral services from The Galveston Tribune gives a comprehensive story of the many dignitaries of church and prominent men of all faiths who paid a last tribute to Monsignor Kirwin.)

With the St. Mary's Cathedral, Galveston, packed solidly with a sorrowing mass of humanity, and thousands of people of all conditions and walks of life lining the vicinity of the church in spite of a cold, drizzling rain that fell throughout the morning, the last solemn rites in honor of the Rt. Rev. Monsignor James M. Kirwin, Vicar-General of the diocese of Galveston, President of St. Mary's College, La Porte, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, and one of the most prominent churchmen and citizens of the South, were held Thursday morning, January 28, with the Rt. Rev. Christopher E. Byrne, D.D., Bishop of Galveston, as celebrant of the Solemn Mass of Requiem. The service proper began with the recitation of the Office for the Dead.

Assistants at the Mass were:

Chaplains to the attending Bishops:

The Rev. E. B. Ledvina, D. D., Bishop of Corpus Christi; chaplains, the Rev. J. Schnetzer and the Rev. Bernard Lee.

The Rt. Rev. J. B. Jeanmard, D. D., Bishop of Lafayette; chaplains, the Rev. T. F. Hogan and the Rev. T. J. McGuire.

The Rt. Rev. Joseph P. Lynch, D. D., Bishop of Dallas; chaplains, the Rev. D. P. O'Connell and the Very Rev. Dean P. A. Heckman.

The Rt. Rev. C. Van de Ven, D. D., Bishop of Alexandria; chaplains, the Rev. J. B. Gleissner and the Very Rev. Dr. M. A. Schumacher, C.S.C.

The Rt. Rev. R. O. Gerow, D.D., Bishop of Natchez; chaplains, the Rev. J. Pelnar and the Rev. Theo. Drees.

The Very Rev. Monsignor Kelly, of Beaumont, archpriest; the Rev. Jerome A. Rapp, La Porte, deacon; the Rev. James M. Kirwin, Beaumont, subdeacon. The deacons of honor were the Rev. George Wilhelm, Houston, and the Rev. J. S. Murphy, Galveston. Masters of ceremonies were the Rev. L. J. Reicher, chancellor of the diocese; the Rev. John Kearns, and the Rev. J. Kirwin Reybaud.

Acolytes, the Rev. Thomas Sullivan, the Rev. Anthony Nicholson; thurifer, the Rev. E. Holub; incense-bearer, the Rev. S. Kmiecik; book-bearer, the Rev. James T. Moriarity; bugia-bearer, the Rev. P. J. O'Reilly; mitre-bearer, the Rev. H. Drouillet; marshal for the clergy, the Rev. T. C. Healy, assisted by the Rev. C. P. Sullivan and the Rev. Otto Bauer; chanter, the Rev. M. S. Chataignon, assisted by the seminarians of St. Mary's Seminary, La Porte; cantors for the office of the dead, the Rev. Jos. Valenta, and the Rev. J. B. Gleissner.

The Mass was sung in the stately Gregorian chant by a male choir containing fifty voices, twenty of the singers being drawn from the seminary at La Porte, and the remaining from the various parish choirs of the

city. The choir was directed by Mr. Parmentiere, a student of the seminary, with Anthony Rahe at the organ.

CLERGY ATTENDING

The following members of the reverend clergy were among those present at the funeral:

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. F. L. Gassler, Baton Rouge, La.; the Rt. Rev. Msgr. B. H. Diamond, V.G., Dallas; the Rt. Rev. Msgr. George T. Walsh, Houston; the Very Rev. Msgr. Robert M. Nolan, Fort Worth; the Very Rev. H. Cramers, Lake Charles, La.; the Very Rev. A. Biever, S.J., New Orleans; the Very Rev. John F. DeGroote, C.S.C., New Orleans; the Very Rev. Patrick J. Geehan, chancellor, diocese of San Antonio; the Very Rev. Dean John Sheehan, Victoria; the Very Rev. H. A. Constantineau, O.M.I., San Antonio; the Very Rev. T. J. McGuire, C.S.B., Houston; the Reverends Leo Hammer and Thomas Mulligan, Cleveland, Ohio; the Reverends P. D. O'Connor, J. P. Murray, F. J. Walsh, and Thomas Kennedy, of St. Louis, Mo.; the Rev. M. Geehan, New Orleans; the Rev. J. F. Legris, C.SS.R., St. Anne de Beaupre, Canada; the Reverends Henry Becker, C.SS.R., M. S. Garriga, John Hecker, C.SS.R., Robert W. Mayl, S.M., Geo P. Mulvaney, C.S.V., P. F. Nichol and George F. Sexton, O.M.I., of San Antonio; the Reverends Joseph Maguire, C.S.C, Austin; Paul P. Kaspar, Plum; F. J. Kasper, Orange Grove; Edward, Westhoff; Victor Raska, El Campo; Augustine Danglmayr, chancellor diocese of Dallas; James T. Burnes, Weatherford; V. Graffeo, Corsicana; John J. McGrann, Denison; W. J. Nold, Sweetwater; J. G. O'Donohoe, Waxahachie; W. Frank O'Brien, Texarkana; E. Platte, O.M.I., Dallas; George Apel, Cameron; George Berberich, Lott; Max Budnik, Chapel Hill; J. J. Coffey, Lampasas; George Duda, Mentz; A. DeSimone, Bryan; R. C. Frei, Palestine; A. G. Grattan, Port Arthur; M. Heintzelmann, Westphalia; Thoas. F. Hogan, La Porte; Joseph H. Kelly, Mexia; Joseph Klobouk, Lyons, S. B. Latchford, C.S.P., Austin; P. J. McConnell, S.S.J., Beaumont; M. O'Regan, Bay City; Chris. Preker, Tours; Francis Pridal, Granger; F. X. Pruss, Frelsburg; Robert P. Schertz, Plantersville; S. Spinneweber, Cameron; J. P. Sullivan, Port Arthur; D. Viola, Bryan; Thos. F. Banfield, Wm. Caldwell, O.M.I., John J. Casserly, M. J. Crowe, Cleary, O.P., J. T. Fleming, Hugh Finnegan, O.M.I., F. B. Gorman, O.P., Charles Haas, O.M.I., D. J. Kennedy, J. C. Muckle, C.S.B., M. J. Murray, F. O'Connor, J. P. McCarthy, J. B. O'Leary, A. Perez, O.M.I., J. C. Prat, C.S.B., Carl F. Schappert, S.S.J., and J. J. Sullivan, C.S.B., of Houston; E. L. J. Fleury, A. J. Fitzpatrick, S.S.J., M. Hurley, P. M. Lennartz, A. Nicholson, Thomas F. O'Sullivan, of Galveston; M. F. Collins, Sour Lake; M. J. Daly, Nacogdoches; Joseph Hanak, Sealy; K. Kacer, Marak; Joseph C. Kunc, East Bernard; M. J. Murray, Houston; Paul F. Nemec, Wallis; D. P. O'Connell, La Porte; P. J. O'Reilly, Temple; Wm. J. Skocek, Caldwell; John Vanicek, Fayetteville; E. DeAnta,

O.M.I., Houston; E. J. Plourde, C.S.B., Houston; A. J. Flanagan, S.S.J., Ames, Liberty, Texas.

The various Sisterhoods of the diocese were also represented, specially designated delegates from San Antonio being the Reverend Mothers Florence and Antoinette, Our Lady of the Lake, and the Reverend Mothers Presentation, Robert and William, Incarante Word.

Among the out-of-town attendants, not previously mentioned, were Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Lagris, of Vourbonnais, Ill.

PALLBEARERS

Active: the Reverends P. F. Nemec, S. A. Zientek, Thomas J. Finn, Joseph Valenta, Michael Hurley, C. J. Martin, Henry F. Rops, N. T. Domanski. These priests made their studies in St. Mary's Seminary, La Porte, under Father Kirwin.

Honorary: The Hon. Jack Pierce, mayor; Joseph Maurer, James Keefe, Bayliss Harriss, Henry Reybaud, Charles Leonard, John Niland, Charles Leonard, John Niland, Peter Gengler, M. E. Shay, John L. Darrouzet, Rabbi Cohen, Ed. Owens, R. P. Williamson, Alvin Lang, Sam McCarthy, the Hon. R. A. Pleasants, the Hon. C. E. Lane, the Hon. G. W. Graves, the Hon. J. C. Canty, the Hon. L. C. Brady, the Hon. E. B. Holman, Robert I. Cohen, H. A. Eiband, George Sealy, W. B. Wallis, I. H. Kempner, Charles J. Stubbs, Mart Royston, Dr. W. Keiller, Dr. A. A. Arnold, Dr. M. L. Graves, M. E. Foster.

Bayliss E. Harriss was chairman of the committee on arrangements and great credit is due him and the members of his committee for the able manner in which they discharged their duties.

EULOGY BY BISHOP LYNCH

The funeral oration, a masterly and appealing effort, was delivered by the Rt. Rev. Joseph P. Lynch, D.D., Bishop of Dallas, an intimate friend of Father Kirwin's. This address, which for its depth of feeling and beautiful expression of esteem, created a profound impression on the great and distinguished assembly of mourners, set forth the virtues and achievements of the late beloved Vicar-General of Galveston, and testified eloquently to the high place which the deceased had won for himself not only in the hearts of those who were of his own faith, but in the affections of all classes of people, high and low, who had had the rare privilege of coming into almost daily contact with his rare and sympathetic personality. (Bishop Lynch's address will be found in full elsewhere in this volume.)

During the Mass, until the Communion, chalice and stole remained on the casket; after the Communion these were removed and the casket was draped in the national colors. Constant vigil had been kept beside the body of Monsignor Kirwin since Sunday night by members of the third and fourth degrees, Knights of Columbus, by the Catholic Knights

of America, and the American Legion. W. J. Laperouse was in charge of the vigil guard.

After Bishop Lynch had preached the eulogy, the absolution and the blessing of the casket containing the remains was pronounced by Bishop Byrne, attended by the same priests who assisted at the altar during Mass.

PROCESSION

At the close of the ceremonies at the church, the entire audience was permitted to view the body of the deceased as it lay in state near the altar. Three-quarters of an hour later the procession, in which some thousand or more persons marched, started on Twentieth Street, moving south to Broadway, thence west to Tremont street, north to Post Office street, and west to the Malloy chapel, where the body was left for shipping arrangements.

Flags throughout the city were at half-mast, the City Hall, the Court House and the business houses of Galveston, with few exceptions, were closed during the funeral hour.

In the parade the American Legion led, bearing the United States flag. Members of the police and fire departments marched next, and the Knights of Columbus band, playing funeral music, followed. City and county officials, and judges of the various state courts, were next in line, and after them a military escort.

The fourth degree assembly of the Knights of Columbus followed in full regalia, and the third degree after them. Joseph Maurer, F.N., headed the fourth, and James S. Keefe, G.K., the third. The Catholic Knights of America and other Catholic laymen came next. Representatives of the Emmett Benevolent Society and the Italian societies followed this group.

Students of St. Mary's Seminary, of which the deceased was president, walked immediately ahead of the clergy and the Rt. Rev. Bishops, after whom came the funeral cortege, accompanied by the active pall-bearers and a guard of honor from the Knights of Columbus fourth degree assembly. The honorary pallbearers walked next in line, and after them the Catholic Daughters of America.

Thousands of people lined the streets along the line of march, and reverently lifted their hats as the draped flags and the funeral cortege passed by, thus paying silent tribute to the beloved Monsignor. In the downtown district the crowd was enormous on all the corners, so that traffic was completely halted for several minutes after the funeral procession had passed.

A similar procession took place again at night, starting at 6 o'clock from Malloy's chapel, where the body lay in state, and took the remains to the railroad station.

A special car, attached to the International-Great Northern train left the Union Depot at 7:10 p.m., bearing the body and the Galveston

representatives who accompanied it to its final resting place in the Kirwin family burial plot of the small cemetery of Circleville, Ohio. Another car was provided for the twelve laymen who made the trip. There an aged mother's heart greeted the remains of the boy she sent away to a Catholic school at a tender age, who had lived his life in and for Texas, only to return to his native state at the time of his death.

The body was accompanied to Ohio by the Very Rev. Monsignor E. A. Kelly of Beaumont, lifelong friend of Father Kirwin; the Rev. Marius Chataignon, who had served for fourteen years as assistant rector to Father Kirwin; the Rev. L. J. Reicher, chancellor of the Galveston diocese; the Rev. Thos. Hogan, the Rev. J. M. Kirwin, his nephew, and the Rev. James Kirwin Reybaud, Frank P. Defferari, representing the Catholic Charities; Henry Reybaud, J. F. Campbell and J. P. McDonough, representing St. Mary's Cathedral parish; Joseph M. Maurer, faithful Navigator, Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus; James S. Keefe, grand knight, Third Degree Knights of Columbus; M. E. Shay, president, Catholic Knights of America; James Cameron, Frank P. Malloy, Dr. H. O. Sappington, Jack Byrth, and Geo. S. Bruce, district passenger agent Gulf Coast Lines I.-G. N. R. R.

The special car was tendered by General Frank G. Pettibone, a personal friend of Father Kirwin's and president of the A. T. & S. F. R. R., in response to the solicitation of a committee headed by Bayliss E. Harris, who sent the following message to A. G. Wells, vice-president of the A. T. & S. F., Chicago:

Galveston, January 28, 1926.

"Mr. A. G. Wells, Vice-president,
"Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Co.,
"Railway Exchange Building, Chicago.

"Mr. Pettibone's office has advised me of the tender of business car in accordance with your exchange of messages. Offer has been accepted and in behalf of the citizenship of Galveston and myself we extend to you our heartfelt appreciation for your kind consideration which exemplifies the bigness of the Santa Fe Railway,

"Bayliss E. Harris."

Resolutions of condolence had been formulated and sent with a committee to Circleville, Ohio, by the following organizations:

Catholic Knights of America, Knights of Columbus, third and fourth degrees, Catholic Daughters of America, Junior Daughters, Cathedral Board, Catholic Charities, Ursuline Alumnae, Dominican Alumnae.

NATIONAL GUARD ATTENDS

Many Houstonians attended the Thursday services in Galveston. The Knights of Columbus came down in a special interurban train, which left Houston at 7:45 Thursday morning. The Cristoforo Colombo Society sent a special delegation and a wreath down on the same train.

The K. of C. delegation from Houston included Thomas Kehoe, Master of the Fourth Degree, Southern District; G. A. Mistrot, F. N.; William Blakeslee, Austin, past master of the Fourth, Southern District; Arthur O'Connor, grand knight; J. Austen Hunter, Austin, district deputy, and some fifty other knights.

Officers of the Texas National Guard, in full uniform, left Houston on a special train from the Grand Central Station at 7:15 o'clock Thursday morning. They had been ordered to attend the services by the governor of Texas in recognition of the war record of Monsignor Kirwin.

The following statement was issued by Neil H. Bannister, acting assistant adjutant general, Wednesday morning of last week:

The death of Monsignor James Kirwin removes from the activity of this state a distinguished ecclesiastic who, both in his clerical capacity and as a citizen, had rendered conspicuous service to his adopted state and to his native country in times of war as well as in time of peace. He served with credit to himself and the service as chaplain of the First United States Volunteer Infantry Regiment (the Immunes), and in times of peace served as chaplain in the Texas National Guard. It is therefore deemed appropriate that the adjutant general of the state, the commanding general of the Thirty-Sixth Infantry Division, the commanding general of the Fifty-Sixth Cavalry Brigade, and other Texas National Guard officers residing in Houston and Galveston should attend the funeral services of the deceased, which are to be conducted at Galveston on Thursday, January 28.

Therefore, by direction of the governor of Texas, the following officers of the Texas National Guard are requested to attend said funeral services in a body as the representatives of the National Guard: Brigadier General Dallas J. Matthews, the Adjutant General; Major General John A. Hulen, Brigadier General Jacob F. Wolters, Colonel Preston A. Weathered, Lieutenant Colonel Clark C. Wren, Lieutenant Colonel Louis A. Bryan, Lieutenant Colonel J. Lewis Thompson, Lieutenant Colonel George D. Sears, Major Marius S. Chataignon, Major Calvin B. Garwood, Major Walter B. Pyron, Major Bernard A. Law, Major Benjamin C. Allin, Captain Jesse E. Moseley, Captain Clyde M. Elbert, Captain Marvin D. Steen, Captain Robert L. Sonfield, Captain Raymond P. Elledge, Captain John Moreley, Captain Simon H. Moore, Captain Richard W. Mackie, Captain Edwin H. Allison, Captain Henry L. Bartlett, Captain Fred S. Wilbur, Captain Louis C. Pawalek, Captain W. H. Higginbotham, Captain George S. Daffan, Captain Leslie H. Becker, First Lieutenant John T. Hanaway, First Lieutenant Andrew S. Braddus, First Lieutenant Edmund L. Lorehn, First Lieutenant Logan P. Marshall, First Lieutenant Edward F. Baldwin, First Lieutenant Nathan L. Mallison, First Lieutenant Fred. V. Wilbur, First Lieutenant John H. Yeaman, First Lieutenant Walter V. Dowling, First Lieutenant Grover C. Simpson, Second Lieutenant Raymond C. Kirks, Second Lieutenant Aldridge W. Larkin, Second Lieutenant William

K. Ennis, Second Lieutenant Joe O. Edge, Second Lieutenant James M. Hutcheson, Second Lieutenant C. Davis, Second Lieutenant Clinton S. Wolston, Second Lieutenant John W. Neville.

Officers named were requested to report in uniform to the adjutant general at the Grand Central Station at 7:15 a.m., Thursday, January 28. A special train from Houston to Galveston and return had been arranged for.

AT CIRCLEVILLE, OHIO

(For the following facts we are indebted to Mr. J. M. Maurer, Galveston—Editor.,

H. O. Sappington, state health officer, and H. J. Cullinan, Houston, joined the funeral party at Houston. Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty, Supreme Advocate Luke Hart, of the Knights of Columbus, the Rt. Rev. Monsignor J. J. Crane, V. G., St. Louis, and others met the train at St. Louis late Friday night. Great sorrow at the loss of Father Kirwin was expressed. Upon our arrival at Columbus where the train was met by representatives of the Knights of Columbus, fourth and third degrees.

The body had been taken overland to Monsignor Kirwin's old home, the party proceeding by interurban upon its arrival Saturday at 12:35 p.m. The body, escorted by the clergy and delegation, was taken to the residence late on Saturday afternoon. The home was banked with beautiful floral offerings, expressions of love and esteem. Monsignor Kirwin's mother, eighty-seven years old, while bowed in grief and resigned to God's mercy, rejoiced in the fact that her boy was brougt back to her to be near her. Mother and family were touched by the expressions of love and sympathy expressed by people in the city of Galveston and vicinity as also by the tributes of the press. Hundreds of people came to view the remains Saturday and Sunday, and many expressions of sympathy from State and local officers were received. Father J. S. Hanna, pastor here for twenty-six years, of St. Joseph's Church, was deeply touched. The funeral was held at 9:00 a.m. Monday. The pallbearers comprised five brothers, Joseph P., John M., Patrick J., Daniel J., Thomas J. Kirwin, and two cousins, Wm. J. and Daniel T. Ryan, and the Galveston delegates.

The church was filled to overflowing, schools having been dismissed for the day and business houses closed for the funeral. The choir under the leadership of Mrs. Geo. G. Groom, sang the Requiem High Mass.

Officers of the Mass were: the Rev. James M. Kirwin, celebrant; the Very Rev. Monsignor E. A. Kelly, deacon; the Rev. M. S. Chataignon, subdeacon; the Rev. L. J. Reicher, master of ceremonies; the Rev. T. Hogan, the Rev. J. K. Reybaud, incense and censer-bearers; the Revs. Newton and Hurley, Cleveland, acolytes. The Rev. J. S. Hanna, pastor, delivered the sermon. Bishop Francis Howard of Covington, Ky., Monsignor O'Neil, the Rev. McCarney, Cathedral parish, Columbus, the Rev. Nolan, of Columbus, representing Bishop Hartley of Columbus, were present in the sanctuary. Bishop Howard gave the final absolution at the Church

assisted by Monsignor Kelly. J. S. Keefe and John Campbell, Galveston assembly, K. of C., S. O. Williamson, H. J. Wihl, Columbus assembly, fourth degree, comprised the guard of honor. Taps were sounded at the cemetery by Bennie Gordon, a Jewish boy.

CITY RENDERS FINAI HONORS TO MONSIGNOR

"A ripe scholar, an ardent patriot, an unselfish servant of Christ, a zealous priest, a loyal vicar general, a tried friend."

Thus Rt. Rev. Joseph Lynch, bishop of Dallas, paid tribute to the late Rt. Rev. Monsignor J. M. Kirwin in the funeral eulogy delivered Thursday morning as a part of the final service at the St. Mary's Cathedral. Galveston people from all walks of life and all religious sects were there, crowded the cathedral and standing outside in the slow, drizzzling rain. The section of reserved seats, held for the pallbearers and dignitaries of state, county and city, was overflowing, and on all sides those who sought to honor the late monsignor crowded in.

Bishop Lynch talked affectionately of the deceased priest, whom he regarded as a close personal friend. Throughout his address, he paid high tribute to the man, describing him as one who traveled "up and down this great commonwealth with the cross of Christ in one hand and the Star Spangled Banner in the other," a task for which "he was eminently qualified" by his educational training, and as a man "interested primarily in the spiritual development and moral standard of the people." He was the incarnation of the divine injunction, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God, the things that are God's."

Tributes To Father Kirwin

Newspapers and friends joined in a great chorus of tribute to the departed Priest. Here are just a few of those words of appreciation of the life and services of Monsignor Kirwin which came to the notice of the compilers.

By Alfred du Perier.

Soldier and priest, thy fame has just begun,
Alter Christus, true servant unto him:
'Twill live with all that thou has said and done.
From yonder altar, after Sabbath hymn,
Retreating gently, sweetly with thy Host
To thine own chamber, there communing still,
And true to him, thy God, yield up thy ghost?
In humble resignation to his will.
Thou, who wouldst sleep, awakened, sleep again:
Wake now, oh thou, in God's eternal realm.
There you will find true joy, true bliss, true rest:
There you will hear the strains of that refrain:
"Servant of mine, well done while at the helm,
Enter thou here to be forever blest."

Beaumont, Texas.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

Not "How did he die?"
But "How did he live?"
Not "What did he gain?"
But "What did he give?"

These are the units
To measure the worth
Of a man as a man
Regardless of birth.

Not "What was his station?"
But "Had he a heart?"
And "How did he play
His God-given part?

Was he ever ready
With word o' good cheer
To bring back a smile,
To banish a tear?"

Not "What was his church?"
Nor "What was his creed?"
But "Had he befriended
Those really in need?"

Not "What did the sketch
in the newspaper say?"
But "How many are sorry
Now he's passed away?"

—Mrs. Henry J. McNally.

FROM SOUTHERN MESSENGER

From the purely materialistic standpoint there is much food for pessimistic reflection in the thought that it is almost inevitable that a man should die before his moral stature assumes proper proportions. It is hard to recognize greatness while we rub elbows with it; often, too, on account of our own egotism we imagine that we are not so insignificant on our own part as to suffer greatly by comparison with those whom we are asked to admire. But in the solemn hour of the death of a great man, the wide gap between his personality and character and those of the great run of mortals is strikingly revealed. Thus it is with the beloved, deeply lamented Monsignor Kirwin, removed now forever from all contact with us, elevated now to that place which rightfully belongs to him. We see him now in a manner unattached, objective; he being dead we are content to measure him by absolute not by personal standards, and we see how fully he measures up to them. Surely, he was a man among men, and an outstanding exemplar of Catholic priesthood, of American citizenship. What an influence did he yield, what a force he was in the great State in which he moved, ever unostentatious, tireless, but kindly; seeking no strife but ever ready for it; harming no man but ever willing to hold himself as a target for those who sought to do evil against his fellows. Yet his was only one life of thirty active years, spent in the not overly conspicuous sphere of a priest of God! Often, we are sure, the thought came to him as it comes to all of us, that what we are doing is too small to be of any value; often, no doubt, he forgot as every man forgets, that greatness and power and influence are but the result of the accumulation of daily little deeds of goodness. How great that accumulation may be we shall never know on earth, for the reckoning is not made until we are gone. In the case of Monsignor Kirwin it was great; we who are his legatees can do him no greater honor, rear him no finer monument than to plant deep in our own hearts the lessons of charity, of courageousness, of patriotism which his life so nobly exemplified.

GOVERNOR FERGUSON'S MESSAGE

Governor Miriam A. Ferguson wired the following message to the Rt. Rev. Christopher E. Byrne:

"Please convey to your people my sincere regret over the untimely demise of our beloved Father Kirwin. I feel that my family has lost a true friend and our state has lost one of its most noble and useful citizens. I am sure all Texas will join in deep mourning in this hour of bereavement. With continued esteem I am,

"Miriam A. Ferguson, governor of Texas."

TELEGRAM FROM FORMER GOVERNOR

O. B. Colquitt, former governor of Texas, sent the following message through Bishop Lynch:

"Sorry Mrs. Colquitt's illness prevents me from attending Father Kirwin's funeral. He was one of the noblest of friends and his death is a great personal grief to me and a great loss to the state.—O. B. Colquitt."

MAYOR OF DALLAS

Mayor Blaylock, of Dallas, sent by Bishop Lynch the expression of his profound sympathy to the people of Galveston on the loss they have sustained by the death of Father Kirwin, whose influence for right order throughout the state of Texas was second to no other power.

THE CHRONICLE'S TRIBUTE

C. B. Gillespie, managing editor of The Chronicle, a close friend for many years of Father Kirwin, pays this tribute to the departed prelate:

There is a vacancy in the highest circles of the Catholic Church by reason of the death of the Rt. Reverend James M. Kirwin. That vacancy will be indeed difficult to fill. But still more difficult will it be to fill the vacancy in the hearts of the lowly as well as the exalted. Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Galveston; president of St. Mary's Seminary, La Porte; vicar-general of the diocese and finally the designation of Monsignor Kirwin.

These are all titles which may be bestowed upon his successor or successors. But the love of the average man for Father Kirwin can not be acquired by another, no more than can the charming personality of the departed prelate be duplicated. We certainly shall not see his like again.

Father Kirwin had every requirement of leadership. Of tall and commanding presence, of distinguished demeanor and pleasing voice, he won the hearts of men, without regard to time or place. Great as was his influence in the church it is to be doubted if his following was as large within as without the great organization to which his entire life was devoted. His counsel was sought by men in every walk of life, representing every school of thought. But, like the leader under whose banner he served, his friends existed in the greatest number among the lowly. Representing his

chosen leader, Father Kirwin brought rest to those in travail, consolation to the wayward and spent, a hand clasp to the outcast.

A great soldier of the Cross has been transferred from the church militant to the church triumphant.

"MEFO" SAYS FAREWELL

"Father" Kirwin we still called him. There was something comforting, uplifting in the name as in the man. He had become the Right Reverend Monsignor Kirwin in the church to which he gave his allegiance and his life, but to the thousands upon thousands in Texas who knew and loved him he was as a father. He was not the far distant church prelate—surrounded by forms and ceremonies—but the father to whom they went with a close communion of souls. His broad smile beamed upon all, his Irish brogue sometimes chided, but more often comforted; his big brain and his big heart were always in tune with everything for the unbuilding of Texas, whether civic, church or state.

Father Kirwin passed away in sleep early last evening. It was a quiet and beautiful death of a great and noble man. He had been through many stormy days; he had suffered much for his church and his people; he had accomplished much. It was not his last sleep, but his final awakening. He would not want us to weep and mourn his loss. The good father would far prefer that we smile and look upward with the same hope and faith that abided with him. The tears come to our uplifted eyes, but we are trying to smile through them.—M. E. Foster in Houston Chronicle.

THE GALVESTON TRIBUNE

"Today thousands of people paid a tribute of love and respect to the memory of the Right Reverend Monsignor James M. Kirwin, vicar-general of the Catholic diocese of Galveston, whose death on Sunday night brought to the city and the state the shock of grief so poignant as to forbid expression. It was a tribute richly deserved.

"In the beautiful Cathedral of St. Mary, in which Father Kirwin had served for more than thirty years, there was the recitation of the office of the dead, a Pontifical Requiem Mass, an eloquent funeral sermon by Bishop Lynch of Dallas and the tears and prayers of the people. Yet in the midst of sorrow there came, through the beauty and dignity of the service, something of comfort and consolation. They knew, of course, that always there will be a sense of terrible loss whenever the thought of this beloved Prelate who was so much the man and citizen comes to mind. And they came to understand also that Father Kirwin would not wish that those he left behind only grieve for him, but rather that they should undertake to carry on in the spirit of unselfishness and devotion to duty.

"Today's assemblage in the Cathedral and in the streets outside was truly representative of all sorts and conditions of men whose lives had been touched in some beneficent way by that brilliant and devoted spirit

which took flight so short a time ago. To many he had been the spiritual mentor, to some an honored associate in the work of his Church, to some he had given material as well as spiritual aid, to some he had been a comrade in arms in the cause of human liberty, to some he had been the instructor in the preparation for the exercise of the priestly office, to many he had been the beloved 'padre,' to all he had been a friend.

"That his mortal remains shall rest in consecrated ground in the town of his birth brings regret to those who knew and loved him. Yet that, too, is softened by the knowledge that it was mother love which prompted the selection of the burial place.

"Truly this tribute which Galveston has given today to the memory of a cheerful, active, useful and courageous life has come from the hearts of the people. And with it goes out the tenderest of sympathy to all of those to whom he was most near and dear. For them, also, have prayers been said.

"May he rest in peace."

LEGIONAIRES PAY HONORS

Members of Argonne Post No. 20 formed a guard for the bier of Monsignor Kirwin Wednesday night from 12 midnight to 8 o'clock Thursday morning. They were selected at the request of Gary Ord Camp No. 7, United Spanish War Veterans, of which the Monsignor Kirwin was chaplain.

Officers of the guard were Captain S. W. Lothrop, officer of the day; Sergeant John Knudson, Corporal C. J. Galli. The following comprised the guard: George Garthar, Joseph Kelly, Henry Rasche, Joseph Stiglich, Jack Brunton, James Coombs, Ernest Koehler, Charles Drewa, Morris Shapiro.

PRISON RELIEF SOCIETY

John C. Penn, president of the American Prison Relief Society, Houston, called a meeting to pass resolutions on the passing of Monsignor James M. Kirwin on January 26. His statement follows:

"Father Kirwin, whose untimely passing has filled our hearts with great sorrow, having been a life member of the American Prison Relief Society, active and enthusiastic in behalf of the purposes of this organization, as he was in all work having for its aim and ambition the uplift and betterment of humanity; therefore, we desire to give expression to our sorrow and pass suitable resolutions on the passing of this great and good man, and am issuing a call for a meeting of our society Wednesday evening at 7:45 o'clock.

"The First Presbyterian Church being a central location and through the kind courtesy of Doctor Jacobs, the meeting is being called at his church.

"While this is called as a meeting of our Prison Relief Society, we wish to cordially invite all friends, as well as members of our society and all friends of Father Kirwin, irrespective of their faith or creed."

ALLSTORM GIVES PRAISE

In a letter to the Houston Chronicle, Oliver Allstorm, at one time one of the most formidable of Father Kirwin's opponents, pays the following tribute:

"The Rev. J. M. Kirwin and I agreed on almost everything, except religion, but in spite of our religious differences our friendship for each other remained steadfast.

"Last June a meeting was held at the First Baptist Church for the welfare of ex-convicts. The Rev. J. M. Kirwin and William States Jacobs were the principal speakers. After the meeting the Rev. Kirwin spied me and came with outstretched arms saying: 'You battle-scarred warrior, I see you are still on deck. Let's shake.'

"To those familiar with 'our controversy' this will show the 'man' in Kirwin. He was big enough to forget and forgive wounds that cut deep. I, for one, shall miss him."—Oliver Allstorm.

FROM EMMETT ASSOCIATION

At a special meeting of the Emmett Benevolent Association, held last Thursday evening, in their hall, 21st and Post Office streets, the following was presented and unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to call from earth the soul of his servant, the Rt. Rev. Monsignor J. M. Kirwin, then be it

"RESOLVED: That in the death of Monsignor Kirwin, this association has lost its dearest and best friend, one who was always ready with sound advice and prudent counsel to remove doubt where doubt existed, and establish confidence and firm belief in the justice and right of his recommendation. We shall miss him; we shall mourn his loss. He was our guide and we know not where to look for another. He was our ideal of an Irish-American.

"BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED: That a copy of this resolution be spread on the minutes of our records and a copy be presented to the mother of our deceased friend.

"John Niland, P. J. Whelton, Wm. Murphy, Denis Hurley, M. H. Wilson, F. L. Wilson, Nicholas Dinan, Jas. Hanlon, Pat. Sullivan, Jas. Craddock, Thos. Cordray, J. F. Campbell, Will Long, M. Whelton, Pat. Whelton, Denis Whelton, Mike Whelton.

"Committee on Resolutions."

CARDINAL BONZANO REMEMBERS HIM

Cardinal Bonzano was in far distant Rome, busy in such work as is assigned to the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals, at the time when Monsignor Kirwin died. Six months later, at the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, Bishop Byrne met the Cardinal. After exchanging greetings, his Eminence remarked to the Bishop: "Ah, you lost your great

Father Kirwin." This, coming from so eminent a person as Cardinal Bonzano, is worthy of note and shows how well known and deeply appreciated the good Monsignor was, not only in his home diocese but even among the highest dignitaries in his church across the sea.

FATHER KIRWIN, PRIEST AND CITIZEN

(Editorial in Galveston News)

Strong men are respected and sometimes feared, but not many are loved as Father Kirwin was loved. There was in his character that resoluteness which nerves men to lead forlorn hopes. His personality radiated strength—strength of mind, strength of faith and strength of love. Those who knew him found no difficulty in imagining him as the dominating force in some mundane drama wherein will clashes with will as steel meets steel in the shock of the charge. Had destiny called him to a secular vocation, he would have made his mark as a leader of men—perhaps as statesman, a financier or a great soldier. His heart beat high with courage, and yet his daily life showed that he was as responsive as a woman to the appeal of pity. Suffering never left him unmoved; necessity never found him cold. He stopped not to inquire into the creed or race of those who stood in need of help.

The Right Reverend Monsignor James M. Kirwin, vicar general of the Catholic diocese of Galveston, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral and president of St. Mary's Seminary, was to Galvestonians and many outside of Galveston simply Father Kirwin. For all his ecclesiastical honors, the affectionate appellation came naturally, even to the urchins in the street. To the astute student of human nature, this alone is a revelation of his life and character.

For thirty years Father Kirwin walked among the people of Galveston, and the sense of grief with which his sudden death was greeted attests beyond the power of words to enlarge, the feeling of love and esteem that surrounded him. His whole active ministry was spent in Galveston, but his fame was not confined to the city nor even the state of his adoption. When The News' first bulletin announcing his death was sent out over the Associated Press wires, there came back in a few minutes calls for additional details.

Father Kirwin's devotion to the cause of the church which had so honored him was unquestioned. Yet despite his zeal as a churchman, he never allowed his priestly office to stand between him and the daily contacts of life as a man and a citizen. He was militantly interested in the material welfare of the city he loved, yet it was never said of him that his interest in secular affairs found outlet in any way unbecoming to the cloth. His services as counsellor for the common weal were available when needed. Priest and lover of humanity, the confidence of Galvestonians came to repose in his sense of justice, his wisdom and his piety, attained almost the quality of a legend.

In Father Kirwin's untimely death, which overtook him in the full flush of mature manhood, Galveston suffers the loss of a valued citizen and well-beloved friend; from the church has gone a devoted servant and capable minister.

EDITORIAL FROM SOUTHERN MESSENGER

Often as man feels the impotency of words to express those thoughts that on occasion surge uppermost in his mind, this inadequacy of diction is nowhere more noticeable than in the presence of death—of the death of some individual who by his deeds and personality has made an ineffaceable impression on the people among whom he lived and to whose needs he ministered. We are speaking of Monsignor Kirwin, that able, fearless, kindly priest, snatched so suddenly by death's hand from an earthly career full of achievement, honor and promise, without so much as a moment's warning. Frankly, we do not know what to say, save that he was a noble man, always zealous for God's glory, ever ready to take up the gauntlet in behalf of his Church, standing always four-square in defense of principles which he knew to be right. Personally, we cannot claim the honor of ever taking Father Kirwin by the hand; we established no contact with him save that which arises through the spoken or the written word, from the example of great and overpowering convictions in action. So, while we cannot speak of him as they can who had the rare privilege of knowing him intimately, we have left to us the high honor of paying him the tribute of sincerest admiration. From the great place he reached, from the regard which he won in the esteem and love of his fellowmen of high and low degree, from the confidence reposed in him by his Bishop, his companions in the priesthood, his friends, his State, his Country, we know that he was a man of finest mettle. As to the proper appreciation of these things, we leave that to those who can do it better than we, but when it comes to the expression of the effect that a splendid personality exerts by the sheer fact of its being, of that we cannot help but speak. It was a joy to know that Father Kirwin was to be present at some function; it was a pleasure to look at him, to watch him when he arose to speak. Father Kirwin always spoke, because he was a man who carried a vital message within him, who exemplified that message in his own life, who was blessed by God with the faculty of putting that message over. What a joy to see him—his fine, upright head, barely tinged with the grey of the passing years, his eyes penetrating and alert, his lips sensitive yet firm—as he got up from his place, bowed, and launched with one sentence deep into the souls of his hearers. Monsignor Kirwin was a master of the art of the spoken word; not one of them he uttered but emphasized the convincing sincerity which was his glory and his strength. And when, his heart warming to his subject, he stretched out his hands, vibrant with that magnetic gesture which was so characteristic of him, it must have been a callous soul indeed that did not feel the touch of his enthusiasm.

Sad it is to think that never again we shall hear him; no more shall the thrilling tones of his powerful voice echo through council halls or the hushed nave of chapel or of church. Never more the sound of his voice shall we be privileged to hear, but evermore, in the hearts of tens upon tens of thousands shall reverberate the cadences of that voice, shall live the memory of that great, God-fearing, God-loving, and God-serving man! It was good for Texas, for the Nation, for the Church that Monsignor Kirwin lived—Requiescat! May God take him now to Himself!—That prayerful, humbly confident wish is the most that any one of us can now do for him, but it is just that and nothing more that he would have us do for him. We are not likely to forget his name, but as often as we recall it, let us whisper a prayer for his soul. He loved us all—fought nobly for all of us.

PRISON AID SOCIETY PAYS HONORS

(From Houston Chronicle)

Members of the Harris County Prison Aid Society held memorial services at the First Presbyterian Church Wednesday evening for Father Kirwin, who took part in the organization of the chapter and was a life member thereof. A memorial committee to draft resolutions was named, as was a committee to attend the funeral.

Brief addresses extolling the lovable character of the departed prelate were made by Judge J. C. Hutcheson, Dr. William States Jacobs, Judge C. V. Stephens, Hunt McCaleb, and C. B. Gillespie. General Wolters was prevented from being present and Father Crowe was sick and unable to attend.

An interesting feature of the gathering was a voluntary response on the part of a nurse who did not give her name. She stated that she was a tourist. At her hotel she had inquired for a nearby church. She was directed to the First Presbyterian and told by her lady informant of the memorial service for Father Kirwin, and of the universal esteem in which he is held. She expressed the thought that a memorial in a Protestant church for a Catholic prelate meant a minimum of denominationalism and a maximum of religion. She thought the memorial meeting gave a larger view of Christians.

In his address Doctor Jacobs expressed somewhat the same thought when he said that in ecclesiasticism Edinburgh is a long ways from Rome, but in religion they are very close together.

Judge Stevens spoke on the expanding views of denominationalism, mentioning the desire of Cardinal Mercier to bring about a union with the Anglican church, and speaking of Rabbi Wise's recent utterance in which the Jews were urged to follow the teachings of Jesus Christ.

The resolutions committee is composed of W. S. Jacobs, W. L. Hill, C. F. Stevens and C. B. Gillespie.

Messengers to the funeral at Galveston consists of the entire membership of the organization, headed by Dr. W. S. Jacobs, J. S. Cullinan,

M. E. Foster, Jacob F. Wolters, Thomas Kehoe, John Charles Harris, C. F. Stevens, Thomas B. Lewis, Nicholas Schmidt, W. L. Hill, J. C. Penn, J. C. Hutcheson and C. B. Gillespie.

All Catholic groups of Houston will hold a joint memorial service to Father Kirwin at a time to be announced following the funeral services at Galveston. The public will be invited to participate.

Every priest in Houston was to attend the ceremonies Thursday at the Island City. The Knights of Columbus left on a special interurban at 7:45. The Cristoforo Colombo Society, an Italian organization, sent a special delegation.

Officers of the national guard, in full uniform, on orders from Governor Miriam Ferguson, left on a special train at 7:15. The officers attended the services in recognition of Father Kirwin's military record.

Masses have been said each morning in Galveston and Houston Catholic churches for Father Kirwin, who for years was one of the outstanding Catholic clergymen of the South.

(From Sacred Heart Alumnae)

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to take unto Himself the great soul of our well-beloved Vicar General, the Right Reverend Monsignor James M. Kirwin, D. D., and

Whereas, We whose heads are bowed with grief at his passing wish to express our sense of his greatness and of our loss; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, By the Dominican Alumnae of the Sacred Heart Academy, Galveston, Texas, That we who have known the inspiration of his words and his presence, and have been stimulated to higher ideals by his courage and his example, pledge ourselves to follow the path of unselfish service and unquestioning faith he pointed out to us, and to pray always for the repose of the stainless soul of the upright man, the brave soldier, the loyal citizen, the devout priest of God whose leadership it has been our privilege to follow through so many years of war and peace, of storm and sunshine; and further,

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes, and copies be sent to Mrs. Mary Ryan Kirwin, the mother he loved so tenderly; to the Rt. Rev. C. E. Byrne, D. D., the Bishop he served so loyally; to the Rev. James M. Kirwin, the nephew who carries on his name and work; and to Sister Dula of Nazareth College, Louisville, Kentucky, the well-loved teacher of his youthful years.

Elinore M. McDonough, President,
Ella D. Shay, Vice-President,
Mary Ursula Herzog, Secretary,
Hortense Davison, Treasurer.

(From Beaumont K. of C.)

A great prelate and patriot has passed from the scene of action. He leaves behind a brilliant record of splendid and unselfish service to his God and country. His sterling qualities of mind and heart and his own matchless example will live to inspire generations yet unborn and lead them to higher and nobler achievements.

Therefore, be it resolved that we, his brother knights, deeply deplore his untimely death. We bespeak for his relatives and friends in this their hour of grief, God's grace that they may have strength to bear this cross. May they be sustained by the thought that as Monsignor J. M. Kirwin lived, so he died,—fully prepared, true soldier and servant that he was to give an account of his stewardship. We cherish the thought that he now enjoys an eternity with God as the reward of a task well done.

Respectfully submitted,

G. E. Murphy, Chairman,
Alfred du Perier,
Harry Leicht,
Committee on Resolutions, 3rd Degree,
Beaumont Council No. 951, Knights of Columbus.

TO OUR BELOVED LEADER

By George T. Koen

Sleep! Soldier, sleep!
Thy battles o'er,
Thy spirit stay
To guide us, we implore.
From duties great
Dear friend, thy soul has fled
To take thy post
Among the myriad dead.

While thou did'st live,
The bugle's vibrant throat
Found in your heart
A sympathetic note.

No voice of friend
Unheeded met thy ear,
Its joy your own,
Its sadness found a tear.

One single trait
Bespoke thy whole career:
For all—thy love,
For God—a holy fear.

'Twas not thy frame
That made thy manhood strong,
But just thy heart
That swept the world along.

Thy booming voice
Oft called the coward's threat,
But in life's calm,
We hear its sweetness yet.

From thee we learn
An obligation made,
No time nor tide
Could stay thee till 'twas paid.

Teach us then how
To follow in thy stride,
We'll breach the clouds
To rally at thy side.

Be thou our chief
From heaven peering still
To guide our steps,
We wish to do thy will.

FROM AN OLD FRIEND

(John T. Thompson of the Mortuary Company of Harlingen, Texas, issued the following statement on hearing of Monsignor Kirwin's death, written to the Fathers at the Seminary.)

"On picking up the evening Brownsville paper yesterday, I saw where our good Father and friend, Father Kirwin, had passed to the great beyond. I knew Father Kirwin for nearly a quarter of a century and he was a friend that could always be depended upon, a friend to both Catholics and non-Catholics alike. He was one of the purest and most broad-minded man that I ever met. I had just sent him word that if he ever came again to the valley to drop me a line to meet him in any of the towns. I wanted to see him and talk over old times with him. Fathers, I cannot express my feelings in words and if any of you ever come to the valley I want to see you.

"God bless you in your great sorrow.

"Your faithful friend, J. T. Thompson."

FROM A TEXAS JURIST

"Tucson, Arizona, June 29th, 1926.

"Dear Bishop Byrne:

"After a long delay, your telegram addressed to me at Beaumont, advising me of the death of Father Kirwin, was delivered to me here, where

I have been confined to my bed since November. While I am now permitted to sit up only a short time each day, I am able to give my personal attention to my correspondence. I delayed writing you that I might have the privilege of writing in my own hand my appreciation of Father Kirwin and my sympathy to his friends and the personal loss that all of us have suffered in his death. Father Kirwin was in the prime of his life, doing in a great way the task to which his Heavenly Father had called him. To meet him in an incidental way was a delightful privilege; and I know that his character and life was a tower of strength to those who worked with him from day to day. Father Kirwin has his earthly reward in the civic appreciation of his fellow citizens, in the love and honor cherished for him by his friends and distinguished honors conferred upon him by his church and in her appreciation of his devoted and efficient service.

"It was very kind of you to honor me by numbering me among his friends, and I trust that my long delay in answering your telegram will not be construed as a want of appreciation of the character of this great and good man. I am,

"Most sincerely yours,
"Daniel Walker,
"Court of Civil Appeals, Beaumont, Texas."

FROM JAMES W. BASS

(The following letter was received by John Daly, Jr., Deputy Collector of Revenue from James W. Bass, Collector Internal Revenue at Austin.)

"I thank you so much for your telegram and letter of January 25th, advising me of the death of Monsignor Kirwin. I assure you it was a great shock to me, as I numbered Father Kirwin among my best friends. He was a splendid man and he will be missed not only in Galveston, but the entire South will mourn his loss. He was, to my thinking, one of the best men I have ever known. He was my ideal as to what constituted a Christian man—liberal and broad, yet with all, a good man. I recall the last time I met him in Houston and I had a most agreeable visit with him. If it were possible I would surely come to Galveston for his funeral, but on account of some matters here it is impossible for me to get away. Please express to all his friends my sincere sympathy."

FROM FOURTH DEGREE KNIGHTS

(Resolutions on the death of Monsignor Kirwin by Fourth Degree Assembly Knights of Columbus of Galveston.)

It has pleased an all-wise Providence in its infinite wisdom to remove from his activities the Right Reverend Monsignor James M. Kirwin, Vicar General of the Diocese of Galveston, at a time when he had barely passed life's meridian. At an age when his ripened judgment and un-

derstanding held the promise of many active and useful years, he was called from this life to the greater life beyond.

Bowed in all humility, and undertaking not to question the inscrutable ways of God, we humbly and reverently pay this tribute to a greatly beloved and sincerely lamented Priest.

Nature was unusually kind to Father Kirwin. Physically of commanding presence—his features cast in a classic mold. Intellectually he was endowed, as it is given but few to be endowed. In temperament, though thoroughly sincere, he was happy and jovial—in love with life and charitable to all mankind.

His keen human sympathies, his vast store of information, his wonderful voice, his keen and kindly sense of humor, his all but matchless gift of expression classed him as an orator of the highest rank. With it all he had, in the highest degree, that love of the beautiful in nature, art and literature—that high regard for virtue and right living, that sympathetic human touch, those quick and generous sensibilities so characteristic of his race.

Father Kirwin's patriotism was of the most exalted. He loved his Country with that love which can come only to the fullness of understanding, and no one, more than he, understood his Country. He knew its history, its institutions, the principles which it sought to establish, and the rights of the citizens which its government was designed to nurture and protect. Broad and tolerant though he was, no one was quicker than he to resent an invasion of the rights of his country guaranteed to the citizens. Peace loving though he was, he could be militant when it was necessary to be militant.

Father Kirwin's patriotism was not of the passive kind. In peace, he gave without stint of his great strength and power to give for the welfare of the community and the state. In war he took his place among the soldiers of his country to do, and if need be, die for the land of his birth.

All these attributes Father Kirwin had—all these things Father Kirwin did. Yet, greater than all, was the unfailing belief and faith he had in a divine providence—in the truths of the christian religion—in the teaching of Our Holy Mother Church in which he so long and faithfully ministered.

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, By the Houston Assembly No. 803, Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus, that in the death of Father Kirwin Holy Mother Church has suffered the loss of a devoted, sincere and faithful Priest—his aged and sorrowing mother, the loss of a gifted, yet tender, loving and devoted son—The Knights of Columbus, the loss of an active and beloved member—the community and the State, the loss of a citizen whose patriotism and usefulness was of the greatest—his best friends, the loss of a friend and counselor, whose untimely taking they will never cease to mourn.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That a copy of these Resolutions be furnished the mother and relatives of the Monsignor Kirwin, and also to the Right Reverend C. E. Byrne, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Galveston.

G. A. Mistrot, F. N.,
Thos. Kehoe, M. F. D.

W. H. Howard, Chairman,
H. C. Callahan,
L. F. Tuffly,
Geo. Burkitt, Jr.,
Committee.

FROM HOUSTON CHRONICLE

There fell asleep Sunday night in St. Mary's Cathedral at Galveston, where he had been rector for nearly 30 years, a knightly soul when Monsignor James Martin Kirwin, V. G., failed for the first time in his ripe manhood to answer the call of a friend.

There are given to few men the purity of purpose, the strength of character, the gentle, understanding sympathy fitting him to exercise the most blessed traits of humanity. And it may be said of him, at the end of the journey and his entry into that other life, that no man ever knew a firmer friend.

It is not only as a churchman, as a dignitary of a church which ever was close to his great heart, that Father Kirwin will leave a sadly vacant place. But as a man, as a human being, instinct with those sterling and most loyal and unselfish qualities which make men loved above their fellows, with which he was endowed will he be most missed. Ever ready to share in the joys of his fellows, he was equally ready to share in supporting their sorrows. To prince or pauper, rich or poor, mighty or lowly, he was an assurance always of a gentle and ministering sympathy, adding to their joys by participating in them and lessening their sorrows by understanding them, that he drew about him those who sensed the presence of a man blessed beyond his kind. As a church dignitary he will receive the honors which are his due. But it is in the hearts of the great, silent masses that it will best be realized that his was a friendship, strong as iron thews, and ever ready in the service of that friendship. Living under the shadow of the end which was his, he never permitted his personal good to stand in the way of service to humanity, and in behalf of those he loved, and they were legion, he was tireless in that service which was his dominant delight.

From many hearts will come today, and in days to come, silent prayers that he may reap that reward which is the due of men of his type. The church has lost a dignitary of which it may well be proud; the state a citizen whose love for it and its institutions was bounded only by his ability to comprehend what it all means; his city one who ever led in constructive service, and his friends a man who leaves a vacant place in his passing.

The Great Priest Passes

Suddenly, but with stunning effect, Monsignor Kirwin laid down his earthly labors January 26, 1926.

Memorial resolutions were adopted by many organizations. Newspapers throughout the country paid eulogies to his great life, its rugged character, and great achievements. They carried extensive accounts of his life, death and funeral. Here are some few of the many accounts that appeared:

THE HOUSTON POST-DISPATCH

Death early Sunday night took one of the most prominent members of the Catholic priesthood in Texas, if not in the South, in the person of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. James M. Kirwin, Vicar General of the Diocese of Galveston and President of St. Mary's Seminary, La Porte.

Father Kirwin was found dead in his bed at the rectory of St. Mary's Cathedral when called by Fr. Reicher at 6:10 o'clock Sunday evening. Heart failure was presumably the cause. Apparently in normal health except for a slight cold, he retired to his room to rest after dinner. Father Reicher called him at 5:30 and he asked that he be permitted to rest a little longer. When he failed to answer a second call the priest became alarmed and upon investigation found him dead.

Father Kirwin was a man of large frame and seemingly robust health, but had been suffering several years from high blood pressure. According to the Rt. Rev. C. E. Byrne, D. D., Bishop of Galveston, he had been warned by physicians to avoid unusual exertion.

Monsignor Kirwin was president of St. Mary's Seminary at La Porte, which institution was erected in memory of Bishop Gallagher for the training of young men for priesthood. He was also prominently affiliated with all Catholic institutions and organizations and with non-sectarian associations.

Monsignor Kirwin is survived by his mother, three brothers and a sister of Circleville, Ohio. A nephew, the Rev. J. M. Kirwin of Beaumont, also survives him.

The body was taken Sunday night to the Cathedral where it will lie in state. Solemn Requiem Mass was said Monday morning at 10 o'clock at the Cathedral by Bishop Byrne; on Tuesday morning the Rev. J. M. Kirwin, nephew of the decedent, said Mass at 10 o'clock; on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, the Rev. M. S. Chataignon, rector of Sacred Heart Church, who served with Monsignor Kirwin for fourteen years said the Mass of Requiem. On Thursday morning at 10 o'clock the funeral will be held with the Most Rev. John W. Shaw, D. D., Archbishop of New Orleans, saying the Mass and the Rt. Rev. Joseph P. Lynch, D. D., Bishop of Dallas, delivering the funeral oration. The Apostolic Delegate from Rome, the

Most Rev. Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, D. D., who is now in Corpus Christi, has been invited to attend.

Father Kirwin would have been 54 years old July 1.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

James M. Kirwin, the son of Patrick and Mary Ryan Kirwin, was born in Circleville, Ohio, July 1, 1872, where he was educated in the parochial school of that city. Later he attended St. Mary's College, in Kentucky, and Mount St. Mary's Seminary in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he was ordained June, 1895. Father Kirwin took a post graduate course at the Catholic University of America (S. T. B.), when he was appointed rector of St. Mary's Cathedral of Galveston in August, 1898, which post he has retained since that time.

In 1897 Father Kirwin was on duty during the epidemic of yellow fever. In 1898 he raised a regiment for the Spanish-American War, the First U. S. Vol. Infantry, of which he was appointed chaplain, every man leaving from the Cathedral school hall.

After the storm in Galveston in September, 1900, Father Kirwin wrote the order putting the city under martial law, and performed other duties incident to the stress of that period, carrying out the orders of the adjutant general.

In 1901 he was awarded a medal by the fire department. He delivered the opening prayer at the laying of the cornerstone of the seawall in 1902, and officiated at the closing exercises when the commemorative monuments were placed in position in 1905.

In 1907 Father Kirwin was a figure in settling the Southern Pacific dock workers' strike. In 1909 he assisted in putting the saloons out of the residence districts of the city.

Father Kirwin was appointed president of St. Mary's Seminary in La Porte in 1911, and was made Vicar General of the diocese of Galveston in Easter, 1912. Prior to that time the seminary had been a source of expense to the diocese, the annual deficit being some $5,000. Under Father Kirwin's administration the institution has been conducted without a penny of expense to the diocese; it carries twenty to twenty-five free seminarians on its rolls and has given the diocese thirty-six priests. When, recently, more accommodations became necessary and a new building was determined upon, Father Kirwin went out among his friends and, within six months, raised $100,000 in donations of $1000 and upwards.

Another noteworthy feat was his raising of $25,000 for St. Mary's Orphanage at Galveston.

When General Pershing, commander of the American Expeditionary Forces, first went to France, he sought the services of Father Kirwin for the organization and direction of chaplaincy work in the American army. But pressing and imperative duties at home compelled him to decline the proffered post.

Upon the death of Rt. Rev. Nicholas A. Gallagher Father Kirwin served as administrator of the diccese of Galveston during the vacancy of the See.

During the war he was chairman of the four-minute men and chairman of the home service section of the Galveston Chapter, American Red Cross.

HONORED BY POPE

On June 24, 1922, Pope Pius XI conferred the ecclesiastical title of Monsignor upon Father Kirwin in recognition of the work of Father Kirwin in behalf of the Church and patriotic services to the state and nation. Bishop Byrne received notice of the action taken by Pope Pius in a letter from Cardinal De Lai of Rome.

Special ceremonies incident to the elevation of Father Kirwin to the Monsignori were held at St. Mary's Cathedral, Dec. 11, 1922, when he was invested with the violet cassock and rochet.

PROMINENT IN K. OF C.

Father Kirwin at the time of his death was faithful friar of the Galveston Assembly, Fourth Degree, Knights of Columbus; state chaplain of the Catholic Daughters of America and also chaplain of Court Star of the Sea No. 228, of the Catholic Daughters.

He was also past state chaplain of the third and fourth degrees, Knights of Columbus, as well as past chaplain of Galveston Council and had always been active in Knights of Columbus ranks.

Beginning at 10 o'clock Sunday night, hourly vigil was maintained by third and fourth degree knights.

Father Kirwin also was chaplain of Gary Ord Camp No. 7, United Spanish-American War Veterans, a meeting of which has been called to adopt suitable resolutions.

BISHOP PRAISES

Bishop Byrne was too greatly affected by the suddenness of the death of Father Kirwin to give much of an expression but he spoke of the love and respect which all his parishoners had for Father Kirwin and how all-encompassing was his love for them.

"He thought too little of himself and was not as careful as he should have been," Bishop Byrne said. "We all loved him. He had a nature that everyone loved. We will miss him deeply."

Dr. Henry Cohen, rabbi of Temple B'nai Israel, said:

"It is impossible for me at this moment to estimate the service of Monsignor Kirwin to Galveston and the state of Texas; in the near future this will be told by the multitude in song and story. The shock of his sudden demise after three decades of close companionship has left me speechless, and I can only vaguely think of the utter bereavement of his

community and the city that was the field of his labors during the whole of his fine manhood. The rest is with God, the Great Comforter."

John Darrouzet, president of the Catholic Charities, said:

"I regret exceedingly to hear of the death of Father Kirwin. The world has been very much better off because of his broadmindedness, courageous character and extreme love for all classes and creeds. He commanded the love and respect of all who came in contact with him."

TRIBUTE BY STATE DEPUTY

Joseph I. Driscoll, state deputy for Texas of the Knights of Columbus, sent the following telegram to Bishop Byrne:

"I am deeply shocked to hear of Msgr. Kirwin's death. The Knights of Columbus of Texas have suffered a great loss, for he was of invaluable assistance to us for more than a score of years, expending his time and his splendid talents most generously in our behalf. I am requesting the state chaplain to offer a Mass for the repose of Monsignor Kirwin's soul, and the Knights of Columbus to pray for him."

FROM BEAUMONT FOURTH DEGREE

MONSIGNOR J. M. KIRWIN

Soldier and Priest, thy fame has just begun—
Alter Christus, true servant unto Him,—
'Twill live with all that thou hast said and done.
From yonder altar, after Sabbath hymn,
Retreating gently, sweetly with thy Host,
To thine own chamber—there communing still,—
And true to Him, thy God, yield up thy ghost
In humble resignation to His Will.
Thou, who would'st sleep, awakened, sleep again;
Wake now, oh thou, in God's eternal realm.
There thou wilt find true joy, true bliss, true rest;
There thou wilt hear the strains of that refrain:
"Servant of Mine, well done while at the helm,
Enter thou here to be forever blest."

Beaumont, Texas, January 27, 1926.

We, the Committee, appointed to draft suitable resolutions upon the death of Monsignor J. M. Kirwin, beg to submit the above as our resolutions of condolence.

Respectfully submitted,

Alfred DuPerier, Chairman,
Thomas F. Neeson,
L. S. Gist.

FROM SEED CRUSHERS

Since the last annual meeting the Texas Cotton Seed Crushers' Association has lost one of its staunchest friends in the death of Father J. M. Kirwin, lovingly known as "The Fighting Parson", who died at Galveston on January 24, 1926, 54 years of age.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War Galveston was the first community to raise a complete regiment which was afterward mustered in as the First United States Volunteers, being accepted as one of the ten regiments selected through the South and composed of men acclimated to semi-tropical sections. Father Kirwin was Chaplain of the First, or Galveston Regiment. He was a man of heroic stuff, a man of peace as became his calling, but a man of war when duty called.

When the storm of 1900 laid its devastating hand on Galveston his wonderful courage and leadership in assisting to restore order out of chaos was inspirational, and the service he rendered during those days of horror and grief has reared a glorious and everlasting monument in the memories of those who passed through that trying period.

Even before America was drawn into the Great War his vision foresaw the inevitable and those crushers who were fortunate enough to hear him during the war years of the convention will never forget his impressive presence, when delivering with ringing voice his heart-stirring impassioned message of patriotism and duty.

He was democratic in every fibre, according the same degree of sincere deference and consideration to the cotton jammer that he did to the highest dignitary with whom he came in contact. In the hour of trouble he was an anodyne of good cheer and comfort, as thousands could testify who were the recipients of his merciful and unassuming aid.

The Texas Cotton Seed Crushers claimed him as their own Padre and in every Crusher's heart there is a feeling of sadness and loss softened by the thought that his good deeds will ever remain with them in loving memory.

Geo. H. Gymer, Chairman,
Hans Guldmann,
Felix Paquin.

Monsignor James M. Kirwin

By Rev. Stephen P. Brown, Student of the Monsignor

MONSIGNOR JAMES MARTIN KIRWIN, or Father Kirwin, as he was called by his friends and enemies, was, in many respects, a remarkable man. He was endowed with all those sterling qualities which cause men to be loved above their fellows. For thirty years he trudged the broad highways of the Southland preaching and practicing a two-fold doctrine: one, the love of Christ crucified; and the other, the love of country.

Men and women of every shade of religious and political belief sought his aid and advice. He praised them and sympathized with them in their achievements and ambitions. He was not remiss in rebuking their follies. He knew how to share their sorrows and trials, and he has left behind him a noble heritage of service, self-sacrifice, and love.

Passionately fond of justice, he never permitted his own personal interests to prevent him from working for the good of the common weal.

When the corner grocery stores in his adopted city became corner saloons, ruining the home life of his people, he fought for their abolition, although he knew that thereby he would make many enemies and perhaps spoil any chances he had for advancement in his chosen vocation.

With a like courage and zeal he fought the battle for freedom of conscience and of religion in the Legislature of Texas every time bigotry attempted to foist upon the State bills for the inspection of convents or the destruction of the parochial school system.

When some of his conferrees advised him to be more taciturn during the time of the late world war, because they felt that, if he became too prominent an advocate of any set of principles, he would come into disfavor at Rome, he kindly thanked them for their counsel and threw himself heart and soul into the great struggle for the advancement of American ideals.

He buried himself in the diocesan seminary, though he well knew that there he would not have an outlet for all his abilities and would by no means receive the recognition which he could justly demand at other posts. Many with whom he stood in disfavor and who might rightly be styled his enemies, owe him their promotion. When he realized that a man was deserving of advancement, he bent his every energy to secure it for him, even though some one near and dear to him lost out thereby.

For God and country Monsignor Kirwin sacrificed his whole life, and whenever there was question between his promotion and his duty, as he saw it, he let the promotion go and did his duty like the true priest and great prelate that he was.

MONSIGNOR KIRWIN'S BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

James Martin Kirwin was born at Circleville, Ohio, July 1, 1872. His

parents were of Irish ancestry and were among the pioneers in the industrial development of that section of the United States traversed by the North Fork and Western Railway Company. The sterling integrity of an honest and industrious father, Patrick Kirwin, and the pious discharge of the duties of Christian motherhood by Mary Ryan Kirwin, made a home in which the virtues of their son could be developed to the fullest extent, a home whose walls were living with representations proclaiming the mysteries of religion and redemption, a home where the book shelves were filled with works of sound philosophical principles, good moral teaching, and the correct statement of facts in history. When the day's task was done and the shades of night fell, the family gathered around the domestic altar, and father and mother recited with their children the holy rosary and from day to day kept in close companionship and communion with their God and His Blessed Mother.

It was in this humble, peaceful, and happy home that the seed of religion, patriotism, and virtue was sown. Here the boy, James Martin Kirwin learned the obligation of paying his debts and the duty he was under of respecting and obeying at all times the just laws of his country.

At the age of six years he was placed in the public schools of Circleville. Later his parents entered him in the parochial schools of his parish. After completing his primary grades he was sent to St. Joseph's College at Bardstown, Kentucky. From there he went to St. Mary's, Lebanon, Kentucky, where he finished his College work and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1890. Mt. St. Mary's of the West at Cincinnati opened her arms to him as a clerical student in September of that year. Here he pursued and completed his course of philosophy and theology.

It is well known that he was an ardent advocate of athletics and all manly sports while a seminarian and in these was not easily excelled. Those who knew him best also maintain that he was ever most conscientious and faithful in all his duties, a hard worker, and at all times stood high in the love and esteem of his associates and professors. His ability as a scholar was recognized when it was decided by the Seminary Faculty to publish a history of the Institution. He with Michael J. Kelly was entrusted with the onerous and difficult task of compiling this volume. The work was brought to a successful conclusion in 1894, when it was published by Keating and Company of Cincinnati, Ohio. The History under the title of Mt. St. Mary's of the West, is a large volume, well written, and is much referred to for its literary and historic merit.

James Martin Kirwin was ordained to the holy priesthood on June 15, 1895, by Archbishop Elder in the chapel of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary. The Right Reverend N. A. Gallagher, his Bishop, then sent Father Kirwin for one year for special work to the Catholic University at Washington. Here he devoted his time to theology and in 1896 was awarded his theological degree.

THE KIRWIN FAMILY GROUP OF CIRCLEVILLE, OHIO

BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER KIRWIN AT CIRCLEVILLE, OHIO

J. M. KIRWIN AS A YOUTH

FATHER KIRWIN COMES TO GALVESTON

On August 15th, 1896, Bishop Gallagher summoned Father Kirwin to Texas and immediately appointed him Rector of the Cathedral Parish. The years that followed were taken up with the duties of the parish. The unfailing kindness and ability of the zealous young priest endeared him to all the people of Galveston. Through his unwearied exertions the Cathedral parish was brought to a higher standing than ever before.

He was the originator and guiding spirit of the Young Men's Institute, a society formed to promote a higher standard of Christian living and religious principles among the youth of Galveston. Branch 166 of the Catholic Knights of America chose him as their spiritual director. He held the same office with the Young Ladies Sodality and with the Children of Mary.

Yellow fever broke out in 1897, and the city was threatened with the dreaded scourge. Father Kirwin urged the citizens to adopt proper sanitary regulations and to shield both those who were healthy as well as those who were stricken. His priestly ministrations at this time were in constant demand, and his days and nights were spent consoling the sick and the dying. For this his fellow townsmen loved and admired him.

HE GOES TO WAR

When the United States went to war with Spain in 1898, the people of Galveston decided to form a volunteer regiment. At St. Mary's Hall a meeting was called of all eligible young men. Father Kirwin made a very patriotic speech on this occasion and, by his sincerity and eloquence, contributed much toward forming the regiment. The men unanimously chose him for chaplain and the War Department confirmed their choice and gave him the rank of captain.

While he was at Camp Hawly the citizens of Galveston showed how much they appreciated and esteemed him by presenting him with a fine horse and full equipment.

He took his duties of chaplain seriously and gathered the soldiers together for Sunday Mass, which he celebrated in a small tent on an improvised altar that was at the same time grand and sublime in its stark simplicity and lack of pomp and external show. There were no benches, and the worshippers knelt on the bare ground, and had for the roof of their temple the blue vault of heaven. After the mass Father Kirwin preached a sermon on the Gospel of the day. In the course of his remarks he would remind the men that they had not joined the army for the sake of a good time and warned them not to take their enlistment in that spirit. He said that they were honored soldiers of the United States and that the Government was depending upon them to win the war. Because of his fearless championship of American principles and ideals together with his unvarying good nature and willingness to help, he was much respected and loved by all the soldiers.

He was mustered out of service in October, 1898. The love of his men for him endured and increased with passing years. As a member of the Spanish War Veterans, he attended all their annual reunions and was frequently chosen to deliver the historical address at the yearly meetings of these veterans. At the time of his death he was the Chaplain of the Gary Ord Camp, No. 7, Spanish War Veterans.

After his honorable discharge from the army, he returned to his beloved Cathedral and resumed his duties of building up and caring for St. Mary's Parish. He found a hearty welcome with all the people both in church and in civic life.

THE GALVESTON STORM

The greatest storm in the history of the United States struck Galveston, September 8, 1900. Although storm warnings had been issued, it found the citizens entirely unprepared. On Saturday morning a high wind and tide set in from the Gulf. This was counteracted by a strong opposing wind from the north, which backed the waters of the Bay against the onrushing, storm-tossed waves of the Gulf. Finally the north wind shifted and added its strength to the fury of the storm. The waters poured into the city. They rushed and swirled through the streets carrying death and destructions before them, and high above all was the demoniac howl of the storm demon riding on the terrible wind and exulting in the havoc he was causing. The night passed and the dawn of the Sabbath showed the awful cataclysm. The very air was polluted and smelt of death. Language was too feeble to portray what the eye saw; only the heart could feel the emotions too great to express, and the heart itself had to break before it could feel. Galveston was prostrate.

Father Kirwin and a few other leading townsmen assembled in several feet of water on one of the street corners and called a meeting of the surviving citizens at Tremont Hall. Although the brand of agony was stamped upon their faces and despair was burned deeply in their breasts, all put aside their private sorrows and resolutely consecrated themselves to the great task of caring for the living and of rebuilding their devastated city. The citizens organized a committee of Public Safety of fifteen members with Colonel J. H. Hawley as Chairman. He, with Walter C. Jones, the Mayor, and Edward Ketchum, the Chief of Police, formed a triumvirate with absolute power. Father Kirwin wrote an order placing the city under martial law.

The declaration of martial law saved the city from vandals and ghouls, who were even then mutilating the dead and menacing the living. The next care was to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, rescue the injured, and bury the dead. To carry on this work more efficiently a Central Relief Committee composed of William A. McVitie as Chairman, and Judge Noah Allen, I. H. Kempner, Rev. J. M. Kirwin, P. Adou, Rabbi Henry Cohen, Clarence Ousley, and William V. Conn, as fellow members, was formed. A Committee for each of twelve city wards was then appointed

J. M. KIRWIN AS CHAPLAIN, FIRST U. S. V. I., SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

to work under the Central Committee. Appeals were sent out to all the world asking for aid. As fast as the relief goods were received, they were placed in a central warehouse. They were then withdrawn on the requisition of the ward chairmen and placed in various supply depots, from where they were dispensed as needed. It has been estimated that relief was extended to between 17,000 and 20,000 daily, and that the value of this aid amounted to $40,000 dollars a day.

The Committee saw the futility of any attempt to bury the dead and ordered the bodies to be taken out to sea for burial. The sea would not have them, but cast them back upon the shores of the ruined city. The only recourse left was cremation. The Committee ordered all bodies burned, and for days Galveston was one vast funeral fire. The living with tender and reverent hands laid the dead upon the pyres built from their shattered and wrecked homes. A census bureau to count the living and a mortuary bureau to number the dead were established. Transportation to the mainland and to distant points was provided for all. The debris was cleared from the streets. Telephone and railroad communication were established with the mainland. Business men opened their shops again, and Galveston was rehabilitated.

Father Kirwin during these harrowing days seemed to be everywhere. He advised here. He warned there. He comforted. He consoled. He saw to it that the naked were clothed, and that the hungry were fed. He provided for the injured and helped to bury the dead.

On Sunday, September the 16th, mass was celebrated in St. Mary's Cathedral. The church was filled to its capacity. The sermon by Father Kirwin is found elsewhere in this volume. It bespeaks his noble sentiments and sympathy for the sorrowing inhabitants. He told them not to lose confidence for back of them was the humanity of the world and the protecting Providence of Almighty God to succor them in this hour of distress. With ringing voice and flashing eye he bade them to trust and to build a greater and better, a larger and more secure Galveston.

To protect their city from all future storms, the people of Galveston resolved to build a mighty wall to restrain the wild fury of the sea. Father Kirwin urged that this be done at once. Through their representative in Congress the citizens secured federal aid and approval for this great project. The work was begun immediately. The cornerstone of the great wall was laid in 1902. With one accord all asked Father Kirwin to say the prayer for the occasion. In his prayer he invoked the common Father of all to bless this massive structure, to protect it, and to grant to it strength and endurance to save the city that trusted in Him, and to hold in check the raging waters of the Gulf.

The work was finished and commemorative monuments were erected in 1905. On this occasion Father Kirwin was again asked to participate by performing the religious service, and again he acceded to the wishes of the people.

MEDAL AWARDED HIM BY THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

In 1901 Galveston was suddenly awakened one night by the screeching of the fire sirens and the discordant clangor of fire bells to find itself menaced by a conflagration which bade fair to consume the whole city. Thousands of dollars' worth of property were destroyed and entire city blocks were swept away by the flames before the fire could be controlled.

During the height of the fire and in the greatest danger Father Kirwin rushed into blazing buildings and assisted in rescuing men, women and children from the devouring flames. On this occasion he received an injury to the humor of his eyes which thereafter caused his vision always to be more or less obscured by dancing, black spots. This affliction never left him and was a constant reminder of his harrowing fight with the flaming demon that sought to destroy the city by fire as the Gulf had tried to do by water the year before.

By this sad experience the people of Galveston learned that their water supply was wholly inadequate for the protection of the city against fire and resolved to secure a constant supply of water sufficient to meet every emergency. Father Kirwin ascertained the protection the city then had from fire, what protection could be immediately procured, and what plans ought to be made to secure a perfect protection against the recurring danger from fire. As a result of his foresight and well laid plans Galveston now boasts of an adequate supply of pure water sufficient for all emergencies and a completely equipped and trained fire department able to cope with any blaze. In recognition of his fine work during the perils of the fire and his aid in procuring the means of protecting the city against future fires, the City Fire Department presented him with a handsome gold medal.

The fleeting years passed in rapid succession whilst he worked incessantly to promote the welfare of his parish and to spread abroad the beneficent influence of the Catholic Church. To every man in Galveston he was a friend. Not only for the interests of the societies in the Cathedral parish did he labor, but also for the well being of the convents and hospitals of the city. God only knows how unbounded was his private charity. Any tramp or hobo who approached Father Kirwin was sure to get help from him. People of all creeds came to him for advice and consolation in their spiritual and financial difficulties. He worked with the city administration in its efforts to build a better city. His eloquence and deep knowledge of human nature gave to his sermons a piquancy and flavor which touched the hearts of his hearers and drew many to make inquiries, which finally led them to embrace that faith he so skillfully expounded.

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC DOCK STRIKE

The discontentment of the dock laborers in Galveston came to a head in a general strike in 1907. All shipping came to a standstill in the

harbor. Vessels remained in the roads unable to discharge their burdens of merchandise or at the docks waiting to receive cargoes into their empty holds. Freight kept piling up in the railroad yards and causing a great congestion. Because there was no outlet for the grain and cotton at Galveston, the goods were diverted to other places for shipment. The strikers grew sullen, and as the days dragged on they threatened violence. The Southern Pacific R. R. Company sought to break the strike by importing negro strike-breakers. The militia was called in to preserve order. The situation was desperate.

The President of the Southern Pacific had resolved to use physical force in settling the controversy, even though it should cost human blood. Again the distracted city turned to Father Kirwin and begged him to use his ingenuity and influence to avert the impending carnage. Both sides regarded him as a square man, who could weigh each side of the situation in a just balance, and who had the moral stamina to render justice no matter what his private inclinations might be. The men loved and respected him, and he understood them. In the face of almost instant death threatening him, he went down to the docks and pleaded with the strikers to have patience. Then he went to the President of the company and demanded that the laborers be given their fullest due. Both sides yielded points and the affair was settled amicably and satisfactorily for all concerned. In his handling of this situation fraught with so much danger he exhibited rare discretion and a fine sense of justice. Men, active leaders on both sides, became his warm admirers and trusted friends ever afterwards.

THE HOME PROTECTIVE LEAGUE

In 1909 Father Kirwin's zeal for the protection of the home caused him to organize a crusade for the removal of saloons from the residence section of Galveston. These places posed as corner grocery stores, but the dispensing of liquor was their chief source of revenue. They were undermining the neighborhood life, and pouring out an insidious poison which was ruining men, women and children.

The crusaders organized the Home Protective League to combat this liquor traffic. They were met by a bitter and well-organized opposition, and every means was used to retain the saloons. The city charter did not give the local government power to pass the necessary ordinance. Nothing daunted, the League took the fight to the State Legislature and asked that a special law be passed giving the city the authority necessary to purge the liquor pestilence from its home sections. Galveston's representatives in the House and the senator from her senatorial district opposed the bill strenuously. It was only after a bitter fight in both Houses, that the bill finally passed and was signed by the governor.

The credit for this brilliant victory in behalf of civic progress belongs almost entirely to the fearless and skillful leadership of Father Kirwin.

The newspapers of the nation hailed the law as a great forward step in the municipal government and praised the valiant service of the priest who conceived the plan and carried it out in the face of such strong opposition.

It would naturally be expected that the saloon owners who were forced to move their places of business would be the priest's eternal, mortal enemies. But such was not the case. They realized that the Rector of St. Mary's was actuated by the purest motives and that his actions sprang from a fervent desire for the common benefit. He did not lose a friend or make a single enemy by his unselfish advocacy of prohibition in the residential section. Such a victory is almost without parallel in the history of reformation of public life, a victory resulting in a heavy financial loss to one side, and yet the losing party not becoming hostile to the leader of the opposition.

HIS INTEREST IN CIVIC AFFAIRS AND POLITICS

Father Kirwin was invited to all important civic meetings or conferences held in Galveston. His knowledge of civic affairs, joined with a fine, keen sense of justice. had been tested many times in the history of the city, and the people had come to regard him as a sort of oracle to be consulted on all important matters pertaining to the common welfare. If the public health was concerned, his advice was sought. If it were a question of some municipal improvement, such as the paving of streets, the laying of sidewalks, or the erection of some public building, his aid was enlisted.

Galveston often entertained many State and National Conventions which required careful and delicate handling to avoid giving the least offense to the numerous visitors. On such occasions Father Kirwin was always pressed into service to do the talking and to entertain the distinguished visitors. His opinions were eagerly sought after and listened to with respectful attention by all; and, if he gave any advice, it was always followed most carefully.

His efforts were not confined to the city, but they extended to the state at large. From the lofty eminence of his priestly dignity he viewed the age in which he lived and knew how to appreciate it at its real worth. He praised its true progress in the arts and sciences. He condemned it for its follies and exaltation of wealth. He pointed out to men the evil result of their soft living and unbridled license of the passions. He inveighed against the shallow thinking which went into no subject deeper than mere sense perception. He warned it against the insidious influences of the natural philosphy which was attempting to recrucify Christ and wreck the ship of national government upon the rocks of bolshevism and irreligion. In fine, he condemned the vices of his age and sympathized with the real aspirations of the times.

RIGHT REV. NICHOLAS A. GALLAGHER, D. D., CONSECRATED TITULAR BISHOP OF CANOPUS, APRIL 30, 1882: SUCCEEDED TO GALVESTON DECEMBER 16, 1892; DIED JANUARY 21, 1918

In politics Father Kirwin was a democrat, not from choice, but from necessity. In Texas the state of politics is such that to achieve any real good the citizen is obliged to work with the various groups allied to form the great democratic party of Texas. In theory the democratic party in the State is one, but in practice party government is an alignment of conflicting groups each bearing the common name of Democrat. The real political battles take place before the pre-election primaries. The policies and candidates decided upon in these are merely ratified by the general elections. Although Father Kirwin was a great power in State politics, he never compromised his position as a churchman. Nor did he ever avoid an issue. For him there was no "via media". Every question he faced squarely, and all knew his exact stand. On this account he was trusted, honored, and relied upon to the fullest extent by everyone who knew him.

Many men possessing his power and influence would have legitimately used it to enrich themselves, but such thoughts never sullied his mind. Coming to Galveston and living through the changing periods of storm and stress afflicting his city, he undoubtedly had many opportunities to become rich. Such was by no means his ambition, for he chose to walk the humble paths of comparative poverty and be like His Divine Master in all things. He died as he lived, a poor man.

VICAR GENERAL AND PRESIDENT OF SEMINARY

Bishop Gallagher appointed Father Kirwin his Vicar General in 1911. The Vicar General is the Bishop's other hand. It is a position that calls for tact, prudence and a comprehensive knowledge of canon law. Father Kirwin possessed these qualities in an admirable degree and ably fulfilled the duties of his high post until death.

In the same year the Basilian Fathers who were in charge of St. Mary's Seminary unexpectedly withdrew. As the Seminary was the heart and the hope of the diocese, Bishop Gallagher turned to Father Kirwin for aid. He in his whole-hearted way at once accepted the position of President and professor of Moral Theology. As his associates he selected Father Pelnar as Vice President, Father Rapp as professor of Dogmatic Theology, and Father O'Leary to teach Philosophy. These four priests and a layman, who had charge of the Commercial Department, formed the faculty of the fledgling University.

In time the Seminary grew and prospered under the wise administration of the new President. Father Kirwin's life was a model and constant inspiration to the students. He taught them the correct principles of the Catholic religion not only by word but especially by example. In the lecture hall he exhibited a broad grasp of his subject and a deep acquaintance with its greatest masters. Moral theology is a study which ramifies throughout all the sciences. To be a master in it is tantamount to being a master in all human and divine wisdom. Father Kirwin was a master.

Besides theology he taught Sacred Scripture. His thorough knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, Latin, French and Spanish made him familiar with the Bible in its original tongues and in its various translations and paraphrases. He was an omnivorous reader and kept abreast of all the modern criticism and historial research, which greatly enhanced his value as a teacher. Besides these two major subjects, he also conducted classes in biblical studies, Latin, Spanish, and Catechism.

DURING AND AFTER THE WORLD WAR

Father Kirwin accompanied the Fourth Texas Infantry to the Mexican border as their chaplain in 1915. By this he became a firm friend and spiritual guide to the many men in the State militia. They grew to depend upon him for advice and help in all their difficulties, and it is safe to assert that he was one of the most popular Americans on the border.

General John J. Pershing cabled him from Cherbourg, France, in 1917: "Immediately need your services in France. Request has been made for your commission in the chaplain corps." General McCain issued him a first lieutenant's commission.

Father Kirwin put his affairs in order and proceeded to Washington on his way to France. Meanwhile the aged Bishop of Galveston, the Rt. Rev. N. A. Gallagher, died, and so Father Kirwin was forced to return home and take up the duties of Administrator of the diocese.

Although these added responsibilities were a heavy burden, he never for a moment relaxed his interest in his country's cause. The Liberty Loan drives called for four-minute speakers. The Red Cross demanded workers, and the army training camps needed priests. With his usual vigor he threw himself into the great task of helping to win the war. He was the principal speaker for the Liberty Loan Drives in Galveston. He also worked continually with the Red Cross and ministered to the soldiers in the great army camps.

When the war was won, his voice was raised in behalf of the needed post-war reconstruction. When organizations that were nothing more than an outbreak of fanaticism and bigotry attempted to control the state and nation by substituting masked violence for constitutional government, while the country slept peacefully, seemingly unaware of the menace that threatened to destroy its liberties and its very life, yes, and even while the public guardians slept, the patriotic priest at Galveston was wide awake and realized the threatening danger, and sounded the call to battle.

The American dead were returned from the glorious fields of honor in France. Among them was the battle-scarred body of a Catholic youth who, true to his church and his country, had given his all for the one, because the other had taught him that such was his duty. The government judged him worthy of the highest military honors. His flag-draped casket was borne through the streets of Houston accompanied by a military

FATHER KIRWIN AS DOMESTIC PRELATE

FATHER MEARA AND FATHER KIRWIN

escort to pay the final tribute of farewell to a soldier who had died that his nation might live.

At the cemetery in the midst of the reverent hush accompanying the solemn burial of the hero, Father Kirwin arose and spoke these words which were the call to battle in behalf of civil liberty: "This day", he said, "for the first time in my life I passed an American flag and did not uncover my head, because that flag hid a dirty spot."

The flag was a gift to the war mothers, a patriotic organization of the mothers of soldiers and sailors and was presented by the Ku Klux Klan. This society sought to hide its villainy behind the mask of the flag which they were seeking to destroy. This clarion-like challenge to American citizenship awoke the nation. The people realized their peril and sought a leader. Father Kirwin's life was in great danger. Men sought to waylay him several times as he stepped from the train at La Porte. But true friends, all non-Catholic, mounted guard and served notice to the Klansmen that such an outrage would not be tolerated.

To expose the Klan was to defeat it. Principles, such as it advocated and practiced are so repugnant to American ideals, that as soon as the pure sun of public opinion shone upon them they withered and died. Constitutional government won a glorious victory at the ballot box and buried the Klan under an avalanche of votes. Its power was broken; its membership disorganized; and the eyes of its deluded victims were opened to its true aims and purposes. Again Father Kirwin had rendered signal services to the state, and again he was hailed as a champion of liberty and an unselfish benefactor of his people.

HONORS

During the closing years of his life many honors were showered upon him. He accompanied the Knights of Columbus on their patriotic pilgrimage to France and delivered the principal addresses for the occasion. In 1920 he was decorated by the French Government for his splendid services to the allied cause during and after the war. His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, gave him the title of Monsignor on June 24, 1922, as a mark of recognition for his long and fruitful labors in behalf of the Church. Bishop Byrne invested his well-loved Vicar General with the insignia of the Domestic Prelate to His Holiness at St. Mary's Cathedral in December of the same year. Notre Dame University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, June, 1923, amid scenes of universal rejoicing and elaborate academic ceremonies.

Father Kirwin accompanied the Houston Delegation to the London Convention of Ad Clubs in 1924. In London, due largely to his efforts, the Convention decided to hold its 1925 meeting in Houston. At the close of the Convention, Mr. Frank Flannigan, the brother-in-law of the President of the Irish Free State, invited Monsignor Kirwin to visit Ireland as his guest. The President sent his own automobile down to the dock to

meet the priest from Texas. At Dublin he made a notable speech on the "Conditions in Ireland," at which the President of the Republic was present. From Ireland he went to Paris with the Houston Ad Club. The Club planned to lay a wreath on the tomb of the French unknown soldier who lay sleeping under the Arc de Triomphe. Other Americans in Paris at the time wished to participate in the ceremony, and the Club generously acceded to their wishes.

Father Kirwin spoke—as he perhaps had never spoken before—he moved the vast throng of hearers and played upon their heart-strings as a musician plays upon the strings of his harp. It was a wonderful speech, full of noble sentiments and burning with love for that France which had aided the American Republic in its dark hour of travail and birth. His was the only speech of the day, and it was reported by the French and English newspapers, and broadcasted by the press throughout the world.

From France he journeyed to Rome, the capital of his religion and his heart. He knelt at the feet of the white-robed Pontiff and received his benediction, even as he had knelt at the feet of the saintly Pope Leo twenty-two years before. He returned to Ireland by way of Genoa and Marseilles. And from Ireland, after a brief farewell visit, he took ship for America and home.

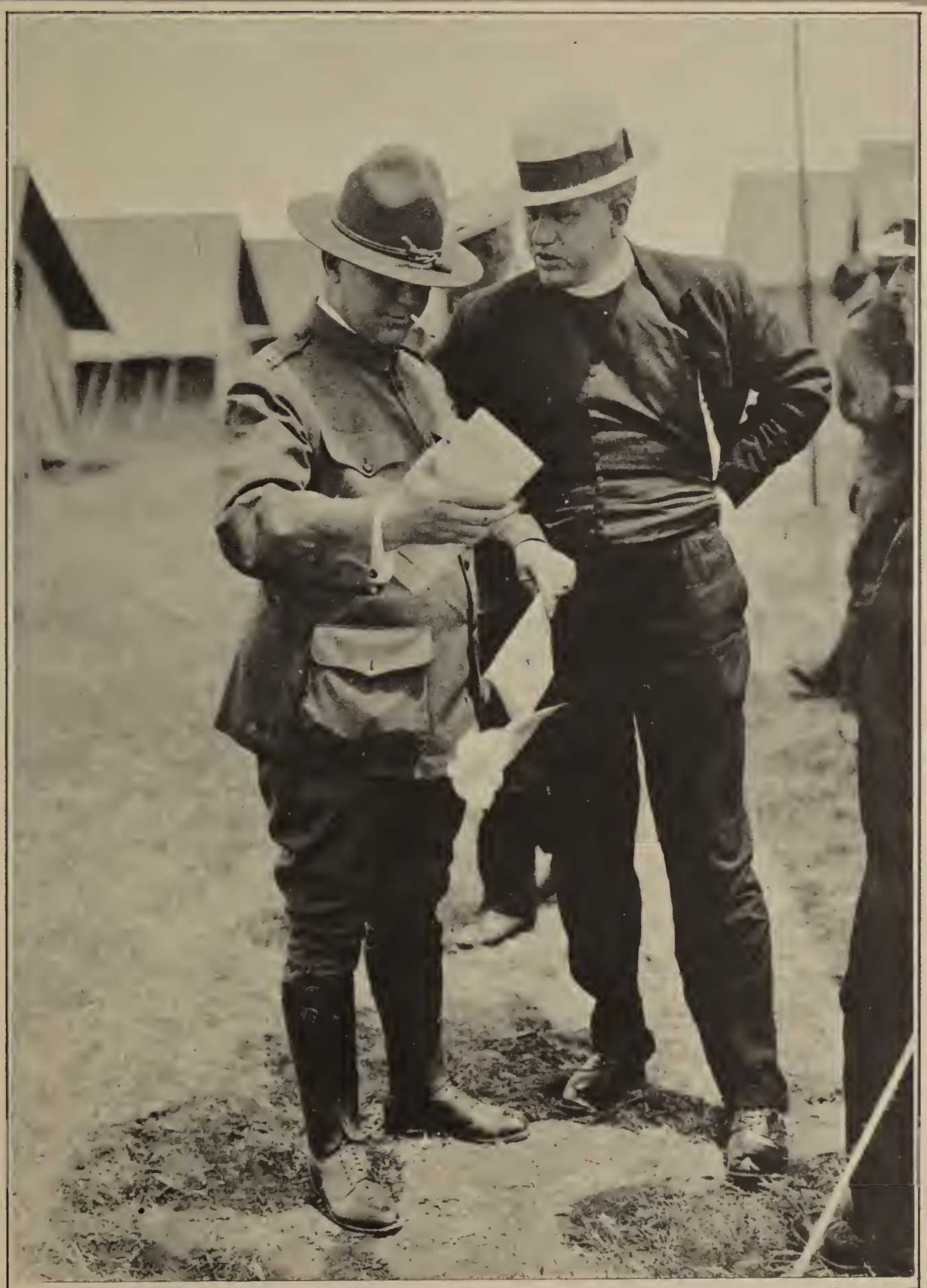
THE END

The strenuous exertion which he had undergone in the arduous labors of his ministry during the summer of 1925 had sadly depleted his waning strength. During the fall of the same year his health began to fail. Heart specialists diagnosed his disease as high blood pressure and advised him to hoard his strength carefully. But he would not consent to leave undone any duty. He continued his watchful, paternal care over his cathedral. He performed his duties of Vicar General as usual. And he carried his heavy load of classes at the Seminary. The climax came when he received word that his sister was dying.

Anxiety and care carved deep furrows in his noble brow, and grief bowed the shoulders which would not give in. Just before the Christmas holidays began at the Seminary, he told his students of Theology: "You know my sister is sick and dying in Ohio. If I felt that my presence there would help her, I would fly to her bedside. But my presence would be of no help, and so I shall remain here at work where I am needed. When she dies I will go North for the funeral." Such was his glorious conception of duty.

His sister did not die, but began to recover slowly. The holiday season gave him a brief respite from work and time for a hurried visit to his Ohio home. He returned to Galveston—and death.

He celebrated his last mass on Sunday, January 24, 1926. His farewell words to his people were to ask their prayers for the repose of the soul of the beloved priest, Father M. M. Meara of Columbus, Ohio, his life-long



FATHER KIRWIN WITH GEN. J. A. HULEN AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, MAY, 1916

SCENES AT THE FUNERAL OF MONSIGNOR KIRWIN AT GALVESTON, TEXAS

THE SURVIVORS OF THE KIRWIN FAMILY

friend, who had died just one year that day. Father Meara it was who nourished his youthful ideals and had fanned the flame of divine love in his boyish heart for the holy priesthood. Father Kirwin raised his hand in final benediction at mass and withdrew never to be seen again in life by his dear people.

As was his habit, he retired for a brief nap after his Sunday dinner hour. What passed between him and his God in those fleeting hours between noon and sunset is known to no one. All that the world knows is that he died. But I love to picture that hidden death. The dreaded foe did not come to him as an enemy but as a friend, a messenger from that God he had served so long and faithfully to bid him come and drink that wine with Christ which can only be drunk by the elect in heaven.

A solemn four-days funeral service was celebrated for the repose of his soul. A wealth of honor and affection was shown him by the highest dignitaries of the Church and of the State. A pontifical mass of requiem celebrated by Bishop Byrne and attended by men of all classes and creeds, brought to a close the farewell of the Church to her fallen leader. Thursday, just as dusk spread her dark mantle over the sorrowing city, his body was borne by reverent hands, amid the tolling of the city's bells to a waiting train which was to bear him to a sorrowing mother in Ohio, and burial.

His mortal remains repose in that distant state reverently guarded by all the tender devotion and love which a broken hearted and aged mother can give. His spirit and his heart are in Texas where he worked and died. And his pure soul is in the hands of his God, Who gave it.

"A Foot Soldier of Jesus Christ"

By. REV. THOMAS A. RYAN
(Student of Theology Under Monsignor Kirwin)

"Thou hast gone to the grave,
We will not deplore thee;
Though sorrow and darkness
Encompass thy tomb;
Thy Saviour has passed through
The portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love
Is our guide through the gloom."

Let others pay tribute to him as a Priest of the Most Iligh God, a Prelate, an Educator, a True American Citizen, a Statesman, a Patriot. Let them draw their noble facts from his accomplishments, select them from the outstanding incidents of his busy life, photograph them under the arc light of his public life. All arrayed together but give to his memory the well-deserved honor that to such a noble life accrues. To my mind, Monsignor Kirwin was all that these epithets comprehend; yet, he was something more. Something which, I believe, he would prefer to be called were his own opinion consulted in the choice of an epitaph, and which is expressed in the words that often fell from his lips, "We are foot soldiers of Jesus Christ."

The impression one would have been apt to take at first meeting Monsignor Kirwin was that here is a man built for the mitre. His big frame and his military bearing commanded immediate interest and attention with the reflex thought of one hundred per cent manhood patterned before you. Priest of God radiated from his open countenance, illumining the lines of strength and self-restraint readable in the bright light of candor which his presence shed around him.

Previous to coming to Texas I had heard from a friend about the Vicar General of the Galveston Diocese. I was told emphatically that he was a square man and that he always gave everyone a square deal. Sometime later while I was chatting with a celebrated ecclesiastic in Washington, D. C., I mentioned my southward trend and incidentally named Monsignor Kirwin. The laudatory remarks which the mention of his name evoked were very gratifying to me and corresponded nicely with the former estimate that had been given me of the Monsignor who seemed to be so well known in Church circles. This time I was told that "Monsignor Kirwin is very influential in Texas and in the South in general. He is very candid and outspoken; a remarkable priest and at all times a very busy man. He is just the kind of man that the Church needs down there."

It is a known fact that usually students form a pretty accurate judgment of their teachers. This was again demonstrated to me when, on my way to Galveston, I met one of Monsignor's theological students who is now a priest. In telling me of the Seminary at La Porte this gentle-

THE KIRWIN MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT ST. MARY'S SEMINARY, LA PORTE, TEXAS, DEDICATED IN MAY, 1928

man said: "Monsignor is the teacher of Moral Theology down there. You will like him. Everybody does. One derives more benefit from a few words of his than from a long talk from others." I reflected that when several people independently arrive at substantially the same conclusion, the consensus is usually the correct one.

If actions fortify words, then Monsignor Kirwin in those relations with others, necessarily concomitant to seminary life, vindicated the high esteem in which he was held by those whose happiness it was to know him and those whose good fortune it was to be associated with him. If these were favored, then what about those who enjoyed the great privilege of serving as brother soldiers or as recruits with him in the same regiment of Christ's Infantry.

As one of his recruits, I had the supreme advantage of his individual tutoring in a particular tract of theology which I had failed to cover in the cycle course of the current year. And, although my session was scheduled at eight fifteen in the evening, a time when most professors enjoy an undisturbed period of relaxation or quiet, Monsignor Kirwin, despite his fatigued condition, which, very often was quite obvious, never once showed any signs of impatience or irritability. He was just as kind, sympathetic and considerate at every lesson he gave me as he was when I first met him on my arrival and when he invited me to join him in a smoke and when he applied the light to the cigar he had proffered me.

A special class in Spanish for the Seminarians was held in his study at the hour preceding my special lesson. The same earnestness and zeal was noticeable in him when he explained the Spanish Grammar as when he lectured on theology. "I want you future priests to get as much as you can of this Spanish, because it will serve you well in your future ministry. You may be called to help some poor dying peon make his peace with God. That thought should compensate you for the additional labor and inconvenience which, I know, this class puts upon you." Such remarks from him could not but relieve that sense of weariness which seems traditional amongst all seminarians as the night study period approaches.

At the seminary especially was his noble nature exposed to the rigid scrutiny of observing eyes and appraising minds. Edification, not merely the negative kind, but very positive indeed, was always the result of observing him closely. His obligations of giving good example was ever demonstrated. To live under the same roof with him was to know him. To know him was to admire him and to love him.

A deeply appreciated knowledge of men gave a wider sphere to the exercise of that Christ-like charity with which he was saturated. Accompanied by courtesy, "the little sister of humility," as the Poverello styled it, his deeds for love of God and generous counsels were wrapped in the unostentatious virtue of true humility.

Giving much, he asked little. The air of omniscience never possessed him. No whims or foibles claimed friendship with him. No sycophants

danced in attendance upon him. There was no room in his big soul for the vagaries of egoism because he was steeped in the mellow love of God, the gift of a vital grasp of the real spirit of the Blessed Master, in imitation of Whom, unassumingly, he went about doing good.

Although a Prelate, and having jurisdiction as Vicar General of the Diocese of Galveston, he never referred to himself as Monsignor. His mode of identifying himself at the telephone was always, "This is Father Kirwin."

A commissioned officer in Christ's Regiment, his time was not all spent at the officer's quarters, but like a loyal foot soldier, he took his place at the front in active, daily touch with the private soldiers and with the recruits. Unquestioned executive ability, coupled with a heart of gold, made it a pleasure to acknowledge him as leader. Noticing much, he would say little when he knew that a quiet, gentle, diplomatic hint would prove effective. But whenever the occasions warranted it, he would speak straight to the point. In his fairness and respect for the other fellow's rights and viewpoints, so anxious not to wound or embarrass needlessly, he felt grieved upon seeing evidence of small unprincipled breaches against one's neighbor. He had no use for fops. He did appreciate and understand the many temperaments which united in making up the Seminary personnel. Any slight service shown to him was always received with gratitude. A hearty "thank you" was expressed to the attendant who brought him a pitcher of fresh drinking water as well as to the little fellow who came by to offer him a bonbon from the box he had just received from home.

To teach the recruits of the diocese he was fitted by the double qualifications of a sound knowledge of theology and a clear, simple manner of presentation, re-enforced by broad and varied experiences from which he took practical cases for illustration and application of principles. He spared nothing in his effort to clarify the haze of an uncertain grasp in any difficult or mooted point. With ostentatious pedagogy he had no acquaintance. With the art of teaching he was on familiar terms. Untiring and distinctive was his patience in the class room. To cover the maximum amount of matter with the minimum time, was foreign to his method. Thoroughness and accuracy of apprehension were always his aim. He realized full well that a priest's work among men demanded clear and solid reasoning and the forceful presentation of the truths of salvation, and so he made every endeavor to prepare us to become competent vessels fit for the Master's use.

It is written: "He has achieved success who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children. Who has filled his niche and has left the world better than he found it." That can be truly said of our beloved and much lamented Monsignor. He was a faithful sentinel who guarded the sheep fold. He was universally faithful to his trust. Born for the world though he was, Divine Providence gave him to the

Church. He had all the physical graces and manly accomplishments that excite admiration. He was of a strong impulsive nature, but the fires of his blood were held in check by the cool currents of his mind. He was vigorous, big, gigantic, intelligent, a mighty man, easy to follow, for he was characteristically commonplace with all. He had an all-absorbing interest in the Seminary. I remember how his face beamed with joy at the beginning of the scholastic year which, sorry to say, was to be his last with us, as he looked over the class and remarked: "This is an auspicious day; we are represented in greater numbers than ever before. We are the foot soldiers of Jesus Christ. An army is helpless without the infantry. The air service, the artillery and all the rest are merely adjuncts to it. The infantry makes the charge and holds the places conquered. The Diocesan Clergy are Christ's own Infantry. He established it. We should all be proud of our enlistment in the Apostolic Priesthood of Jesus Christ."

I am now a priest and am assigned to the Cathedral Parish where Monsignor Kirwin's marks and imprints remain after him. It is plainly evident from the spontaneously told incidents that come from all who knew him, how deeply Monsignor realized that he was a soldier in the Blessed Master's service. When he was not on duty at the Seminary, he adhered to the custom of employing his time for the benefit of others, and opportunities for doing so came to him abundantly. His cheerful readiness to aid all classes of men, "the blind, the lame and the halt, the rich man, the poor man, the beggar man," yes, and the repentant thief, absorbed the hesitancy of those who would come to him for advice or other favors. Often he spoke to us about being charitable to the poor. Many times he exhorted us to learn to be patient with all classes of people.

Monsignor Kirwin was a firm believer in the maxim that, "Example is better than precept", and it can be truly said of him that he practiced what he preached. His charitable disposition made him help every one that came to him, and so when the unemployed would come seeking for work and he could not find it for them in Galveston, he would send them out to the Seminary, asking Father Rapp, the econome of the institution, to provide for the wanderer. A separate volume of immense size would not contain the stories that are told of his works of charity and mercy. Summarily, as a foot soldier of Christ, he wearied not day or night, through heat or cold, in responding to the calls for help from his fellowmen.

His parishioners, like the Seminarians, never feared to approach him. The kindness of an indulgent father, which graced his whole life of supernatural zeal, invited the confidence of those who came in contact with him and prompted them to give cheerful obedience to his directions, being thoroughly persuaded that he desired and labored only for their welfare. Such was his interest in everyone, so strong a hold did he have on their affections, and such reliance did they place in his judgment, that a feeling of complete security was entertained in his decisions.

As his was an activity almost superhuman, the news that he had been suddenly summoned into the presence of the Great Commander for adoration service before the Great White Throne, did not at first seem authentic. Yet, when it was known that his death was a fact, a sorrow, not the conventional sorrow of general mankind, but sincere, individual grief that comes from personal bereavement was felt by all at the Seminary.

While taking a last look at his dear face as he lay in his coffin, I recalled to memory the story he used to tell of the "Tired and Sleeping Christ." In his travels in Mexico, Monsignor had visited one of the old churches. It was a magnificent structure. After admiring the grand proportions of the exterior he entered the building and was greatly surprised to find just inside near the door a rude wooden figure lying on a small cot. When he asked the meaning of this odd looking statue being put in so conspicuous a place, he was told that it represented the "Tired and Sleeping Christ." Many years ago, a Padre giving a mission there, had exhorted the natives to work and pray without ceasing and even to wear themselves out in the service of God. The good Padre explained to the people that Christ labored all day and often returned home tired and weary. Hearing this, one of the pious natives cut down a hûge tree out of which he, rather rudely, yet with loving heart, carved this figure. He brought the statue to the church and placed it near the entrance. Some time afterwards a devout Indian woman, seeing the figure lying on the bare floor, thought that the tired and sleeping Christ ought to have a bed. So she hurried back to her hut and brought her own little cot whereon she tenderly placed the tired and sleeping Christ. The good Pastor of the place did not interfere with the gentle piety of his parishioners and so today there can be seen at the great church door the figure of "The Tired and Sleeping Christ."—Worn out indeed in the service of God, tired and sleeping, our beloved Monsignor appeared as he lay in state in the Cathedral Church at Galveston.

To us all, who knew him intimately, his untimely departure is a stern reality. To his noble memory it is an added honor that he was called while on active duty to report to Camp Eternity for decoration.

Now attached to permanent headquarters, we know we have a square man, a zealous priest, a loyal friend, a true foot soldier of Jesus Christ.

James Martin Kirwin as a Citizen

By Tom Finty, Jr.

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT in its detail was fashioned on the theory and in the belief that it would be necessary to lay the strong arm of the law upon only comparatively a few recalcitrant persons, since most of our people, in an atmosphere of religious liberty, would be trained and guided by extra-legal institutions, as the home, the church and the school, to refrain from evil and to respect authority.

There are two kinds of good citizens—the passive and the active. The passive good citizen eschews evil, does unto others as he would have others do unto him, burdens not the government and gives it no concern. The active good citizen possesses all of the virtues of negation of the passive, and besides affirmatively serves his government, both directly and indirectly.

Father Kirwin was an active good citizen of the highest type, the product of training in a religious home, in educational institutions that had regard for both mind and heart, and in the Church, which keeps man's relation to God to the front. He did not burden his government. More than this, he served it as a sturdy prop.

As a priest of God, Father Kirwin taught many thousands of men, women and children of their relationship and duty to the Supreme Being and of their relationship and duty to their fellow men, directly and through the government of the land, thus performing the highest service of a citizen.

More than this, he was active in rendering direct service to his government. He fearlessly took his stand in the shaping of the policies of government, without compromising his priestly office by active partisan participation in politics. But more and best of all, he radiated an influence in his broad contacts with men that was powerful in the shaping of lives for true neighborliness.

A catalogue of his specific noteworthy services in behalf of good government, as an officer of the First Immune Regiment in the Spanish-American War, as in promoting the adoption of the Commission form of government for his city and in defending that government against attack, as in promoting the restriction of the liquor traffic, would be impressive, but it seems to me that the quality of his citizenship and leadership may best be illustrated by the relation of certain incidents that stand out in my recollections of contact with this great and good man.

On Saturday, September 8, 1900, Galveston was swept by a titanic storm. On the following Monday a number of Galveston men were engaged on Pier 20 in sending the bodies of their fellow citizens to sea for burial. Bankers, merchants, lawyers, screwmen, longshoremen and laborers toiled together, as brothers, in that gruesome task. But, because of their superstitions concerning death, negro laborers declined

to help. In this situation, and because of the urgent need of the hour, white leaders sought to impress the negroes by force.

But a tall, handsome young man, clad in priestly garments and riding a beautiful black steed, appeared on the scene. Sitting on his horse in silence for a time, he took in the situation. At length he spoke, calmly and convincingly, in a deep, melodious friendly voice.

"Don't do that. Give them whiskey!"

Those words of Father Kirwin, well known as a worker for temperance, were astounding, but they were accepted as authoritative. It happened that I was ordered to take a squad of soldiers and obtain a supply of whiskey. The black men, fortified by stimulant, served well with the whites throughout the remainder of that day of difficulty and dangers.

But in the morning, a fresh difficulty was encountered. The bodies that had been buried at sea were floating back to the beach. Down on the pier there was consternation. Burial at sea was futile. Burial on land was impracticable or impossible, for the ground still was filled with water. No solution of the problem was apparent. But again Father Kirwin came to the rescue. Speaking from horseback, as before, he said:

"The Bishop of Galveston says to burn the bodies."

The message was accepted as a divine command to do that which had seemed unthinkable.

For days thereafter, conditions in Galveston were chaotic. The men of the city and friends who came from without, worked together as heroes in acts of rescue, mercy and restoration. None were more active than the clergy. Father Kirwin and other Catholic priests, Protestant ministers and Jewish Rabbis co-operated finely. There was a brotherhood of man.

Among Father Kirwin's most devoted and loyal friends were two former Galvestonians, the Hon. Louis Blaylock, now Mayor of Dallas, and Col. Frank P. Holland, former mayor of the same city. Col. Holland is publisher of Farm and Ranch and Holland's Magazine; Mr. Blaylock, for half a century was publisher of the Texas Christian Advocate, official publication of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South) in Texas. Col. Holland organized the Texas Editorial Association which annually meets at some place on the Texas coast. The meeting in 1916 was held in Galveston. Father Kirwin was on the program to make the invocation at the opening, but for some reason he was tardy. Mr. Blaylock was asked to serve in his stead, and did so. In the midst of the prayer, Father Kirwin appeared in the doorway, and stood with bowed head. At the close of the prayer, he was received with applause and was urged to speak.

"My friends," said Father Kirwin, "you must expect me to yield nothing of my system (of religion), but I want to say that I think Heaven will be a very poor place if Louis Blaylock isn't there."

In November of the following year, I spent my vacation in Galveston, where I was thrilled to behold the fine activities of the men and women

of that city in support of their government in the World War. One night I was called to meet with a number of Father Kirwin's friends. It was made known that he had been asked by our government to go to France for war work, particularly to strengthen the morale of certain nationals on the front; this at the request of General Pershing. It was arranged that we should be at the station on the following morning to wish him Godspeed and that we should finance his field equipment and his incidental expenses. That group consisted of Catholics, Protestants and men of no church standing, but all were for Father Kirwin and the flag.

At the station, we learned from Father Kirwin that it was uncertain that he would go to France, as Bishop Gallagher felt that he was needed at home, because for one thing of his marked success in dealing with the very same nationals in this country. However, he was to go to Washington, learn fully of the wishes of the government and present the Bishop's views. Father Kirwin did not go on that mission to France, but he served his country nobly and efficiently at home. The members of that little company always have believed that the fact of Bishop Gallagher's ill-health was a factor in the decision. Within a few months, he passed to his eternal reward.

"The padre", as Father Kirwin was lovingly called by his intimates, did not proselyte among his Protestant, Jewish and non-affiliate friends, but he exerted a powerful influence among them. He held himself to be a neighbor to all men, and, therefore, with a desire to serve his government, he was able to serve it well. He was a good active citizen of the highest type, whose radiant influence in life survives his transition to life eternal.

And Afterwards—The New Flag

The "flag incident" as it came to be known, was the last great fight for righteousness and tolerance in which Father Kirwin engaged.

Father Kirwin through it all never lost his fine touch of human sympathy, and his counsels were always on the side of moderation and tolerance. When the Knights of Columbus were assailed by the most vicious falsehoods ever directed against a great and worthy organization, his counsels always were to not reply in kind—to always remember that truth must triumph.

Father Kirwin, profound student of history, knew that the clouds of calumny would dissolve before the sun of truth. He had seen before such movements of religious bigotry and hate directed against his church. He remembered the A. P. A. movement of his young manhood, a counterpart of this movement of his later years; one of those recurring storms of religious prejudice that grow weaker and weaker with the advancement of civilization, and the spread of education and understanding.

No man within the Catholic Church could better have centered public attention on the iniquity of the organization than could Father Kirwin. How dramatic was the setting. A Catholic boy who had made the supreme sacrifice for his country, was being borne to his rest. And, almost as if to mock his sacrifice, there floated above the line of march a flag donated to the War Mothers by an organization that was at the time chanting a song of hate against Catholics.

None could impugn the patriotism of Father Kirwin when he failed to salute THAT flag, declaring later over the flag-draped casket of the soldier dead that he did so because it hid a "dirty spot." They could not challenge his patriotism, for his long services as soldier and as a civilian, working for his country, was ample shield against any imputations that might be hurled at his love and service to the land he loved.

But the episode did seek to focus the eyes of thoughtful persons on the infamy of an organization that did lip service to country and by inference denied that soldiers who had died for country were not one hundred per cent Americans because of the creed of their mothers. This organization centered its hate on the great priest and threatened bodily violence, but friends of many creeds and sects arose to defend him.

The tongue of slander was unloosed on him, but through it all Monsignor Kirwin did not give way to hating. Out of it grew one suit for damages against a newspaper, which at the time was seeking to espouse the cause of the Ku Klux Klan. Out of it all grew also another incident worthy of recalling. Another flag was donated a few days later to the War Mothers. The flag was delivered through the Houston Chronicle, and published September 4, 1921. It follows:

Editor, Houston Chronicle:

Will you kindly deliver to the local chapter of the War Mothers of America this American Flag, 7 feet by 14 feet? The folds of this flag are ample enough to hold in their embrace all creeds and all religions.

Will you kindly say to those heroic women who make up the War Mothers, that this flag may be used at half mast over caskets of our dead heroes as they come home from overseas, whether they died as Protestants or Catholics, or in the faith of Judea, or the lowly Nazarene.

Will you also say to them that they may want to distinguish this flag from a flag they now have. We would suggest, in all kindness, that they might appropriately do so by flying just over the flag they now have, a yellow pennant, the color we take to be symbolic of the donors of that flag, and typifying the principles for which their organization stands.

This is an American flag, it needs no prefixes nor affixes to stir the hearts of true men and women who live beneath its sheltering folds. This flag knows no percentage by which love of country may be measured. This flag countenances no divided allegiance to self-created emperors, who send forth their fiats from the "Imperial Castle."

This flag was first unfurled by men seeking to escape the political tyrannies and religious bigotries of the old world. For seven long years of alternating despair and success it rose and fell, only to rise triumphantly at Yorktown forever, when Washington crushed beneath his heel the legions of old King George.

The only bible of this flag is the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States; its only religion is human liberty, and its only mission to maintain the equality before the law of all men and to inspire peoples, everywhere, to develop the fullest fruits of civilization.

This flag has always frowned upon those who would stir to strife and discord a peaceful people by appeals to their religious and national prejudices. This flag has had a mighty task imposed upon it—to try to harmonize the creeds of all men so they may dwell together in unity.

Jew, Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, followed this flag from Bunker Hill to Yorktown; again, through four years of hell, they followed it from Bull Run to Appomatox. And again those mighty hosts of mingled creeds and sects followed it from Chateau Thierry until they had crushed out Imperialism and "Imperial Castles," and had written Liberty in blood-red letters upon a foreign shore. This flag that those men followed there is the one we know they should like to be buried under.

This flag is the donation of no little sect of men, who arrogate to themselves all patriotism—it comes from neither Protestant, Catholic nor Jew. It comes from the heart of Democracy, the soul of America. It is the product of all who honor its traditions, cling fast to its principles and defend its honor, and likewise it is the gift of an organization

which seeks to promote those ideals in every lawful way.

War Mothers, it is a kindly old Flag, we think as we see it flying at half mast, it is drooping a little in sorrow as its gallant dead defenders come back, one by one, to rest forever in the shade of its folds. War Mothers, we beseech you, in the name of your soldier dead, never to let this generous old Flag become flecked with the spots of internecine hate and bitterness.

Houston Home No. 101, National Law and Order League.

Father Kirwin's Political Power and Influence

By P. Louis McGreal,
President Catholic Truth Society, Houston, Texas

NO MAN within the past fifty years in Texas wielded greater political power and influence than did the lamented Monsignor Kirwin, priest of Galveston Diocese of the Catholic Church and an outstanding citizen of his adopted state.

And let it be written to the glory of the priest and the citizen that this power and influence was never used except in the interest of good citizenship. Father Kirwin was always and at all times an advocate of integrity in public office, integrity in the use of the ballot and just legislation, whether that legislation was local, state or national.

If Father Kirwin had not been a great priest, manifesting his leadership as a churchman in manifold duties and responsibilities, he would have been a prominent statesman or military man.

His priestly career extending over more than thirty years in Texas, is a refutation of the oft repeated accusation against churchmen displaying any activity in politics. No man can truthfully say that he was actuated by selfish motives, whether he was mediating disputes between employer and employee; championing some particular legislation or denouncing that which he considered an infringement upon the rights of citizens.

THE JUST MEDIATOR

This has been termed an industrial age, when business is carried on by combinations of capital. Contentions between the managers of these combinations and industrial workers are inevitable. The system is so gigantic with so many ramifications that wrongs creep in which must be adjusted. Father Kirwin was often called upon to adjust these differences, and, due to his priestly unselfishness, his knowledge of conditions and his superior judgment, they were always adjusted to the satisfaction of all concerned. Harmony gave place to ill will.

In this respect the late Vicar General of the Galveston Diocese was a remarkable man. Few churchmen consider themselves qualified to pass judgment on the complexities of the modern business world. Again, Father Kirwin was an exception. Managers of corporations and leaders of labor organizations acknowledged his qualifications, had confidence in his judgments and abided by his decisions. This, however, was only one of the avenues through which his influence was felt. He was sternly opposed to radicalism, whether found in the ranks of labor, in political parties or manifesting itself elsewhere among the citizens of the state.

His influence was not, however, confined to the City of Galveston, where he was pastor of the Cathedral for so many years, or to the limits of the Diocese. It extended throughout Texas and was felt in the congress of the Nation. It is not necessary to give concrete examples of his power

and influence for good. They are as well known as was the man himself. There is no need to cite the names of men prominent in public life who sought his advice. They were not of his faith, but they knew the mental capacity of this Catholic priest and strongly patriotic citizen, and they came to him unashamed to ask his judgment, to seek his opinion on some public question.

To the laymen of the Catholic Faith, Father Kirwin left a glorious heritage in an example of the highest, cleanest type of American citizenship. That type of citizenship invariably and almost unconsciously wields power and influence. He preached and practiced honest and consistent use of the ballot as the only remedy for political evils. Too often both Catholics and Protestants neglect this duty of citizenship and then complain because those lacking in integrity and conscience become public officials. The maxim "the stream cannot rise above its fount" applies in a particular manner to our government.

In these United States we should know no Catholic, no Protestant, no Jew in a political sense. It is the proud boast of the people of this democracy that theoretically all are equal in the eyes of the law. And it is the aim and ambition of wise statesmen to keep it so. Elements arise from time to time, which seek through seizure of political power to eliminate this principle of our government. It is then that the power and influence of men like Father Kirwin shines forth. Men and women, who believe in perpetuating this principle that has come down to us from the signers of the Declaration of Independence, gladly follow the leadership of such men as Father Kirwin, irrespective of their creeds. Another illustration of power and influence. We have all witnessed an exemplification of the confidence of the citizens of Texas in the patriotic leadership of this man. Upright citizens of all classes and all creeds listened to the counsels of this wise, patriotic priest.

Monsignor Kirwin fulfilled his mission. We mourn his death. If from out the tomb the voice of this beloved prelate and friend could issue with a spiritual message admonishing a sinful world—for Father James M. Kirwin was first of all a priest of God—would follow his plea to the people of Texas, among whom he lived and whom he loved despite the different religious affiliations: "Cherish and preserve the integrity of the ballot box; it is the one weapon you have against those who would encroach upon your liberties." In fancy we hear him say: "Keep the commandments, respect your country and its laws and all will be well with the Nation."

Would that we had more men like Father Kirwin, who know how to use political power and influence without prejudice. Then we need have no fear of political masters; no fear of group seeking to usurp governmental functions rightfully belonging to the whole people.

"He was a man, take him all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

Father Kirwin, Friend

By C. B. Gillespie
Editor Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas

ONE DAY in late June, 1909, when summer was in her teens, I climbed aboard the "Concho" at Galveston for the purpose of following the damp trails of the sea to New York City. As I set foot on deck I saw a gentleman whom I instantly recognized as having an extraordinary personality. He was in the garb of a priest, but it was the man and not the priest who first intrigued my interest.

We became fast friends, instantly. I had not before met such a charming man. I have never before nor since formed the friendship of a man of such outstanding qualities. I thought of him then and I think of him now as "genteel in personage, conduct and equipage; noble by inheritance, generous and free."

While the monumental pomp of age was with his goodly personage (speaking of achievement and not in years) he made me think of the line that runs: "Humility, that low, sweet root, from which all heavenly virtues shoot."

I had been doing a lot of heavy, hard newspaper work, and was tired and greatly discouraged. But meeting Father Kirwin at once changed my physical weariness and mental stagnation to buoyance.

I had a glorious week with Father Kirwin as shipmate. Arriving at New York, we separated, but speedily relocated each other. My best enjoyed and best remembered visit to the Metropolitan Art Museum was in his company. Really, art took on a new meaning under his tutelage. He knew art in biography and art in history. He knew painters, from the masters to the cubists, even to the futurists.

From the Metropolitan Museum we went to the Polo Grounds to see New York and Pittsburgh play a double-header. I am speaking of base ball now, at a time when Hans Wagner was the nation's greatest man with the bat, and when Christie Mattheson was in the hey-day of his glory as a pitcher. Father Kirwin knew much more about the American and National League players than I did, notwithstanding that, as a newspaper man, I was supposed to be well informed on current subjects. He was one of the most enthusiastic fans I have ever met.

Then it came to me that good will, such as Father Kirwin exemplified, is the mightiest practical force in the universe. His friendship is exactly described by the poet:

"Warms in the sun; refreshes in the breeze.
Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees."

Goodwill is friendship. Father Kirwin was the greatest exponent of friendship I have ever met. It has been said when the first just and friendly man appeared on the earth, from that day a fatal Waterloo was visible for all the men of pride and proud blood.

Father Kirwin's Silver Jubilee of Ordination

June 23, 1920, was a happy day in the life of Father Kirwin, when, amidst the splendor of the church he so faithfully served, he celebrated with his many friends the Silver Jubilee of his ordination in the holy priesthood. He celebrated High Mass in the Cathedral with Father Meara as Arch Priest, Msgr. Ed. Kelly, Deacon, and Rev. Jos. Valenta, Subdeacon. There were present in the Sanctuary His Grace Archbishop Shaw of New Orleans, Bishops Byrne, Lynch, Van de Ven and Allen, four Monsignori and fifty-five priests from Texas and other states.

At one o'clock a banquet was served in the Galvez Hotel.

In the Galveston Auditorium at night a great demonstration of love and respect was tendered the Jubilarian.

Mr. Sam Williams was chairman, and called on various speakers who represented the various professions.

Mayor H. S. Sappington extolled Father Kirwin as the foremost citizen of Galveston.

Mr. Kempner spoke of him as a friend of mankind.

Chas. J. Stubbs spoke in the name of the Cathedral Parish, holding up the picture of Father Kirwin as the good pastor.

Several patriotic and Irish songs were rendered, and then Father Kirwin made a talk that was the climax of the happy occasion.

DIGNITARIES AND OFFICERS OF THE JUBILEE MASS HELD AT ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, GALVESTON, TEXAS, JUNE 23, 1920, ON THE OCCASION OF THE SILVER JUBILEE OF VERY REV. JAMES M. KIRWIN, V G.

Seminarians' Tribute

By Rev. Henry Brouilhet, A. B.

All was gay and joyful at the Seminary (La Porte) just before Benediction, Sunday, January 24th. The boys were gathering for the evening prayers and devotions when the sad news of the death of Father Kirwin was received. It was only when Father Rapp in trembling voice announced the fact, and the rosary was begun, that the thought that he was gone gradually dawned upon us. Few eyes were dry, few voices calm as we prayed the good God to deal mercifully with him who had sacrificed his life for Church and State.

Many of us had been in the presence of death before, but never had the sense of loss so overwhelmed us. The press of the State has written at length of his services in every moment of need and has painted Texas' loss in noble terms. The clergy, too, bemoan the loss of their leader; the laity of their best friend in the hour of need. But we, at the Seminary, alone know the sorrow of the passing of our beloved teacher. Others alone may praise him as a public-minded citizen, a dauntless leader, a true friend, but to us he was a loving father. Fifteen years of his life were dedicated to the work of the Seminary. No parent ever labored harder or longer than did Father Kirwin for the good of his children. In time of trouble or sadness, or mental or spiritual gloom, he bore us up, sought to console us in the magnanimity of spirit that so characterized him, lifted the load from our shoulders and placed it upon his own. In time of joy none rejoiced more than he, and the happiness of each one of us became his happiness, just as our sorrow was his.

We shall never understand fully nor be able to fathom the depth of our great loss. It seems as if we had lost our all—but the real, poignant sense of our loss can only increase from day to day as we contrast the new with the old. What he meant to us is not evident now. Time alone will unfold the depth of his real love for us, of his parental solicitude for all at the Seminary.

Those of us who have had him for a teacher rejoice at our good fortune. He was abundantly gifted for the position. His classes were always an hour of joy. His years of practical experience gave zest to his instructions which delightfully flavored the usually dry text-book matter. Every point was indelibly impressed upon the memory by some of the anecdotes for which he was widely known. One might forget the text, but the story never. Weighed with the burden of a large parish, his efficiency as a teacher never suffered.

Burdened, too, with the self-assumed responsibilities of his many friends, both within and without the fold, he taught his eight classes daily with the same zeal and care that was characteristic of his whole life. We who have known him so intimately will ever thank the good God for having thrown in our path such a splendid model according to which

we shall be eager and anxious to pattern our future career in the holy priesthood, and in the ranks of the laity.

Though he is gone, he still lives in our memory. Daily our prayers are offered to the throne of the Most High for the happy repose of his great soul. Requiescat in Pace.

We thank everyone for the love and affection shown Father Kirwin during his life time and for the kind words of sympathy conveyed to us in the sad hour of his death. We feel, however, that all that has been done only in a very meager way bears testimony to the great work he has done for Church and State for over a quarter of a century.

His noble task is done—ours has just begun; now we shall labor to keep up the high standard he has succeeded in establishing at the Seminary and we shall endeavor to achieve his one great desire—a bigger and better Seminary for the greater glory of Holy Mother, the Church.

FIVE NEWLY ORDAINED PRIESTS; THE FIRST ORDAINED BY BISHOP BYRNE, DECEMBER, 1918.

Father Kirwin as a Patriot

By Dr. Henry Cohen
Rabbi, Congregation B'nai Israel, Galveston, Texas

THE PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP that existed between the writer of these lines and the late Father J. M. Kirwin would empower him to make record of any phase of the Padre's outstanding life in Galveston; the editor of this volume, however, has asked me to speak briefly of him as a "Patriot" which I willingly and cheerfully do —for Father Kirwin was a patriot in peace as well as in war. For upwards of thirty years, that is to say, during the whole of Father Kirwin's incumbency in Galveston, the distinguished prelate fought and labored unceasingly for the betterment of local conditions and the uplift of humanity in general. He served on many local civic committees, on the Advisory Board to the Exemption Board of the World War draft, on the Home Service Section of the Red Cross, and did yeoman work in the rehabilitation of Galveston after the 1900 storm. From the moment he introduced himself to me on the day that he made Galveston his home three decades ago, till the actual day of his death, I knew him for the fine manhood that he possessed, and when his funeral cortege passed through the streets of our city followed by a bereaved multitude, I realized that we had lost a matchless power for good.

Coeval with his appointment as rector of St. Mary's Cathedral at Galveston in 1896, Father Kirwin evinced interest in the city and state of his adoption. He assisted in organizing the First U. S. Volunteer Infantry Regiment for the Spanish-American War (1898), largely recruited from his own parish ex-students—known as the Immune Regiment—the rank and file presumably immune from yellow fever. Father Kirwin himself followed the regiment to the field, leaving his work at the Cathedral and serving with the commission of Chaplain. The War Department record concerning him reads "The men and officers love him." His part in the great crisis of Galveston's history in 1900 has often been told, and during that time he proved one among the resourceful leaders who undertook the relief of suffering humanity regardless of every distinction of race or creed, and who in the following months did so much to rehabilitate the stricken fortunes of the city. After the storm Father Kirwin wrote the proclamation which placed the city under martial law and since that time he was one of the leaders in promoting civic cleanliness. Most of his efforts in this latter were directed to the enforcement of the restriction of the saloon to the business district. His was the distinction of having been chiefly instrumental in bringing about the first "residence district saloon law in Texas." He led the campaign before the legislature, and that body finally passed the charter amendment redistricting the city, so that the line was clearly defined between the saloon and the prohibition areas; and the corner-grocery liquor retailer became a thing of the past. In

other services, Father Kirwin took an efficient part during the destructive fire of July 9, 1901, and in recognition of his work was honored with a medal by the fire department; and he subsequently took the lead in settling the Southern Pacific dock strike.

During the World War Father Kirwin was offered, but declined, Chaplaincy by General John J. Pershing; he was, however, the outstanding local figure during that universal catastrophe, bending his energies towards patriotic service throughout; his four-minute speeches rousing his audiences to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

At a public reception tendered Father Kirwin at the City Auditorium on the evening of June 22, 1920, Mr. I. H. Kempner, one of the speakers, in referring to Father Kirwin, said in substance that he was glad of the many years he had known him as a citizen and a patriot rather than a priest; that he was a man who held no friend above the city in which he lived and no party above the state; and the applause which greeted this declaration, indicated that the great gathering then present held identical opinion with that of the speaker. "With the unrest and stress in the air," said Mr. Kempner, "I am glad Galveston possesses a man with the virility and power to fight for the right as citizen Kirwin."

But believing, as I do, that the true stature of a patriot is measured by the love of country manifested in the constructive arts of peace rather than any role he may play in the tragedy of war, although in both Father Kirwin won his accolade, I feel that the service he rendered his city and state during the halcyon days of tranquility, form a firmer basis for his title of patriot than the impetus imparted by his presence and personality in the war with Spain.

It was on the occasion of a banquet tendered Father Kirwin by his fellow-citizens, while a great labor struggle was surcharging with class hatred the hearts of erstwhile friends, that the late Judge Robert G. Street, of the 56th District Court, himself a veteran of the war between the States, said, "We stand today in the gravest period of our civic history. This city is threatened with discord, is threatened with evils resulting from class pitted againt class. I ask myself the question if it is possible that this is the same community in which our dear friend, Father Kirwin, labored in the days of storm and stress, at which time so many of our citizens perished. It was then by the united effort of the people that Galveston accomplished deeds of valor and heroism which has placed it high in the ranks of honor and achievement." He referred to a number of illustrious citizens of Galveston, who, in their day, had rendered service to the community, and then alluded to the need at this time for a new leader. He concluded: "I come to offer to these contending factions the services of Father Kirwin. We are told that he must be servant of all; for he is chief amongst us."

Space does not allow me to do more than touch upon the high spots of the patriotic activites of the Right Reverend Monsignor J. M. Kirwin;

the Galveston press, which I lay under contribution in the above, has from time to time given the details of the accomplished endeavor of this remarkable servant of God. To my mind, his place in Galveston can never be filled. The Synagogue, the oldest of civilized faiths, salutes the most ancient Church of Christendom, in the Hebrew expression: Zecher Zaddik Livrocho, The Remembrance of the Righteous is for a Blessing. God Rest His Soul.

Father Kirwin was a born democrat. It was his constant thought that toil should have its wage and that the humblest man should "stand level with the highest in the law."

Those who knew Father Kirwin as I knew him, are perhaps going to be disappointed because I recount no anecdotes of him. This I can't do. He was the most perfect raconteur I have ever met. But to attempt to retell one of his anecdotes is to spoil the story. His full, rich, perfect, Irish voice cannot be duplicated by any story-teller. He was inimitable. As a friend I know I shall not see his like again.

Monsignor Kirwin as Educator

By Edgar Odell Lovett, Ph. D.

TO MONSIGNOR KIRWIN the primary object of education was the preservation and perpetuation of a great tradition that meant for him preparation of the clergy for the Church and of the laity for Christian citizenship. To him Christian theology and social progress were synonymous terms. In that tradition he had himself been brought up, and he kept the faith as it had been delivered to him. And as he kept it, he passed it on.

As a schoolmaster he taught Latin and Spanish, as a seminary professor he lectured on theology and philosophy, as a college president he found St. Mary's an academy and he left it prepared to enter on the university functions which it is about to assume. In all these capacities, he had the respect, confidence, and good will of his students. He took great pride in them, and in him they had increasing pride as preferment after preferment came to him. He enjoyed the personal esteem, loyalty, and support of his colleagues. Essentially a man of action, he was unusually gifted in powers of persuasion whether in public utterance or in private counsel. He could lead because he had first learned how to follow. He knew how to give orders when that should be necessary, because he had learned how to take and obey orders.

Father Kirwin was a man one always enjoyed meeting, for he in turn met men easily, at their work, in their devotions, at their play, or in distress. With the ignorant he had great patience, fools he could suffer gladly, but sin not at all. In conversation he could hold his own in any company. He could speak out when occasion offered, he could also by silence avoid offense. He knew how to praise, and in pleasant raillery how to blame. His sense of humor was unfailing, and he could "mix a little frivolity with his wise counsels", but there was no sting in his wit. In his judgments of men he was generous, and in this respect dispensed to his educational contemporaries admiration, hope, and love.

> Se il mondo sapesse il cor ch' egli ebbe,
> Assai lo lodo e piu lo loderebbe.

("If the world might know the heart he had within him, much as it praiseth, it would praise him more.")—Dante, Paradiso, vi. 141-142.

GROUP OF TEACHING STAFF AND STUDENT BODY AT ST. MARY'S SEMINARY, LA PORTE, TEXAS

"Ireland's Patron Saint"

(Sermon by Father Kirwin)

"Their posterity are a holy inheritance; and their seed hath stood in the covenants; and their children for their sakes remain forever; their seed and their glory shall not be forsaken. Let the people show forth their wisdom and the church declare their praises." (Ecclesiasticus, xliv.)

AFTER MORE THAN SIXTY YEARS of untiring toil, an old man wearied with the labors of Christ, having trodden the island from end to end, and implanted throughout its four kingdoms the Catholic dogmas and the Christian virtues so deep in the hearts of his hearers that fifteen centuries of light and gloom, of joy and sorrow, of desolation and separation have found them ever flowing pure and undefiled, in the blood of their Irish children. "Patrick, an unworthy and ignorant and sinful man"—as he loved to humbly call himself—Patrick, the Saint, the Apostle, the intense lover of souls, directed, so legend says, by an angelic visitor, proceeded to Down's sacred soil to die. He looked across the four kingdoms to find Erin Catholic, rescued from the darkness of paganism, and the promise made to the captive shepherd lad tending his flocks on the dreary hillside fulfilled. "I will deliver to thee every place that the sole of thy feet shall tread upon and no man shall be able to resist thee." He could hear from the distance rising on the evening air the voices of noble men, and virginal daughters, chanting the praises of Jesus Christ. He had seen the Druid vanquished, and the first of that royal line of Irish priests, mustered by himself, engaged in the battle for souls. He could see his Christian children moving in pilgrim procession beneath the starlight to wells and fanes made sacred by those sixty years of personal toil. He looked back and felt that he had done little in the cause of Christ. His children across the centuries trace the record of those three score years and more, from the day, when in answer to the mysterious call of the Irish people he stepped ashore at the mouth of the Dea in Wicklow until his earthly labors were completed, his venerable body deposited in Down's hallowed earth, and his gentle, saintly soul had passed to its eternal reward.

Sixty years of apostolic labor! How many loving hearts have searched the old Keltic and monastic records that not an incident might escape? At the commencement of his wonderful career, when from his frail craft he saw in the distance the Wicklow mountains, the Church of God was full of vitality. She had been more than a century out of the catacombs battling for souls. She was meeting Nestorius in the east, Pelagius in the west, the Manicheans in Africa, with the power and might of a divine institution. It was the day of Augustine, of Germain, of Vincent, of Sergius, of Chrysostum, the golden-tongued, of Gregory of Nyssa, of Jerome. The memories of Basil, of Ambrose, of Athanasius, even of Anthony, the hermit abbot, ever still fresh in the minds of men, and we can best judge of the heroic labors of our saint, when we say, without fear of contradiction, that the name of none of them carries with it a wider influence than

that of the apostle of Ireland, and no apostle, St. Peter alone excepted, has his anniversary celebrated in so many countries and with so much demonstration of joy as Patrick.

Let others trace the record of those sixty years, let tongues more eloquent tell the triumphs of his personal labors. Let hearts more charged with love and faith dwell upon the circumstances of his death. I feel unequal to the sacred task.

Legend tells us that when his angelic guide informed him that his spirit was about "to be dissolved and to be with Christ," he knelt in prayer, and his thoughts turned, not towards labors done, but forward through the corridors of time into the dim and distant future. Fearful at the vision: "May my Lord grant that I may never lose the people which He has acquired in the ends of the earth." He saw the destiny of Innisfail. Before his saintly vision passed the myriad millions whom his priestly children should lead to the foot of the cross. He traced in prophetic forecast the trials and tribulations that the faith would know, and he prayed for the chosen people of the new law, for their constancy, for their fidelity.

"May my Lord grant that I may never lose them," he exclaimed on bended knees, and eternity will tell that the apostle's prayer pierced the clouds and rang in the courts of heaven.

And then, so legend continues, he asked as the reward of his personal labors and of their consequences the unusual privilege of judging the Irish people, when the world should end. The refusal of the request only actuated his zeal, and the earnestness of his desire won from God the extraordinary favor, and then his saintly soul took its departure to the bright courts of heaven.

Has that prayer of the dying apostle been answered and who shall come before Patrick on judgment day?

> "When shriveling like a parched scroll,
> The flaming heavens together roll—
> When louder yet, and yet more dread,
> Swells the high trump that wakes the dead."

Has that prayer been answered? Ah! yes; the response rings true and clear adown the centuries. From hill and dale, from camp and cottage, from plebeian and noble, from Cape Clear to Malin Head, from Australia's bitter plains and across the Atlantic's foam, there rings out the grand "Amen." The first faint strains are caught up by Secundinus and Benignus, by Columba and Columbanus, by Brigid and Brendan. It floats away from Lindisfarne to Iceland and Tarentum. It is heard on the sunny banks of the Rhine, it breaks against the crags of the topmost Alps, and re-echoes within the gates of eternal Rome. The patron of Austria, 150 canonized saints in Germany, 450 in France, 44 in England, 13 in Italy, 8 in Norway and Sweden, all children of Patrick, and the devoted followers who bore the gospel message to Switzerland and Scotland attest its truth.

Strange indeed and singular in its lot was the destiny of Innisfail. "We hear Erin, Erin, where the songs of the birds are so sweet and the monks sing as birds." We see the Irish church in all its glory, unstained by even one martyr's blood, she becomes the prolific mother of saints. Again and again we peruse the records from the fifth to the ninth century. We are drawn by an unknown power back into the bosom of the past and we love to linger there. We see the continent submerged in darkness. The rude northern barbarian has devastated the seats of learning and the houses of prayer, but here in the isle of the Western sea the sun of science, literature and religion shines in all its brilliancy. These are the days of her joy and pride. She holds the intellectual supremacy of the world, and her sons are the apostles of Europe, the founders of schools and the teachers of doctors. She is the "Isle of Saints and Doctors." The great schools of Armagh and Lismore are in their glory. The songs of prayer and praise arise from Glendalough, "the luminary of the western world," from Casbel, proud Muckross and Holy Cross. The tongues of the world are heard in her streets and at matin hymn and vesper song they lose themselves in the unity and harmony of the one language of the Church. Her hills are dotted with the hermitages of anchorets, the valleys re-echo the footsteps of saints. The round tower stands in lovely majesty to watch forever over the graves of God's people. The number of her churches is infinite. Her monasteries and convents are the abodes of piety, the sheltering homes of the poor and the stranger, and round about them are mingled in strange confusion the tombs of saints and princes and the graves of peasants.

In the veins of her children the full tide of knightly chivalry and maidenly chastity is flowing and their high spirit of honor, virtue and religion is enshrined forever in Moore's sweet song:

"Rich and rare are the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore,
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or her snow-white wand.
Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?
Sir knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm,
For, though they love women and golden store,
Sir knight! they love honor and virtue more."

We are living in the past. We cling to memories and cherish dreams. We awake and have no need of history's blood-stained page to tell the sad story of Ireland's wrongs and Ireland's woes. O'Connell never spoke as speak those roofless cathedrals, those broken walls and crumbling arches, those fallen columns and shattered crosses, those ivy-clad ruins of abbeys and monasteries, those dismantled churches and crumbling

oratories, those silent round towers, guarding like sentinels the heaps of wayside ruins; the wrecks of the past are witnesses through ages of darkness and storm of the glory and holiness of bygone days. The prayer of Patrick is put to the test. The triple loss of literary prestige, of commercial interests, of national independence, will attest that the faith planted by Patrick—"the faith which overcometh the world,"—like the shamrock indigenous to the soil—can not be rooted out.

'Tis in the crucible of trial and tribulation that fidelity is tested. Persecution and suffering are the true tests of faith in nations as well as in individuals. The Mussulman destroyed the Christianity of the east, the Saracen leaves the Alexandria of Mark, the Carthage of Cyprian and the Hippo of Augustine but Catholic memories, while the Dane, with all his mighty force, after three centuries of bloodshed and desolation, left Ireland as Catholic as of yore, with faith unimpaired and untarnished by the least stain of superstition. The traveler in Jerusalem, beholding the weary and worn children of Israel sitting in helpless grief among the scattered stones of Solomon's temple, need not be told how the enemies of the Holy City compassed her about, how sword and famine and devouring flame swallowed up her people; how her walls were broken down, her holy of holies profaned, her priests slaughtered, her streets made desolate until not a stone was left upon a stone; and the exiled children of Erin "in the ends of the earth" need not be told of the ends following the Danish invasion, how the crown of empire fell from her brow and the heart broke in the nation's bosom, and

> "The emerald gem of the western sea
> Was set in the crown of a stranger."

Sufficient it is to state that with heroic courage and magnanimous patriotism they fought as the Romans of old, "pro aris et focis," for their altars and their homes from the day the Normans landed in 1169 until Henry VIII assumed the title of king of Ireland in 1549. And then? Ah! then the most momentous question in the world's history was put to the Irish people, and through four centuries it has been clearly, constantly and triumphantly answered. The question was: Were the Irish people prepared to stand by the ancient faith, to unite in defense of their altars, to close with the mighty persecuting power of England and fight her in the cause of religion? The world could not believe that a people who could never be united in defense of their national existence would stand as one man in defense of religion, and that Ireland's nationality was destined to be saved in the victory which should crown her wonderful and glorious battle for her faith. The whole strength of earth's mightiest people was put forth against her, on a thousand battlefields the contest waged, the best blood of her martyred children deluged the green sod, her fairest provinces were reduced time and time again to waste and desert, the foe, the stranger, the heretic inhabited the land, her schools and churches were razed to the ground, but ever the same answer resounding across

the Irish sea, "The faith of our fathers." Ever the same prayer piercing the blue vault of heaven, "St. Patrick defend us." Ever the same banner raised in defense, the national banner with the emblem of faith inscribed upon it, "the green immortal shamrock." The Celt was intrenched in the citadel of God, the light of divine truth was upon his faith, the power of the Most High nerved his arm and the prayerful spirit of St. Patrick hung over his chosen people like the fiery cloud over the hosts of Israel. Erin saw the sword, the rack and the gibbet reek in the blood of bishop and priest; she saw the "Soggarth Aroon" driven from every home; she saw each cave become a sanctuary and each rude rock an altar, and many a time surprised in his lonely retreat in the bogs or mountain fastnesses, she saw the infinite sacrifice of redemption ended where the finite sacrifice of priestly martyrdom commenced. Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament had no material temple, no home. "He had not where to lay His head." But persecution could not reach the soul, and each Irish heart became a tabernacle, and the tender virgin, the helpless mother, the gray-haired father and the dauntless youth met death with equal courage and constancy. The storm was not a passing one. It swept the land in unabated fury for decades, and when brute force could not shake the Irish heart, when the sword was blunted and the scaffold leveled, the old love for learning was taken advantage of, but the faithful priest and the hedge schoolmaster stepped in to interfere, and the Irish people, with holy indignation cast from their lips the poisoned draught of heresy. And then came the exodus, the saddest episode in the world's history. We seem to stand in the abandoned ports of Wexford, of Youghal, of Waterford, of Galway, and see the ships freighted with human souls that sailed away and never returned. On the silent shores we can in fancy hear the wail of countless mothers wringing their hands and weeping for the loss of children whom a cruel fate had sent beyond the seas for bread, all their thoughts, all their fears center about their faith. In the midst of those simple and pure hearted people, so poor and so contented, so wronged and so patient, so despised and so noble, one realizes the divine power of religion. When the mother hears of the death of her son in some distant land, her first thought is not of him, but of his soul. Did he die as a Catholic should die? confessing his sins, trusting in God, strengthened by the Sacraments? When he left her weeping, her great trouble was the fear lest in the far-off world he should forget the God of his fathers, the God of Ireland's hope, and when in her dreams she saw him back again her breast leaped for joy, not that he was rich or famous, but that the simple faith of other days was with him still. "Vanquished Erin weeps beside the ocean wave," and through her deserted streets is heard the mournful cry, "My God, my God, where are my children?" And back across the waters comes the echo of Patrick's prayer: "In the ends of the earth."

Ah! yes; and fortified by trials and sufferings at home, the inheritors of memories that intensify devotion, the Irish took with them to foreign

land a strong faith and the courage to persevere. Around the world the Irish priest has followed the "lone exile" and has been the most important factor in the propagation of the faith. He has kept alive the flame of faith and love for freedom, and been rewarded by heart-warm attachment and profound reverence. He has kept alive at the same time the old faith and a tender and passionate love for the solitary Isle in the wintry and western sea, and in all the range of Erin's poetry and song there is no incident more forcibly illustrating the fact than the old woman, dying in a strange land, turning to the "Soggarth" and anxiously inquiring:

"When my body lies cold in the land of the stranger,
Will my soul pass through Ireland on its way to God?"

The Irish immigrants may have brought none of the world's goods from beyond the sea, but they carry in their hearts the priceless legacy of Catholic faith and a childlike trust in God. With a fidelity to religious convictions unexampled in the history of the world, they retain the chastity, the unbroken courage, the cheerful temper and generous love that distinguish them at home. Yes, that prayer of St. Patrick is still breathing its holy echo by the confessors of the world who spend hour after hour in summer heat and winter cold absolving his penitent children. It is on the lips of the gray-haired men and aged women who lay down by the wayside to die in the famine years because they prefer the bread of heaven to the bread of earth, and the faith taught by Patrick to the tempter's gold. Talk of the courage of the battlefield, of the valor of the soldier's charge, but compare them not to the heroism that faces death in the famine years, that never forgets the watchword of faith or the countersign of prayer. We hear the awful "Miserere" of the starving suffering poor ringing in our ears, but mingled with it is the exultant chant of faith's "Gloria."

The prayer of Patrick has stood the test. His children "in the ends of the earth", as well as at home, in light and in gloom, in joy and sorrow, in hope and despair, shout the answer back to the throne of the saint in heaven. It rings adown the centuries and never shall it cease until the oft martyred and ever-faithful children of Patrick chant with him in rapturous joy before the eternal throne the grand "Amen", and that eternal grand chorus will be heard only when the legendary appeal of the saint shall have been accomplished and:

"The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound
And wake the nations under ground,"

and the children of Patrick trooping "from the ends of the earth" shall be marshaled before him. There shall be assembled the canonized saints, the monks of old, the virginal daughter, the black-robed sons of St. Benedict, the white-cowled children of Dominic, the bare-footed, grey friars, the rigorous Carmelites, the serried ranks of Loyola, the Brothers of the

schools, learned doctors of theology and ignorant peasant women who but thumbed their beads, the least worldly and most spiritual-minded people collected in Jehosephat's valley. They shall be flanked by the martyrs of famine and persecution, the old men, the gray-haired women, the dauntless youths and tender virgins who died for the faith. They shall rally round their heroic martyred commanders and be officered by the strongest, fiercest, most fearless body of priests that the centuries, past and future, shall have mustered. The king whom death summoned from his throne and the beggar from his rags will be there, and with the myriad millions of his pure, chaste, devout and sanctified children they shall await the commendation of eternal years, "Well done."

But not all will hear his blessed lips open to praise. On the left hand there will be some whom he cannot commend, who in despair will cry out, "I have lost the priceless jewel of faith. I have sold the precious legacy of my forefathers for the world's vain joys and fleeting hopes. I have forgotten God in strange lands; my seed has not stood in the covenants. You have prayed in vain for me."

God grant that they who in despair shall turn and plead for mercy there may be few. The saint's kind, tender, merciful heart will be powerless in the bonds of God's eternal justice, and the heart-rending appeal—

"Give my accursed soul a place
Among the chosen right hand race,
The sons of God and heirs of grace."—

will be uttered in vain. Amen.

"Remember the Days of Old"

(Sermon at Pontifical High Mass, June 20th, 1909.)

"Remember the days of old; think upon every generation; ask thy father and he will show thee, thy elders and they will tell thee." Deut. xxii. 7.

"IN THE BLESSED SONG that Moses wrote and taught to the children of Israel, shortly before his death, occur the words of my text; and it is in accordance with a law of nature, which is that of change and uniformity, that we seek to fix our mutable lives to certain points in time and space. Thus, in memory we ever gather round the homes of our childhood, and youth and green fields and hills and walks and the clouds and stars and the birds and domestic animals even, all help complete the picture from which those around whom our earliest and purest affections centered, look forth upon us with a love that seems eternal. Thus, also, days on which life begins, or takes on new meaning or power, or culminates in the attainment of some longed-for good, are sacred; birthdays and first communion days, marriage days, the days of our religious profession or ordination, and death days are hallowed.

These epochs in our life mark and define its course, as the change of seasons tells the progress of the earth around the sun. We find it in all peoples who have gained historic positions in the world. The Israelites look back not only to the Garden of Paradise and the Flood, but to the valleys of Euphrates and Tigris, to the call of Abraham to quit his country and the ties of blood and go forth a seeker after the promised land, and they look back to the carrying of Joseph into Egypt and the bondage of the children of promise in that land, and their leading forth by Moses. They commemorate in the feast of tabernacle their long years of wandering in the desert. In the passover they hold in mind the fact that the angel of God directed that they should put the mark upon their doors of the blood of a first-born kid, and that they should be passed over by the angel of death, and in the words of our text we catch the echo of Moses' song of rememberance resounding down the ages.

So, the Greeks, in the Panathenae commemorated the greatest event of their natural life, occurring periodically every four years, the great days of intellect and physical strength and prowess, beginning some 776 years before the birth of Christ, and from four years to four years they kept on counting their time and referring all their battles and poetry and painting and art and philosophy to these fixed epochs.

So the Romans, from the founding of their city, all things were referred back to that event. The city was their life, religious, moral and physical, and all things were referred to that.

Do not we ourselves look backward, not merely to the planting of the colonies, but to the war of independence, which established our separate individuality among the nations of the world? Do not the days wherein we

commemorate these great culminating events in our national life remain for us sacred incidents and forever memorable?

This natural feeling of the human heart has been intensified by the Catholic religion. In its very nature and organization it is an historic religion, a religion therefore, bearing the weight of memories, and going back even to the beginning, when the desired of nations, Jesus Christ, is born, and coming down through all the centuries, and when, at the commemoration of the birth of Christ, from an ice-bound and snow-covered earth, glad songs break forth and the merry laughter of children rings out and cheerful hearts gather round blazing fires, we feel that we can catch the echo of the angels' song, "Today is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord," and though nature be beautiful and the sunshine golden, and balmy the air, when He bows His head in death, again the pall of darkness comes over nature, and again a stone is rolled upon the human heart. And when He rises we feel the thrill of immortal life, a new spirit within us, telling in deeper and more abiding tones that we were not born wholly to pass into death.

Today we gather to celebrate the quarter century control of this venerable educational institution by the Jesuit Fathers. What visions rise before us, what mystic dreams have followed us as we have come hither to honor these sons of Ignatius?

Upon the heights of Pampeluna an enthusiastic youth, in whom religion and chivalry were marvelously blended, induced the garrison to hold out against Francis I, invading Navarre. Wounded and rendered lame for life, he is taken prisoner by the French. He had twice to undergo a painful operation, followed by long confinement, and the only books obtainable to relieve its tedium were books of devotion and the lives of the saints. His amibition was turned from a military life to the imitation of the self-denial of St. Dominic and St. Francis. His spiritual experiences have been preserved forever in his "Exercises", which have been the consolation and comfort of all who have since struggled to attain religious perfection. Before the shrine of the Virgin of Monserrat, in Catalonia, he hung up his arms, pledged himself to the service of Jesus Christ, assumed the pilgrim's staff and proceeded to the solitude of Manresa, where he prepared himself for his great mission. 'Tis not our task this morning to trace the details of his wonderful life, nor can we linger upon his wanderings in Rome and Jerusalem. We follow him through the university life at Barcelona, Alcala, and Salamanca to Paris, and there on August 15, 1534, in a subterranean chapel of the Abbey of Montmartre, we behold him pledging Peter Faber, Francis Xavier, Lainez, Salmeron, Bobadilla and Rodriguez of Azevedo to vows of poverty and chastity, and all binding themselves to the service of the Church and the conversion of infidels. No incident in the world's history has been fraught with greater consequence to the cause of Christ's Church and the history of education and civilization than that simple ceremony, and no body of men has deserved

more of religion, of science and of humanity than the Company of Jesus they mustered into service.

It was only six years afterward that Pope Paul the Third gave them and others who had joined them meantime, his solemn approval, and the strongest battalion in the spiritual army of the Catholic Church was pressed into service and for nigh four centuries they have "fought the good fight and kept the faith." The history of their heroic service it is not mine to tell; suffice it to say that from their muster-in to this good day, in all parts of the world they have been "the Pope's own," inculcating an uncompromising orthodoxy and an intense Catholic spirit. They have ever been in the thick of the fight, and their glorious banner, "Ad Majorem Dei Glorian," has encountered time and time again temporary defeat, but has never been surrendered. They have helped materially to make the world's history, and like all institutions that accomplish things, they have been criticized, maligned, persecuted, until they became an object of terror to Protestant minds, and even within the pale of the Catholic Church, truth and justice have not always shaped the judgments formed of the illustrious Order of Jesuits. The Great Commander has said, "Blessed are you when men shall revile and persecute you and say all manner of evil things against you falsely for my sake, for your reward is very great in heaven."

What a saintly and scholarly drama is enacted before our enraptured vision. We behold the magnificent faith and scholarship of Salmeron and Lainez, the luminaries of Trent; we see Francis Vorgia lifting the death veil from a Spanish queen and forsaking the glitter of the court to eventually lead this rapidly growing society; we follow Francis Xavier, the heroic Alexander of souls, in his conquest of the Far East, and behold him triumphantly chanting, "In te, Dominie, speravi," on the shores of the Yellow Sea. We glory in the gentle piety of a Stanislaus Kostka, and an Aloysius Gonzaga, for all times models of Catholic youth. Volumes would be required to cover the deeds of Le Joy and Carnisius, Bellarmine, Lessius, Suarez, Toletus, De Lugo, Cornelius a Lapide, intellectual giants, whose prowess still enthralls, what golden memories cling about Vienna, Freiburg, Ingolstadt, Munich, Cologne, Treves, Innsbruck and a hundred other Jesuit foundations, whose conquest in literature, science and religion would fill volumes; and whilst the Jesuits were propagating the faith in Europe and effectually checking the progress of religious revolution, they were sending missionaries to every part of the world to preach the Gospel to heathen nations.

Of their work on the continent, Macauley says: "In spite of oceans and deserts, hunger and pestilence, of spies and penal laws, of dungeons and racks, of gibbets and quartering blocks, the Jesuits were to be found in every country; scholars, physicians, merchants, serving men in the hostile courts of Sweden, in the old naval houses of Cheshire, among the hovels

of Connaught, arguing, instructing, consoling, animating the courage of the timid, holding up the crucifix before the eyes of the dying."

And Chataubriand's magnificent burst of admiration of their missionary work reads: "Neither oceans nor pests; neither the ices of the Pole nor the heat of the tropics can damp their zeal. They live with the Eskimo in his sealskin cabin; they subsist on train oil with the Greenlander; they traverse the solitude with the Tartar and the Iroquois; they mount the dromedary with the Arab, or accompany the wandering Kaffir in his burning desert; the Chinese, the Japanese, the Indians have become their converts. Not an island, not a rock in the ocean, has escaped their zeal, and as of old the kingdoms of the earth were inadequate to the ambition of Alexander, so the globe itself is too contracted for their charity."

Who would not lovingly linger upon the heroic faith and glorious deeds of Marquette, of Father Jogues, De Brebeuf, and Lallemant? Seventy-two volumes of "Relations" carry the missionary and scientific information that they and their later companions gleaned, and they are the most precious source of the history of this country. Who has ever read Chataubriand's powerful description of the "Reduction" or "Christian Commonwealth" of Paraguay and not been filled with admiration? To read Cunningham Graham's "A Vanquished Arcadia," convinces one that Voltaire, their implacable enemy, could not but say that, "they had arrived at the highest degree of civilization to which it is possible to conduct a young people."

And then came darkness and storm and eventually suppression. We can, in fancy, see that noble band drifting down the Tagus, chanting the "In exitu Israel de Aegypto," the victims of the crafty Pombal. We marvel at the audacity of the Malevolence of Pasqual's "Lettres Provinciales;" we smile at the ignorance of an age deluded by the "Monita Secreta," and even more so at the thought of Madame de Pompadour's moral motives, but we glory in the conscious integrity of the great Ricci, who, when they would have him change the course and alter the purpose of the society to allay the intense persecution, cried out, "Sint ut sint, aut non sint," "Let them remain as they are, or let them cease to be." And we turn with gratification from Clement XII, induced by political necessity, to Pius VII, who had resisted Napoleon, and read again the bull "Solicitudo," while we marvel at the thought that not one Jesuit uttered a complaint or protest when the brief "Dominus et Redemptor" was issued and nearly seventy-five thousand of them were subject to unjust humiliation.

We linger in the past and must briefly tell the story of the men who here have wrought and here have taught for the greater glory of God. The children of a quarter of a century gather round you today. From your teaching they have increased in power of mind and heart and conscience, and they know something of the "ratio studiorum," that remarkable system of pedagogy that covers the educational body from head to toes, from basic principles of grammar to heights of theology. Bacon

said of it, "Never has anything more perfect been invented." More than fifty years ago Oblates of Mary, under the guidance of the venerable pioneer, Father Parrisot, importuned by Bishop Odin, established St. Mary's University. The means were granted by the Propagation of the Faith of France, and the generous contributions of the Catholic planters of Louisiana. For thirty years this institution had a checkered career of adversity and prosperity, of success and almost failure. The Christian Brothers and the Fathers of the Holy Cross have labored here and their memory is a benediction to many old students here present.

Diocesan priests and lay teachers struggled to keep the institution alive in later years, until finally Bishop Gallagher, with the wisdom that has characterized him, induced the Society of Jesus to throw about it their mantle of science and religion. And for a quarter of a century it has known Jesuit control. Men competent to fill university chairs here have labored to instill the rudiments of knowledge. Primary instruction has occupied the time of learned Fathers prepared to scale the heights of pure mathematics, and longing for earnest classical students. To the east of us they builded a magnificent temple of worship and their olden Saints looked down through the stained glass windows, resplendent in Texas' golden sunlight, upon their humble efforts and frequent prayers, but death and desolation rode on the night winds, and but the memory of the old Sacred Heart Church remains. Not merely their church but the parish and its people were swept into the sea by the storm king. And yet they never faltered. Their missionary superior asked for instructions, and when the Bishop said, "Galveston needs you," they bent themselves anew to the weary task of reconstructing their college and built the beautiful church in which we assemble today to felicitate them. Names redolent with precious memory of holiness and priestly ministration come out of the silence and linger upon the lips. Lafarge, Begley, McKinney, and Quinlan, whose bodies rest in Calvary Cemetery, but whose souls, we trust, are with the Master, Whom they loved and served. And of the living Jesuits, four former superiors of Galveston mission look out upon this simple tribute to their worth and work, while one is far away, "about his Father's business." Many other names rise to the mind, but to mention them would require a roll call of a quarter of a century. They all live in the love and prayers of the members of the Sacred Heart parish, and the "old boys" who lingered at their feet and learned. And may I in closing pay the tribute of personal gratitude for all their service, kindly rendered, and voice the esteem in which the Jesuit Fathers are held by the Bishop and clergy of this diocese. And let the poet's words carry the message to

"Those patient souls,
Who with no boast of famous words or deeds,
Have sought no higher office than to aid
With comfortable words and loving deeds
Poor weary pilgrims,
They have borne their Master
And their names shall shine
In gold letters in the
Book of Life."

Greeting to Illinois

(At the Blessing of the K. C. Building at Camp Logan, the papers stated that Father Kirwin delivered a most eloquent sermon, full of patriotic fervor. He paid a tribute to the men from Illinois and expressed unbounded faith that they would make good in "paying a debt of love to Old France.")

Illinois is battle-born and we Texans, who knew the massacre of the Alamo, and upon San Jacinto's nearby glorious field won our liberty, are glad to greet you. The political policy of Illinois began on the Heights of Abraham at Quebec and Montcalm was defeated by Wolfe, the last act of a great drama. By this defeat Illinois became British territory, and such it remained for the brief space of fifteen years, until Colonel George Rogers Clark, an Irish-American, acting under the commission and receiving the assistance of Patrick Henry, governor of Virginia, put Illinois under the American flag in 1778. Illinois became United States territory not by the Louisiana Purchase, but by the sword of Clark and it is not undeserving to note in this presence that the first commandant of the County of Illinois, of the State of Virginia, was Captain Todd.

Your religious history is redolent of the historic church of Christ. Marquette and Joliet added your vast domain under the name of "New France" to the empire of the Grand Monarch. As early as 1673 they landed upon the east bank of the Mississippi and their first visit was to one of the villages of the "Illini," the ancient and once powerful tribe from which the State takes its name. The Indian word signifies "men," and I love that old greeting with which the aged chieftain, before his wigwam, acclaimed the French explorers, and in the name of Houston and Texas, I make it my own business this morning for you, Illini, men of Illinois, to quote these lines: "The sun is beautiful when thou comest to visit us, thou shalt enter in peace into our cabins."

The names of Hennepin, the scholarly historian and priest, and La Salle, the knightly adventurer, who died in Texas, are also associated with those events and times. The early history of your French settlements reads like a romance of Arcadia.

And Bancroft has phrased it, "In each hamlet was a rude chapel, with its attendant priest, who was, not only in matters of religion, but also in all affairs of everyday life, the guide, the philospher and friend of his rude parishioners," and I am sure those of you who receive their ministering care pay the same tribute to Chaplains O'Hern and O'Donnell, assigned to duty here among you.

Texas greets you with the consciousness that whilst on the Heights of Abraham at Quebec the question was determined whether the English-speaking nation or the French was to be master of the continent, on the nearby field of San Jacinto the decision was made that English and not Spanish was to be the language of North America.

WILL PAY DEBT TO FRANCE

Marquette and Joliet, Hennepin and La Salle are your legacy, and you will be the living instruments through which your glorious state shall pay back to Old France the debt of love and gratitude by her zealous missionaries done, for exploration and civilization by France's valiant sons conceived and carried out. You have your Jesuit black robed pioneers, and we of Texas treasure the memories and ideals of the gentle, brown-robed children of the "poor little man of Assisi" and their pioneer work for Christ and civilization, and we are glad that history has woven their devotion and their mysticism into the woof of Texas territory. The first blood shed for its conversion to Christianity was that of three Franciscans martyred by the Tigues in 1582. And Blessed Antonio Margil and his devoted brethern left the impression of faith and deeds across the Brazos de Dios and the Trinity, between which we foregather today as indelibly as did their Franciscan brothers upon the Alamo and the missions circling San Antonio. And something of spiritual conquest radiates from the brown habit and fills our hearts with hope and confidence this morning. Those old brown robed Franciscans died to make men holy, you brown robed soldiers fight to make men free.

The old faith and the land that has produced chivalrous knights from the days of Cucullain pleased with Sir Pavon that "clean be your shift" and "real your service," fulfilling every rule of generous chivalry.

"Be nothing solicitous." I read again the Apostle's warning, and despite the Russian debacle, the Italian drive and the withdrawal on the western front, we are not affrighted. "God is in heaven and all's well with the world."

I think of the perilous fields of Trenton "When deep gloom, unnerving every arm, reigned triumphant, through our thinned, worn-down, unaided ranks," and that Washington conceived a great project, crossed the Delaware and completed on the fields of Princeton what his great soul conceived in the revolution's darkest hour.

I think of Lincoln, Illinois' greatest gift to the world, at Gettysburg, pouring out his great grief. "It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that we here resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Perhaps it will mean for us, as it meant for him, two more years of devastating war, and then we catch his cry of the second inaugural, "with malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan."

"And the peace of God." Ah, yes, a holy joy shall fill our hearts when peace shall come with victory and "Johnny comes marching home again."

And may I now in your name, and in the name of the good Bishop, in the name of all Americans who love justice and hate iniquity, thank the Knights of Columbus for this building, and many similar ones in the National Guard camps, National army cantonments and in the sailing ports here at home, and for the prospect of spiritual and moral care and recreational helps which they are planning "over there"? 'Tis a great task they have voluntarily assumed, and the doing of the work well will entail millions, but our Catholic people and our non-Catholic friends will heed their Macedonian cry, "Come and help us," and, with the same overflowing measure of generosity with which they have given to Liberty Loans and the Red Cross, they will respond to this cause. The commissioned Chaplains find these buildings a source of comfort and consolation, and the Order is assigning a priest and a couple of secretaries to each of them that spiritual comfort may be given to Catholic soldiers, moral protection and physical recreation may be given to the nation's defenders of any creed and of no creed at all. It is the duty of men bearing arms to keep body and soul clean, and it is the duty of all not so serving the flag, to merit its protection by generosity of heart and hand, and of prayer and purse. Amen.

Behold a Great Priest!

(Monsignor Kirwin's welcome to Bishop Byrne upon his return from Rome, 1925.)

Dear Bishop: As the Administrator of the Galveston Diocese, I am glad to welcome you in the name of your clergy and people and transfer to your capable, and we hope, thoroughly rested shoulders, the burdens and cares of Galveston diocese. You come to us from the presence of the Pope. We love the Pope and ring as a fence of steel to his guidance—but we do believe him to be the successor of St. Peter, whom Christ made chief of the Apostles and head of His Church in matters of faith and morals—and that covers the whole field of our allegiance—we listen to his voice as Great White Shepherd of Christendom. The Pope has a wonderful knowledge of world affairs. Seven years ago, when none of us, priests or people, knew that you were on earth, the Pope selected you for Galveston and placed you as "Bishop here to rule the Church of God." After soldiering with you for seven years, under the banner of the living Christ, we are glad to proclaim his wisdom and grateful for his choice, you have been a clear-eyed overseer, a gentle shepherd, a kindly "boss," and we pledge you anew the love, reverence and obedience which we gave you seven years ago. We know that they have been seven fruitful years in this diocese and we pray that the vision, the leadership, the material and spiritual prosperity that we have known in the last seven years may be upon our pathway in the coming seven.

We are glad to make our own the song that is upon these children's lips. "Behold a great priest, who in his days pleased God."

To this Bishop Byrne responded, stating his joy at being again among the people he represented. His visit to the Pope was described at length to the audience of the thousands that had assembled for the great occasion.

Quickly does the Church turn our vision from the crib at Bethlehem to the temple at Jerusalem. Mary, though not subject to the law of purification, is anxious to present her child at the temple. The Church has always proceeded upon the assumption that the training of a child in the way he should go in youth assures his following it in old age, and so she places upon parents the responsibility of presenting the child in Baptism, the sacrament of purification; she instructs them that the preparation of their children for first communion devolves upon them. She loves the vision of Simeon, the holy old man, who greets the Saviour at the portals of the temple. She has made his song of praise her parting cry to her dying children; "Nunc dimittis," "Now, oh Lord, dismiss thy servant in peace." The Infant Saviour and the venerable old man typify the opening and the departing years. The one we hope has been used, as was said of Jesus Christ at Nazareth, "He grew and waxed strong in grace and wisdom before God and men." The other we trust will be well employed. May the good resolutions that permeated your soul at Christmas throw a ray of spiritual light athwart the opening year and keep you in the grace and peace of God.

RIGHT REVEREND C. E. BYRNE, D. D.

BISHOP OF GALVESTON

Mystery of the Trinity

You have just heard the command of Jesus Christ, "Teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost;" it is Trinity Sunday and the Church, Catholic and universal, conscious of her fidelity to the task assigned twenty centuries ago, calls us anew to the admiration of the mystery and the open profession of our faith. We symbolize and typify it in the sign of the cross. 'Tis a mystery, but so is the procession of man across earth. Out of a tiny cell, smaller than the dot of a lower case type, we pick up the burden of life, assume the hereditary traits and personal characteristics of our fathers, know not how masculine, rather than feminine, or the reverse in individual cases, but come out of the mystery of the womb and start our weary way to the doorway of death at the tomb.

Who rejects mystery? The man in the street, not because his stream of thought runs deep, but because it is muddied by material things. Who accepts mystery? The greatest minds in the world.

St. Paul emphasizes their viewpoint on the epistle of today, "Oh! the depth of the riches, of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God. How incomprehensible are His judgments and how unsearchable His ways?"

I love the little story by which the great St. Augustine conveys the truth. He narrates that one day upon the shores of the Mediterranean he encountered a small child, who in eager intensity was carrying water in a shell from the sea to a small hole which she had dug a few feet away. The great philosopher was engaged in the effort to excogitate a philosophical, rational explanation of the Trinity. The child was asked, "What are you doing?" "I am going to put the sea into this hole which I have dug here for this purpose." "How absurd!" the saint replied. "Oh, no!" the child responded, "I shall have my task completed when you have put the mysteries of the great God into your little intellect." And then the vision disappeared.

Living in a whirl of mystery, informed by scientific investigators of the wonderful processes by which germs are differentiated, knowing how complex and incomprehensible is the shell of a body which enfolds my soul, why should I question the revelation of Jesus Christ and endeavor to solve the mystery of the Trinity. I know, for Jesus Christ has revealed, and with something of the admiration with which I look into the vaulted heavens and read the illuminated manuscript of the skies, I repeat with St. Paul the reverent inquiry, "Who hath known the mind of the Lord"?

"And going into one of the ships that was Simon's, He taught the multitude out of the ship." (4th Sun. after Pent.)

It is not without purpose that the Holy Ghost, through the inspired pen of St. Luke, has preserved the incidents of today's Gospel. None other, with the exception of the incident of the lost sheep and the Good Shepherd, left such an early impression upon the historic church of Christ. In the catacombs we find an illustration in rude artistic conception of the Good

Shepherd, of the Blessed Virgin, and of St. Peter's bark. It clings architecturally in the Church, and in consequence the nave of a church signifies that Jesus taught the multitude from St. Peter's bark. Catholic faith believes that Jesus Christ is present here, asleep in the prow of the vessel as of old on Galilee's sea, and storm-tossed and tempest-driven she catches His gentle reproof; "Oh, why are ye fearful, ye of little faith?"

The Blessed Saviour, when He had instructed the multitude who, "pressed upon Him to hear the word of God," said to Simon: "Launch out into the deep and let out your nets for a draught." And St. Peter responded: "Master, we have labored all the night and taken nothing." The response, impetuous and petulant, was characteristic of the man whom Jesus was to select as the head of His Church; "But at thy word I will let down the net." His obedience and faith were also characteristic.

The miraculous draught of fishes resulted, and we find St. Peter upon his knees, crying out: "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man." And then St. Luke records: and Jesus said to Simon: "Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men," and readily, enthusiastically he entered upon his task and followed Jesus.

A moment's consideration brings two lessons to bear upon our individual lives. The first is that of confidence in the chosen leaders of Jesus Christ and his successors in the See of St. Peter. The seal of the fisherman and his teaching in matters of faith and morals wins a ready obedience from us. We believe that the Master continues His teaching from St. Peter's bark, and we know His infallible promise: "Thou are St. Peter, and upon this rock I shall build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her."

The second lesson is the necessity of bringing Christ, through prayer and the sacraments, into our daily tasks. If we labor in vain, if we are discouraged, if we see no results from our toil and endeavor, Catholic faith bids us come into His presence and cry out: "Master, we have labored all the night and taken nothing." We shall rise from prayer comforted and consoled, and frequently, like St. Peter, we shall see the "power of prayer and find our burden lifted," the rough ways made plain, the task easy of accomplishment.

In the epistle and Gospel of this morning there are various suggestions worthy of a moment's consideration and reflection. St. Peter warns us in his epistle, "Be sober and watch." He warns us that the tempter, "Our adversary goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, whom resist ye strong in fatih." In this spiritual warfare we need the "helmet of salvation," the aid of prayer and the sacraments. If we neglect the protection given us we shall be as easily overcome as the soldier in the trenches who neglects his helmet and his gas mask.

St. Peter warns us, "that the God of all grace, when you have suffered a little, will Himself perfect and confirm and establish you." How fully that promise has been realized in the case of the French clergy, one of

whom is the celebrant here this morning. Called from the altar to the trenches the inspiring motive of an antagonistic government being either the hope of death or contempt they took their places in the front ranks and by their modesty, their heroism, their spiritual leadership, they held in bonds of steel their poilu comrades, and now everybody sings the praises of the French clergy.

The government in dire straits looks to Foch, Petain, Casteinau and other generals whose piety is as prominent as their capable leadership and it sends beyond the seas as instructors these "men of the sacristies". We pay to him the tribute of our love and gratitude for all that France has done for us, for the service and aid in winning our liberty in 1778, for the spiritual guidance of the historic Church of Christ in Texas for more than fifty years, for the heroic defense of 1918, which kept the kaiser from the channel ports and preserved our freedom. We give generously our best in Texas to the service of France and we know that upon its fair fields they will repay the obligations we owe.

The Gospel tells the story of the lost sheep and the Good Shepherd, and you know how earnestly the historic Church of Christ has translated that incident into action. She loves to be called the sinner's Church, for Jesus came to save sinners. Against Him was first launched the protest, "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." She has enlisted a great community of women, the Sisters of the Good Shephard, and she keeps them ever at attention, that they may seek out and save the soiled doves of womankind. She catches the cry of the Blessed Saviour this morning. "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner doing penance than over ninety-nine just who need not penance."

FIRST HOLY COMMUNION

This is Pentecost Sunday, the day upon which the Holy Ghost came down upon the apostles and disciples assembled in the cenacle chamber at Jerusalem. The coming of the Holy Ghost is in apparent conformity with the promise of Jesus Christ. "I will send the Holy Ghost who will teach you all truth." The church of Jesus Christ then consisted of a few followers, poor, ignorant peasants, most of them, gathered on the hillsides and by the lakesides of Galilee. Today hundreds of millions of His faithful followers assemble to pray the Blessed Master to send anew the Holy Ghost to renew the face of the earth, to fill the hearts of the faithful and to illumine their minds. She takes her little children to the feet of Jesus Christ and hears anew His cry, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." You believe that Jesus Christ has come to you this morning in holy communion, as of old He came to Bethlehem. Under the veils of the sacrament the eye of faith perceives Him and the prayer of faith arises from your childish lips, and you beseech Him to bless parents, friends, teachers. May the Blessed Saviour guard you and the Holy Spirit guide you all the days of your life.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME"

As you glean from the reading of the epistle and Gospel of the Sunday, they are both devoted to the praise of woman, her work within the early church and the tender pity and healing power of Jesus Christ manifested in her behalf.

Paul appeals to Erodia and Syntyche to "be of one mind", and there is some comfort in the thought that even in apostolic days women, generous and devoted to the cause, reserved to themselves the right to disagree. We hear St. Paul's cry, "I pray thee, help those women who have labored with me in the Gospel and whose names are written in the book of life," and when we translate it into the spiritual elements of our own life, what an embattled front they present! The religious women of the schools who have caught up the Master's tender appeal, "Suffer little children to come unto me," the patient, earnest souls who minister in the forts of pain and misery, the hospitals of the world, the tender devoted souls who minister to the orphans and to the aged, who care for the dependent and helpless. The Church would be unable to dispense with them. They carry the Gospel message in action, they are her comfort and her hope.

In the Gospel the blessed Master heeds the appeal of the ruler and starts on his way to heal his afflicted daughter, who had just died. As He passes by, the living faith of another woman, long afflicted, causes her to touch the hem of His garment, knowing that she would be healed. This woman rises before our vision this morning. We believe that the Master will some day pass by. The same divine Healer Who walked by the lakeside of Galilee is here with us.

Torn and tired by war, threatened and disturbed by pestilence, we lift our hearts and hands to Him, as did the woman in the Gospel, and plead that He may turn and see us that we may hear the comforting words: "Be of good heart, thy faith has made thee whole."

"HEARERS AND DOERS OF THE WORD"

For two successive Sundays the Church reads a selection from the epistle of St. James. She is fond of the Catholic epistle. The reformers were inclined to question its genuineness and its authenticity because of its strong insistence upon good works as necessary to salvation, and because of its positive command regarding the sacrament of extreme unction.

St. James seems to meet the demand of the hour, "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only". The world demands the practical demonstration of our faith in action, not in words, and St. James voices the demand to his little flock in Jerusalem. His illustration is perfect: "If a man be a hearer of the word and not a doer, he shall be compared to a man beholding his own countenance in a glass, for he beheld himself and went his way and presently forgot what manner of man he was." We have substituted the silvered solution on glass for the polished metal mirror of St. James' day, but the illustration is just as applicable and

carries the original force. Sunday after Sunday we come here to catch the word of God, and resolve to apply it. We sum up our defects, our failures, we resolve to remedy and correct them. We go away and out in the work-aday world we fail to live up to our inspirations. The man in the street does not find us more scrupously honest, clean in word and action, charitable in thought and deed. The world was converted from paganism to the Gospel of Jesus Christ by action ("See how those Christians love one another"), and he finds us suspicious, divided, narrow, selfish. St. James warns us, "and if any man think himself to be religious not bridling his tongue, but deceiving his own heart, this man's religion is vain." When we voice our suspicions regarding our neighbor, when we attribute false motives to his actions, when we question his sincerity, when we make a formal attack upon the integrity of man or the virtue of women, we fortify him in his worldly attitude: "This man's religion is vain."

The apostle gives his concept of a line of action. "Religion clean and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation, and to keep one's self unspotted from this world." The world still stands at attention before the Sister of Charity, it gives generously to the service of the Red Cross—it does not catch the magnetic faith which inspires this spirit of service.

You will not lose the concluding phrase in your admiration of religion in action, "keep one's self unspotted from this world." How readily we yield to the world's opinion in matters of dress, of thought, of morals. We are hesitant in the display of our religious convictions whilst the world is boastful of its agnosticism. We are ashamed of our rosary, of our scapular, hesitant about lifting our hat to our divine Lord in the sacrament of His love when we pass the church; but we conform rigidly to the vogue of the world, and to "be out of style", no matter how suggestive and revealing the style may be, is a greater cause for worry and discontent than a violation of the canons of the church. We can never hope to carry the cause of Jesus Christ to the heights and win the world's obedience to His mandates until we become not merely hearers but "doers of the word."

"STRENGTH GAINED THROUGH PRAYER"

The epistle of the Sunday presents two moral thoughts worthy of consideration and the Gospel carries the comforting message of Jesus Christ that His Church shall always meet with the opposition of the world, and that His faithful followers can always expect trial and persecution.

In the epistle St. Peter cries out: "Be prudent therefore and watch in prayers." The press dispatches of this morning carry a clarion call from the president of the United States to the same effect. Our national life and personal liberty are endangered, and the men who will win triumph for our arms shall be prayerful, prudent men. In our individual life prayer is the ordinary food of the soul. The man who does not pray can

never expect to conquer his own passions, let alone the continual temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil.

Prayer is the speaking of the creature with His Creator; it is the pleading of the weak for the protection of God; it is the song of praise upon the lips of the grateful man. To neglect prayer is spiritually as weakening as to neglect the taking of nourishment for our body results in physical decline. "Be prudent and watch in prayer."

St. Peter's second suggestion is charity. "But before all things have a mutual, constant charity among yourselves; for charity covers a multitude of sins." The mere dole of physical relief was not in St. Peter's mind. That word charity has been badly abused in English speech, and it has lost the beauty of its original signification. It was the kindly thought and not the generous hand that the apostle advocated. He wanted it to be constant. Charity does not advance in wave action. It is the continued flow of tender love toward our neighbor. It must be mutual, and the man who violates it by revealing his neighbor's faults, by impunging his motives, by criticism of his conduct is sure to have his own defects revealed. "Charity covers a multitude of sins," not only our neighbor's but our own.

In the Gospel, Jesus Christ requires that "we shall give testimony of Him," and this evidence is not a mere profession of faith, but the doing of the word. He warns His faithful followers that trial and persecution must be expected by the Church and by the individual and cries out "that when the hour shall come you may remember that I told you of them." The present crisis in the world affairs is not without its trials and difficulties. We felt that generous response to the country's call would silence the tongue of insidious slander and force bigotry to stand at attention.

Our answer in khaki was two hundred per cent strong and the Knights of Columbus determined to take upon themselves the spiritual and recreational care of these fine young men in camp and field. The general commanding, the secretary of war, the great body of our citizenship have been pleased to forward by commendation and donation this great work, but even as fine a thought and work as this which you are doing must meet with opposition, otherwise it would not win the approval of the Master. He tries as by fire the things worth while, and opposition and misrepresentation will only strengthen your determination and firm your purpose to do the great work to which you have set your hands, and when opposition develops and false motives are assigned, you can catch the Master's consoling promise, "You may remember that I told you."

"THE LOAVES AND FISHES"

"I have compassion on the multitude." We love that tender, compassionate response of the blessed Master and it gives consolation to the reader of Mark's account of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. Of course, the miracle has been questioned. Strauss and Bauer and a

thousand higher critics have attempted a natural explanation. To us it needs no word of explanation. We believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. He is the Son of God, Whose word brought order out of chaos in the beginning of time, who threw the worlds into harmony and made the stars sing together. He marches across the fields and the dead grain multiplies itself a thousand fold in the glorious springtide of succeeding years. He looked across the earth "and the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep," and He said, "Let there be light." If His simple fiat created the world and gave it law and order, He could dispense with nature's law and multiply the loaves and fishes. Deny Him that power and His divinity vanishes. I believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ.

The multitude had followed Him around the lakeside. They were weary and worn. He feared "that they would faint by the way" if He sent them home for some of them came from afar off. And so, as in Cana of Galilee, to prevent the embarrassment of his poor mother's friends, at her plea, He exercised His divine power, and He fed the multitude in the desert, and confounded His disciples who inquired: "From whence can any man fill them here with bread in the wilderness?" Mere man could not, but Jesus Christ is more than man, He is God.

When we co-ordinate this incident in St. Mark's Gospel with the sixth chapter of St. John, we are filled with new comfort and consolation. Here in the wilderness of the world, worn and weary, we need food and strength. We hear anew the gentle cry, "I have compassion on the multitude," and behold, the blessed institution is promised. "I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." John VI, 51.

You are assembled here at holy mass this morning because you believe that mysterious promise saw its fulfillment at the Last Supper and is continued across the ages, "even to the consummation of the world" because of His divine power and loving command: "Do this in commemoration of me". 'Tis the mystery of compassion, the sacrament of love. "Jesus had compassion on the multitude." Oh, may He look out upon the war-torn multitudes of the world this morning and hear our tender plea that "justice and peace may kiss" and charity and harmony take their place "in the parliament of man."

Whence Come; Whither Goest?

(Sermon, Trinity Sunday, June 18, 1916, at first Mass of the Rev. John Joseph O'Reilly at St. Mary's Cathedral, Galveston.)

The Church sets aside this Sunday to honor the Holy Trinity and upon her lips is the mission assigned her by her Divine Founder: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

As Catholics we received that crest in Baptism, and across the weary wastes of the world we carry it high in the conflict, and our final hope is, that when the light is waning and the vision failing, upon our ears the last words of the priest may fall, "go forth, O Christian soul, in the name of God the Father Who created thee, in the name of God the Son Who redeemed thee, in the name of God the Holy Ghost Who sanctified thee."

'Tis a great mystery, and we live in an age that wants to count and weigh and measure all things, and, unlike St. Augustine of old, by the Mediterranean shore, it persists in attempting to measure God's infinite mysteries with the yardstick of its intellect. Organic chemistry still stands helpless before the dead grains of corn and wheat, germinating into life to feed the world. The scientific investigator, like the old Saxon king, sees the bird of life fly in at the window and out again, and though he has belted the world with talk and rendered the atmospheric waves subject to him, he is compelled to ask, "Whence did you come and whither goest thou?"

The answer to that question is still the most important thing in life, and this young man at the altar of God this morning has found the only solution that satisfies.

In the silent place of holy Ireland, like Patrick of old, who emblazoned the symbolism of the Trinity upon the banners of Erin, and though all else has failed our afflicted people in stress and tyranny, their faith never fails—he heard the mysterious call of the Blessed Master. Long years of earnest study, trial and difficulty lay upon his path, but this morning Jesus stands upon the shore, and in his heart there is the song of gladness, "I will enter unto the altar of God, to God Who rejoiceth my youth." He comes of a family of Faith. Three of his brothers have seen service in the army of the Lord, and two of them have been called from the trenches to receive the reward of merit. Three of his sisters have dedicated themselves to humanity's service. They are members of the Order of Mercy, and two of them are at the present time on the French front. His mother looks down from the blue vault of heaven upon this scene with gratification, for she sees her seventh child consecrated to God, and ere her departure from this vale of tears, she had clothed herself with the religious habit and had given her widowed years to the cause of Christ. Upon her lips is the prayers that echos in your heart and mine: "Soggarth aroon! Dear Priest of God". May God the Father protect thee, may God the Son guide thee, may God the Holy Ghost comfort thee! Amen.

Knights—True Americans

(Newspaper Account of Address by Father Kirwin on the American Flag, May 12, 1916, before the members of the Knights of Columbus of Galveston Council No. 787, at the opening of their new building.)

It is proper that in the opening of this hall and commemorating the thirteenth anniversary of our council we place the flag we love high above the battlements of this institution.

This is a day of Americanism; a day when true Americanism is being talked of from the East to the West, and I am proud that, whether they be simple Americans or Hyphenated Americans, the Knights of Columbus are true Americans. I am proud too of the fact that my father left the shores of Old Erin to come to America to find freedom from persecution. An Irish-American am I and I yield to no man in loyalty and love of the flag of this government. If I blushed for being an Irish-American, I would blush for the flag of America. I will never have to blush for either.

I believe every American owes an obligation to the flag of these United States, and if the President shall call upon the nation to defend its honor, I know that the Knights of Columbus throughout the land will not fail to respond most generously.

Father Kirwin spoke of his being called to duty as chaplain of one of the militia organizations and said that he did not regard it as a real call to duty. He declared that the summons would probably involve nothing more than sleeping on cactus plants and watching the sun go by in the evenings for a month or more.

But if it should be different and America does cross the line, then you and I and Americans everywhere will do our duty to mankind, declared the speaker.

Pharisee and Publican

The words of this parable are as applicable to Texans now as they were to the people of the Orient when they were spoken by the Saviour, and the types prevail in nations as well as in individuals.

The pharisee steps out to worship God and goes up into the temple to pray. As St. Augustine phrases it, "He did not wish to ask God for anything, he felt like praising himself."

The pharisee knew his little world, and the sins of injustice and impurity were then as now, great rocks upon which human souls were wrecked. He thanked God that he was not "an extortioner, unjust, adulterer." He paraded his own generosity and he lauded his own mortification, and then his vision lighted upon the poor publican at the door of the temple, and he thanked God "he was not as this publican." The pharisee was proud, self-centered, self-contained.

The publican humbly struck his breast and cried out, "Oh God, be merciful to me a sinner." Jesus Christ tells us that his prayer pierced the clouds and drew from the Eternal God the forgiveness of his sins, and the fulness of His grace. "This man went down to his house justified."

Both types still prevail in individuals as well as in nations. We shall not imitate the pharisee and turn to find some publican from whom to point the moral.

Like the publican in humility and recognition of our faults we ask for the mercy of God. This nation is at war, and its great leader called upon us recently to humble ourselves in the sight of God and acknowledge our sins, and plead for His protection upon our battling hosts. For the moment the tide has turned and forward movement and offensive action are ours, but let us not be exalted. Who would have thought four years ago that the throwing of a bomb in the streets of Sarajevo would have terminated in incomparably the greatest tragedy that human history records? Who would then measure the evils that the event portended? Who would have dared to prophesy that we would become involved, and that every consideration of humanity and morality, the world's freedom and its civilization, even its principles of justice should sanction our actions and send our youth trooping in millions beyond the seas? Nations, like individuals, are in the hands of God, and earnestly and fervently we pray today that not in pride and exaltation of spirit, but in humility and with contrite hearts we may continue our world task. "Everyone that exalteth himself shall be humbled and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted . . ."

"THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH"

There are two moral suggestions in the epistle and Gospel of today which have become axiomatic, and in world experience they have become so familiar that they seem philosophical deductions. The one is St. Paul's

famous dictum, "The wages of sin is death." It was the world-old problem which confronted the apostle, the infirmity of the flesh, but he attacked it from the supernatural heights. Their worldly motives, the appeal to a sense of honor, the knowledge of infection from sensual contact, the segregation and quarantine methods of earnest scientists who recognize the social menace, will not reduce the citadel.

You cannot raise an army over night, nor can you educate men to continuency in a day. The oldest institution in the world, the Catholic Church, has for centuries trained men and women to perfect chastity and she knows a little more of the problem than the social sciolist, who has bloomed since the war came to America. We must educate to purity. We must discipline the soul of glowing youth and insist upon its responsibility in the sight of God. There are many free from physical defilement whose souls are rotten at the core, and who are dead in sin. The great God Himself thundered forth from Sinai, "Thou shalt not," and against its advances He erected the barricade, "Thou shalt not covet." We must train our youth to a knowledge of the commandments, we must fortify them by prayer, mortification of the senses and self-denial, they must know that the sacraments are a trench of protection against the insidious attacks of the world, the flesh and the devil, and when all other means fail they must cry out, "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me."

Paul himself did not hesitate to invoke the prayers of his flock lest he preached to others he himself might become a castaway, and he assures us, "God is faithful Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that which you are able, but will make also with temptation issue that you may be able to bear it."

The second thought that falls from the lips of our divine Saviour, "By their fruits you shall know them." The great Hilary of Poitiers in his commentary on Matthew, written about the year 350 A. D., says, "It is not by what we say we are in words, but by what we prove ourselves to be in deeds, that the world shall judge our doctrine." It is not by pointing to the saints of old, it is not by argument of historic unity and apostolic succession, it is not by beauty of liturgy or by strength of numbers that the Historic Church of Christ impresses the world. It is how you and I live our faith and conform to the teachings of the blessed Saviour that wins our neighbor's approbation. "See! how those Christians love one another," was the commendation of the pagan world. There lip service availeth little to any cause. " 'Tis the man in action upon whom the world's attention is concentrated."

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN TEXAS

From the days, nigh four centuries ago, when Coronado, searching for Quivira, traversed the upper reaches of the Colorado in the west, when Padre Juan de Padilla and Padre Juan de La Cruz taught in the Indian tepees and gave the Indian neophyte some knowledge of the white man with his fellow man and with his God, the Catholic Church by Priest and Brother and lay catechist and by consecrated women, clothed in the religious habit, has been teaching in Texas. One has but to read his Bolton carefully to glean how thorough that education was in the old missions and how much of agriculture and soil chemistry—though it was not so designated—the old Padres conveyed to their Indian charges.

But the News asked me to state concisely what the Catholic Church is doing in education in Texas today and statistics will best tell the story.

THE PIONEER WORK

The first Bishop of Texas, The Right Rev. John Timon, and his immediate successor, Bishop John Mary Odin, were former presidents of old St. Mary's of the Barrens in Missouri, and their eager desire was to establish schools in the infant republic. In fact, Bishop Odin at one time contemplated the rebuilding of the Alamo and establishing there a Catholic college, and his support to the superior of his religious congregation in Paris reads like a prospectus or catalog of today.

In the forties, fifties, sixties, until long after the devastating civil war had ceased, when there were comparatively few public schools, and our denominational friends were struggling with the foundation of churches, and the assembly of congregations, the Catholic Church at Galveston, San Antonio, Victoria, Brownsville and Dallas, had its Ursulines and other Sisters, in their Academies giving their courses of secondary and academic grades, including music and culture values, and the convent girl left her impress on most of our communities in Texas. She, in many cases, was not a member of the Catholic Church, and did not accept its teachings in matters of faith, but the sweetness, the light, the culture and refinement of her nun-teachers permeated her after-life, and she was, though a Protestant herself, the most earnest advocate of convent training.

THE PRESENT DAY ACTIVITIES

But what are we doing today? In the Diocese of Dallas we are training in schools and academies 5400 children. We have thirteen academies for young ladies, 38 parochial schools, five training schools for nurses, with more than six thousand children with young men and young women under Catholic training and religious influence.

In Galveston Diocese we have one Seminary and University, at La Porte, another college at Houston. These for the boys. We have eleven academies for young ladies, forty-six parochial schools. There are 9,608 young people under Catholic care.

In the Arch Diocese of San Antonio there is one Seminary, 16 academies for young ladies, 2 colleges for women, 5 colleges for boys and 14,174 young people under Catholic care.

In the Corpus Christi Diocese there is one college for boys, five academies for young ladies, and 3,778 young people are being trained.

In the Diocese of El Paso there are 13 academies and one college for girls, 13 parochial schools, and 4,443 young people under Catholic care. We have about forty thousand children in Texas in the various grades from kindergarten to college. In these days when there is an insistent demand for bringing religion into education, we believe with Goethe that "Whatever you want to see in the life of the nation must first be introduced into its schools," and, secure in the constitutional guarantee which has recently been emphasized by the decision of our supreme court, our Catholic parents are cheerfully contributing their share to the taxes that maintain the public schools and State University and Colleges and at the same time are bearing the tremendous burden of maintaining their own system of schools. The courses and texts conform to those used in the public schools, and they yield to none in their training for patriotic citizenship and fine sense of civic duty, but they insist that for the fully trained man and woman there must be a knowledge of God and a practical realization of our duty and our responsibility to Him.

Our Calvary of Sorrows

(Sermon, Palm Sunday, 1918.)

We can steel our hearts and firm our purpose by the contemplation of what Our Divine Saviour endures for us and we can realize that "greater love than this hath no man that he lay down his life for his friends." The historic Church of Jesus Christ in her close and intimate pursuit of the life of her divine Master, puts us in Jerusalem this morning, and we hear the joyful shouts of the multitude, "Hosannah, Son of David, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Within the week we shall hear a portion of that same multitude cry out, "Crucify him." We think they were vain and fickle, but the Church would warn us that we are subject to the severe inconstancy. We pledge Him our love this morning, ere the week has passed the world's allurements and the appeal of sin may carry us far from Him.

This holy week is a special time of prayer and solicitude. World events are so shaping themselves that our nation may know its calvary of sorrow.

Both from an individual strengthening viewpoint and from the angle of national trial we should concentrate our attention upon spiritual things. Let us put aside the vain and frivolous amusements; let us enter into the house of prayer and beg the God of nations to protect and guide us and our national arms. Let us send beyond the seas to those who are battling for our cause a spiritual message of comfort and hope. The joys of Easter succeeded to the deep gloom of the first Good Friday. When all seemed lost Christ triumphed over sin and death. Let us prepare our own souls by repentance and sorrow for sin for the worthy reception of the risen Saviour. He comes with the message, "Peace be unto you," and we confidently trust that it may comprise not merely individual peace with God, but that by the triumph of justice and right it may mean peace to a war-weary world.

The Transfiguration

Inspired by the combination of the epistle and Gospel proper to this Sunday, Raphael caught the vision of the transfiguration which he has immortalized on canvas. The Blessed Saviour, Moses and Elias and the selected apostles are seen in admiration upon the mountain top, but down in the valley the world goes its busy way, the lame, the blind and the halt are gathered, the possessed struggle with their burdens. St. Paul in the epistle inveighs against the two great evils that threatened the Thessalonian Church, the passion of lust and "the circumventing and overreaching of one's brother in business." Time's assault upon them has not weakened their appealing force to material man. The one has developed a great world war, and even in its conduct threatens the unity and harmony of our people; the other menaces the magnificent fighting strength of our army and presents problems that threaten the very well-being of humanity. Impurity and dishonesty are the sins that keep individuals away from the sacraments. Men cry out that they have grown beyond the simple faith of early years, that they doubt in matters of faith, that world contact has broadened their intellectual vision; but the priest of God knows how few go over the battlements and how many go out through the foss and the ditch. The struggle is still the same as Paul pictures it in his epistle, as Raphael caught it upon his brush. The multitude in the valley below are fighting. Sexual impurity and commercial triumph at the expense of conscience and justice destroy souls today as they did in Paul's time, and no fortification can be built against their assaults that is not spiritually emplaced, that has not the vision of the law and the prophets and Jesus Christ. 'Tis the primary purpose of Holy Church in setting aside this day of rest and worship that we should lift our vision to spiritual things. Like Peter upon the mountain top, she would have us cry out, "Lord, it is good for us to be here." She would have us hear the heavens crying out, "This is my beloved Son, Hear ye Him." To the eye of Catholic faith He is present here, and we have been carried away from the world by His invitation, and in His holy presence we seek the strength and grace we need to fight against the flesh and the world's grasping desire when we go down into the valley below. If coming into His presence and witnessing the transfiguration anew does not lift us from sensual desire and material gain at the expense of justice and the right of our brother, is it any wonder that the world discounts our religious profession? If attendance at holy mass and the frequentation of the sacraments does not strengthen us against these dominant appeals of sensual desire and material wealth, the world is right in its judgment that the Church has failed. Our actions must square with our principles. Cleanliness of life and honesty of purpose are both demanded.

"Not by Bread Alone"

(Sermon at Ellington Field, February 17, 1918.)

On the opening Sunday of Lent the Church reads for us St. Paul's cry to the Corinthians, "Now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation." It records St. Paul's trials and difficulties in behalf of his faith and exhorts us to "much patience." The Gospel is the familiar one of the temptation of Jesus Christ. He had fasted forty days and forty nights when the evil spirit, ignorant of the divinity that clothed His humanity, put Him to the test of fidelity. It is in commemoration and imitation of the preparation that our divine Master made for the assault that the Church prescribes the holy season of fast and self-denial. As St. Paul was tempted and subjected to trial and tribulation, as Jesus Christ was tempted, we can hardly hope to escape, and therefore we must fit ourselves for spiritual conflict. You are preparing for service beyond the seas in behalf of our beloved country, and at times the trial and tedium of every-day work palls upon you, yet you know that efficiency is the result of doing little things well, and answering every bugle call promptly, of doing each small task earnestly, of obeying every regulation with alacrity. 'Tis true of spiritual combat. We mount to the higher life round by round on the ladder of tedium and trial.

The first temptation of our divine Lord was that of physical appetite, "Command that these stones be made bread." And this reply should linger with us, "Not by bread alone doth man live, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." Too much attention is concentrated upon the mere material things and too little heed given to the feeding of our souls with the word of God.

The second temptation you airmen can apply better than a "ground man." The temptation is strong to cast yourself down, to trust to luck and take a chance. Religion and reason both demand carefulness of you, not that you should fear to lose your life, not that you should fail in training to do the thing that you will be called upon to do "over there," but you have no right to expose your life needlessly. The country may vitally need your service, and you must be generous in giving even life when demanded.

The third temptation of the Blessed Lord was, "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them if, falling down, He would adore." This temptation comes to individuals and to nations. The possession of the world's power, of the world's wealth, the song of the world's praise, are as tempting as siren voices in the ears of nations and of individual men. To win them, too frequently, we must depart from the paths of moral ethics. We may have to give up God or create a god of our own design. The Blessed Saviour gives the only response that is compatible with the name of Christian, "Begone, Satan; the Lord thy God shalt thou adore and Him only shalt thou serve."

Self Denial—Religious Essence

(Sermon, January 13, 1918)

There are three thoughts that come forcibly to the Catholic mind in the reading of the epistle proper to this Sunday, and in connection with our country at war. St. Paul insists that we must present "our bodies a living sacrifice" and "reasonable service." The very essence of religion is self-denial, personal mortification. In times past a meatless Friday in recognition of "reasonable service" due Jesus Christ might be considered absurd by some, but the moment our country demands the same form of self-denial, they give ready obedience. We have been trained to sacrifice in this respect, and as we give it readily to the cause of Christ, we give it additionally to the cause of country, recognizing with St. Paul that it "is holy, pleasing to God."

Charged with the care of souls, the Church of God has always exercised a censorship of books and publications, forbidding the luxurious and immoral, and warning against the suggestive and heretical. The unity which Christ left as a mark and characteristic of His Church, demanded this supervision, for, as St. Paul says, "As in one body we have many members, but all the members have not the same office, so we, being many, are one body in Christ."

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Yet this simple regulation, vital to the welfare of souls, was considered by many as subversive of liberty and unsuited to our enlightened age. War's clarion call sounds across the world, and the censor is enthroned. We read only what is handed out to us, and we readily yield, for we know in other matters the counsel of Paul in today's epistle "not to be more wise than it behooveth to be wise."

I have just read the religious statistics of Camps Logan and MacArthur, located in this diocese, as they have been compiled by the government. In both camps our representation is well over ten thousand, more than one-third of the entire divisional muster. We are but one-sixth of the population of the country, and it is particularly gratifying to find that our young men have answered the supreme call, the call to arms, 200 per cent strong. The time was when earnest, thoughtful men expressed fear that parochial school education might tend to class prejudice, might work as a hindrance to the unification of our country, and might beget a reluctance to answer to the call of the country. If Logan and MacArthur are typical, and I believe they are, then religious education has proved

its worth and asserted its right to a claim of gratitude. We are grateful for the generous response, for it demonstrates our contention that religious emplacement is absolutely essential in the foundation of education and character building.

In the Gospel we catch a glimpse of the picture which Luke has drawn, as gleaned from the lips of Mary, "for the Mother kept these words in Her heart," of the boy Jesus in the temple. We marvel not at His wisdom and His answers, but we linger lovingly on the phrase, "He went down to Nazareth and was subject to them." We love to impress the splendid lessons of the obedient boy, the helpful example which Jesus of Nazareth sets before our youth of obedience to parental authority, and in the hope that it may win their admiration and beget their imitation we linger upon it in prayerful hope that ours may "advance in wisdom and age and grace before God and men."

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

The epistle and Gospel read in the mass of this second Sunday after Easter are beautifully harmonized. They present two concepts of the Good Shepherd, the one limned by Peter after his sorrowful experience, the other the portrait of our divine Saviour and His earnest desire, "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold, them also I must bring and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

The church of God has endeavored to visualize, to translate into action, this beautiful portrait of the Good Shepherd. A thousand forts of pity and mercy carry the name, and an entire community of religious women, thousands in number, in every corner of the earth, in earnest solicitude and tender care of the delinquent and fallen women, carry forward the line of action and the beautiful portrait. "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." That little marble slab in front of the old cathedral tells how effectively in years agone it has left its impression upon the young hearts of the five priests who lie there interred. Pestilence and death had no terror for them. How magnificently it finds itself anew today upon the plains of Picardy and along the Oise. In the French army there are thousands of faithful pastors of souls. In the past unbelief shouted in derision at them, "ensconced in their sacristies and clad in their soutanes like women." They bore the insults and the taunts and "turned the other cheek", but now for God and the fair fields of France their courage and dauntless chivalry are an inspiration. No man comes back from the front that he does not praise the spiritual and military leadership of the French clergy.

More than 400 of our own are upon the seas and in the fields ready to make the complete sacrifice. How shall they be replaced? Do you ever throw this beautiful portrait of the Good Shepherd before the vision of your growing boy? Do you try to influence him to its invitation? The obligation and duty of "bringing the other sheep" into the one true fold

rests as heavily upon you in the pew as it does upon us in the chancel. Christ prayed for the unity of the church in Gethsemane's garden, "That they may be one as thou in me, and I in Thee." Today He cries out, "One fold and one shepherd," and the Catholic never hears the selection but he whispers a prayer for the great white Shepherd of Christendom. We must pray and work for the unity of Christ's church. Thousands of our own boys are catching the vision of faith that emblazoned Rheims and threw the "Beau Dieu" of Amiens upon the heights of Picardy. They will come back to us with marvelous stories of human sacrifice. Let us trust we shall be able to meet their vision of high ideals in the cause of country and turn it into spiritual uplift. They will not be satisfied with a mere profession of faith. They will demand that faith show itself in works, and they will give themselves as generously in the service of "the way, the truth and the life," as they have in the cause of country.

"Peace be to You"

"He breathed upon them and said, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." (John xx, 23.)

The apostle St. John presents for our consideration this morning the incidents of the first and second Sunday in the life of the Christian Church. The little body of the faithful in fear and trembling was assembled in an upper chamber. The Blessed Master, triumphant over sin and death, appeared to them. "Peace be to you", was His greeting.

What a motley crowd they were. Poor, ignorant fishermen, of a race condemned and despised. One of them was missing—he had betrayed the Saviour—the others were present; Peter who had denied Him: and the others who had fled when danger threatened, and St. John alone had remained fearless and unafraid, and upon the heights of Calvary witnessed the consummation. This is the Master's first appearance, and upon these men he confers that tremendous power to forgive sins. There is no mistaking the commission and the delegation of Power, for He breathed upon them and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." He then authorized them to pass judgment, to forgive or retain, and ever since in the historic Church of Jesus Christ, in the Church of the catacombs, in the church of St. Jerome and St. Augustine, in the church of the middle ages, in the church of today, that message has brought comfort and peace to sin-stricken souls.

The Catholic believes that it is the way to peace; and out of the way of gloom and darkness of sins to the sunlight of God's grace and favor he moves as forward he walks after confession with God's benediction.

The second Sunday brings a confirmation of faith in the resurrection of Jesus Christ. There are many who question the historical fact, and critically refer to the ignorance of the witnesses, to their enthusiasm and the danger of hallucination. Surely St. Thomas cannot be accused of great enthusiasm. The others told him that they had seen the risen Lord. His reply was, "Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe." The second Sunday arrives and the Master appears. St. Thomas is present and spoken to by Christ. He is asked to make the test and falls down at the feet of Jesus, "My Lord and my God."

The final thought of John's Gospel is my profession of faith. "These things are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing you may have life in His name." Once that I acknowledge the divinity of Jesus Christ the mystery of the real presence or power over His mystical body in the sacrament of penance creates no intellectual difficulties. It becomes as easy of comprehension as a power of attorney or a bank cashier's check. Both derive their power and value from the delegating source, and the Catholic looks back to Jesus Christ, the dynamic power and source of consecration and absolution.

The Message of Easter

"He is risen, He is not here," is the message of Easter.

The Church of God brings us out of the gloom and desolation of Good Friday to the joy and gladness of Easter, and upon her lips is hallelujah. Confident of the divinity of the Blessed Master, she marches on to new triumphs. No man has ever raised his dead hand amid the grave clothes nor brought back the tide of life to the heart that has gone silent to the touch of death, but the message of this morning is, "He is risen, He is not here." Conscious falsehood could never serve as a foundation upon which to build the Church that has survived the centuries. All human things perish. Rome is a memory and through the broken columns of the coliseum the moonlight streams, but Jesus Christ lives in the hearts and minds of millions. Love of Him keeps the Sister of charity by the bedside of pain and pestilence, it brought thousands here in the early morning of this blessed Easter day to "find Him where they had laid Him." With St. Peter they cry out, "I know and I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." With Thomas they fall down in adoration and kiss His glorious wounds, "my Lord and my God."

Easter brings the renewal of our faith in immortality. If there be no future life, "this world is all a passing show." Brave, heroic souls are generously laying down their lives upon the plains of Picardy and slackers, profiteers and propagandists of various disturbing forms work in comfort and luxury behind the lines. If those brave souls do not live on, and if these contemptible creatures reap all the benefits here and have no suffering to endure in the future world, then life is not worth the living. There is no God if there is no justice. I believe in life everlasting and over the portals of her cemeteries the Church of God writes: "I am the resurrection and the life. I know that my Redeemer liveth." She feels confident that those generous souls who, like Jesus, "were obedient even unto death" shall know their reward exceedingly great and she prays this morning that in heaven they hear this gentle greeting, "Peace be to thee." The message of Easter is an individual one. Jesus Christ died to save me from my sins. He has left the means of reconciliation and even though "thy sins be as scarlet they shall be made white as snow." Most of you have profited by this Lenten season, and now lifted up from the grave of sin by Christ's absolving power let us resolve to closely follow "the way and the truth and the life." "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein." Let us mark a new milestone in our way across the desert place of the world to the doorway of death and the tomb. The tomb has no terrors for those who closely follow the blessed Master, as it has no terrors for those who caught up by the ideal of liberty and the perpetuation of our institutions, are gloriously dying upon the plains of Picardy.

Father Kirwin at Victoria

(A newspaper account of the first Solemn Mass of the Rev. Victor R. Stoner, Oct. 22, 1925.)

Taking for his text the words, "Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech," Monsignor Kirwin preached a masterly sermon. Touching first on the happiness which the occasion afforded to the venerable mother of the newly ordained, who, while not a member of the faith, was notwithstanding privileged to see her son officiate at the altar of God, the speaker recalled the scene from the Gospel of St. Luke, wherein the Blessed Master pauses on a hillside before a motley crowd. "Christ called his Apostles from that multitude," Monsignor Kirwin said. "They were molded of clay and fired by the breath of the Holy Ghost."

Continuing, the speaker referred to the fields whitening with the harvest, and said: "This is the condition confronting us today; we need laborers in the field of religion; we need Jesus Christ in our lives; there is no salvation for America except in the truths of Christianity.

"Here in this wonderful land where the early missionaries blazed the trail for Christ, the venerable Margil found his way with Espinosa, over two centuries ago. For two hundred years the same Gospel of Jesus Christ has been preached to the descendants of the McGloins and Powers and men who fought for the freedom of Texas. Here vestal virgins adjoining the church were praying for the development of the Church of Jesus Christ. Here where Catholicity left its impress, comes the inspiration to this young man and he prepares in a distant state to preach the Gospel. He is given the power to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—the continuation of the Sacrifice offered on Calvary—he is also given the power to forgive sin.

"We are here today to whisper a prayer for the young priest that he may persevere to the end."

Monsignor Kirwin then congratulated Father Stoner and spoke of him as being always eager and intense for knowledge. He expressed the hope that many young men from this community would follow his footsteps.

EASTER DUTY

The greeting of the Church this morning in the introit of the mass is "Laetare", "Rejoice." Whether it be that she sees in the distance the resurrection or that the greater portion of her task of mortification and penance is completed and she wishes to accord her faithful children a brief respite, liturgical writers differ.

Catching the predominant note of the epistle and Gospel of the Sunday, I believe her joy arises from the institution of the two great sacraments through which as channels the soul life of the faithful flows. "We are children not of the bondwoman, but of the free; by the freedom wherewith Christ has made us free," is Paul's explanation of the allegory written in the Old Testament. Now Christ freed us from the bonds, the chains

of sin. "He shall be called Jesus because He shall save His people from their sins." The Church knows of no purpose more sacred for this season of Lent than a period of preparation for the proper reception of the sacraments. "Making one's Easter duty" is a Catholic obligation and failing to comply with this obligation implies a negligence that is sinful or a contempt for positive law that is spiritual destruction. No man has a concept of the freedom which Jesus Christ won for mankind upon the heights of Calvary unless he participates personally in that triumph by freeing his soul from the bondage, the slavery of deadly sin. In the Gospel the Church reads for us the first fifteen verses of that wonderful sixth chapter of John.

We advise you to take up your copy of the Holy Bible during the day and read the entire chapter. It contains the promise of the Eucharist, the promise of Jesus Christ to be the food, the strength, the comfort of mankind across the ages; "Jesus had compassion on the multitude," and finding them weary and sore distressed, He miraculously fed them there on the lake shore. With a firm concept of the divinity of Jesus Christ, believing that He is the same God who called the planets out of chaos and gave law and order to the worlds, believing Him to be the same God who in the gentle hush of springtide gives a miraculously multiplication to the dead seed and covers the earth with a mantle of green and "feeds the multitude," we do not question the miracle. We find that it was but preliminary to the greater miracle by which He becomes Himself the food of men's souls. "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you." (John vi, 53). We find that "some strove among themselves, saying, How can this man give us His flesh to eat;" others cried out, "This is a hard saying; who can hear it?" and turned and walked no more with Him, but that Peter, protesting his faith in His divinity, cried out, "We know and we believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." This morning in humble gratitude we take our stand with Peter and assemble here at the holy sacrifice of the mass, confident in His divine promise. We hear anew, "Do this in commemoration of Me," and in fervent adoration, kneeling, we realize with the vision of firm and secure faith "and in the morning Jesus stood upon the shore."

Government Rests on Virtue

(Delivered at the Solemn Pontifical Mass in Woolridge Park, Austin, on Columbus Day, October 12, 1911.)

"Therefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?" (Ecclesiastes, iii, 22.)

Nigh four centuries and two decades of years have passed since in the early morning of October 12, 1492, Christopher Columbus, fervent Catholic and intrepid navigator, gazed upon the primeval beauty of the new world and left the impress of his faith and courage in the name of "San Salvador." We are assembled here this blessed October day primarily to commemorate his landing and the planting of the cross of Christ in the ends of the earth, and publicly to pledge our loyalty to the faith that actuated him, "the bearer of Christ." We are assembled secondarily to publicly attest our gratitude because the great State of Texas has recently set aside discovery day as a public holiday, and this is its first formal celebration.

Memories that are precious and deeds sacred in their heroism, ideals that inspire, float before the imagination, and demand voicing today.

On Columbus day one need not linger to tell the story of his Genoan birth, his early marine achievements and his consuming desire of maritime exploration. Nor need we tell of his disappointment in Portugal, nor of the grief that filled his soul when the junta of Salamanca rejected his plans. But we do derive something of religious comfort from the knowledge that on that commission, in an age when the pall of ignorance is falsely presumed to have hung heavy about the sanctuary, Friar Antonio de Marchena, Diego de Deza Bishop of Placencia, and Cardinal Gonzales de Mendoza were always his faithful friends, and that among his early friends in Spain was Luis de Santangel, whom Irving calls "receiver of the ecclesiastical revenues of Aragon," and who afterward advanced to the queen the funds necessary for the first voyage, and as Santangel was receiver of Church revenues and probably treasurer and administrator it was the Church that furnished the means (17,000 ducats) for the admiral's first voyage. His journeys to France and England in vain, he returned to Spain and before Granada a second commission denied his plea. Discouraged and disconsolate in January, 1492, he left the court, and in the cell of La Rabida, a Dominican convent, he tells to Prior Juan Perez the story of all his aspirations and blighted hopes. There he remained while Prior Juan hurried to Granada and prevailed upon Queen Isabella to take a personal interest in the proposed undertaking of the Italian navigator.

Granada had been taken, circumstances had changed and the pleas of Fathers Juan Perez and Louis de Santangel decided the generous queen to espouse the cause of Columbus. The agreement with the crown was signed, the squadron formed and the Santa Maria, carrying the admiral's flag, the Pinta and Nina, both caravels, carrying all told 120 men, left the

port of Palos and sailed westward. The admiral and crew had confessed and received Holy Communion the morning of departure, and with high hopes and holiest aspirations he sailed westward, which was his course, and each day's journal recorded that fact anew, "this day we sailed westward, which was our course," and finally, under most favorable conditions, with naught of mutiny nor disturbing storm, with God's benediction upon him, the cry of "land," greeted his ears from the Pinta's crew, and the event we celebrate—fraught with the most momentous results and happiness to man, the most memorable in the history of civilization; surpassing all that the creative genius of man has attempted or accomplished—the discovery of a new world had been realized. Naturally our minds go back to that event through the vista of years, we see the march of progress, the development of material and mechanical triumphs, and above all the struggle for emancipation and freedom, which finally culminated in the freest government the world has ever known. When we remember how, over the trackless ocean Columbus and his little band came, soon to be succeeded by others, who penetrating almost impenetrable forests, removed the physical obstacles to development, how they established through their religious zeal and courage, society and government and laws, and how they finally threw off a foreign yoke and established an independent government upon safe and secure foundations, guaranteeing the fullest and greatest freedom to the individual, we take just pride in recalling and express deep gratitude in commemorating the legacy that is ours.

If any justification were needed for our assemblage here today, in this beautiful sylvan temple with the broad expanse of heaven as its dome, to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, it is furnished by the recollection that it was a Catholic monk who inspired Columbus with hope, it was Columbus and a Catholic crew that first crossed the trackless main, that it was a Catholic queen who rendered the expedition possible, and that it was a Catholic whose name has been given to the entire continent. More than this, the early history of our country is the history of its Catholicity, and the Catholic names that cling in the four quarters of the land attest the fact. Catholics planted the cross, claiming it for Christ's heritage at every extreme of its territory. It has been fertilized by the blood and sweat of priests and martyrs along the Canadian border, in Florida, on the plains of the West, and both slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and here where we foregather today, the gentle Franciscans passed "as ships in the night of darkness," bearing the message of Catholic faith. They have left the impress of their labors upon the golden prairies and flowing rivers of Texas, and the old missions still proclaim that we were first among the pioneers. We can truthfully say, that not a land was found, not a mountain crossed, not a valley entered or a stream forded, but Catholic missionaries led the way, and wherever, from the depths of primeval forests cities, towns and States sprang up; where

instead of the savage there appeared men longing for freedom, there we find the trace of the missionary's footsteps. Let us not forget that it was upon the eastern shore of Maryland in a Catholic colony, that the day star of religion's freedom arose, and presaged the important principle that thereafter upon American soil, religion was to be free, unfettered, unhampered. And from that time down to the present, whether groaning under despotic rule, whether amid the trials of the revolutionary struggle, or amid the wars that threatened the autonomy of our nation, there sharing in the trials and tribulations and participating in the subsequent triumphs were to be found the Catholics. There is no need in this splendid presence to draw a bill of particulars. Our country is doubly dear to us. We were here at its discovery, we participated in the struggle for civil and religious liberty, and in turn have shared its glories and enjoyed peace, security and happiness. Archbishop Carroll's desire has been fulfilled: "He did not wish the Church to vegetate as a delicate exotic plant, he wished it to become a sturdy tree—deep-rooted in the soil, to grow with the growth, and bloom with the development of the country, inured to its climate, braving its storms and invigorated by them and yielding abundantly the fruits of sanctifications." And the same great prelate "Knowing the mischief bred by national rivalries, desired that the clergy and people, no matter from what country they sprung, should be thoroughly identified with the land in which their lot is cast, that they should study its laws and political constitution and be in harmony with its spirit," and this and similar celebrations across the land today, demonstrate the wisdom of his view and the glorious fulfillment of his hopes.

Whilst we rejoice today in a united Catholic front and the wonderful development of the Catholic Church in America, it is not for our sakes alone, for that would be a narrow and selfish satisfaction. We rejoice for our country's sake, firmly believing that the progress of Catholic faith will contribute to the stability and perpetuity of the Government. The Catholic Church is the friend of law and order; she is the upholder of legitimate authority; she is the stern opponent of anarchy on the one hand and oppression on the other, and by her conservative spirit she is an element of strength to the nation. To proclaim our loyalty to a government like ours is a spontaneous act of love.

We have hurriedly reviewed the past, evoked from its shades the spirits of its heroes in discovery, in upbuilding, in war, in peace, but it will not do to recall the deeds our fathers wrought and rest content. Let us not boastingly say: "We are the seed of Abraham," for the Master saith, "If ye are the children of Abraham, do the works of Abraham." The past our fathers wrought, the future must be wrought by us. The preacher of Ecclesiastes cries out to us "that a man should rejoice in his own works for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?" If there be any message worthy of the splendid organization that throws before our vision today the heroic deeds and active Christian zeal of the past, it can be de-

livered in the poet's words that all the ends we aim at be "our God's, our country's and truth's."

Our form of government being a republic is essentially founded upon the virtue of its citizens, and this foundation can neither be weakened nor destroyed without threatening the entire social structure. The early discoverers of America and our revolutionary forefathers were imbued with strong religious principles upon which alone virtue can be grounded. Whilst our material progress is great, we seem to be drifting from the anchorage our fathers set. We are living without God in the world, our love of principle and moral conviction seem to be growing feebler. More and more we are dominated by greed; more and more we become reckless of the means by which money is obtained. Vast fortunes are quickly heaped up, but those who toil are little benefitted. Our political and commercial life is undermined by dishonesty, and we are becoming so reckless that abuses which endanger our very existence as a nation give us little concern. The voice of discontent is heard in the land—in a land of plenty—and what is to still it? The hopeful patriot and the virtuous citizen knows and feels that the evils that menace us, the apparent social inequalities and the rights of capital and labor, can be reconciled in ways consistent with law and order, and that something must be done to prevent the outbreak of a class of men prepared to seize upon any occasion and seemingly mad enough in their fury to tear down the very Constitution upon which our peace, our happiness and our security depend. Where is the remedy to be found? It is upon the lips of the great Plumed Knight when Garfield fell: "God reigns and the Republic still lives." It is to be found in the return to those principles of virtue and religion with which our forefathers were imbued. It must be remembered that materialism, infidelity, agnosticism and other forms of irreligion have never been fruitful either in forming or perpetuating a state. They are powerful in pulling down, but never in building up. Against irreligion, the implacable foe of our pregnant civilization—whatever form it may assume—all those, whether Protestant or Catholic, who believe in God and the vital force of religion, have a common ground upon which they can stand. And surely this band of Christian knights who aspire to be Christ-bearers like their illustrious patron—will prove a mighty phalanx, standing before the avalanche of infidelity and irreligion, like the Crusaders of old, upon their lips the cry: "God wills it," and they will never cease from the battle until the marshalled hosts of the opposition have been dissipated. To do this they must lead loyal, brave, chaste and helpful lives themselves; they must ever stand like Christopherus of old by the surging torrent and help the weak and struggling across, and before their vision always the holy ideals of the true knight of old, to prove themselves worthy to carry the sword, Excalibur, worthy of the quest of the grail. In our multiplied numbers and resources, unhampered by civil and religious disabilities, basking under the noonday sun of liberty, let us leave monuments of faith and good works to which

posterity will point with pride. Upon the Catholic laity depends largely the future of Catholicity in this great State. The Church is today as when she overthrew pagan Rome and won over to grace the ferocious Northmen—the Church of divine truth and divine power. Her mission is to-day, as then, to teach all the nations; to preach the Gospel to every creature, and Christ is with her unto the consummation of ages. God's arm is not shortened. Let us set to work with resolute will and knightly enthusiasm to bring Christ's truth in all its fullness and beauty to those who are without her pale. We shall seek out opportunities to serve religion and never pass them by unheeded, when they offer. Let us be good Catholics, and then we must be good Americans. The men most devoted to the institutions of this country, the most ardent lovers of the flag, should be those who breathe the air of Catholic sanctuaries and who believe in Catholic truth. They should be models of civic virtue, taking an abiding interest in public affairs, and bearing cheerfully their part of the public burdens. They should be ever pure-minded and clean-handed in the exercise of their civic privileges.

Goethe, the good old German poet and philosopher, says that in time of peace patriotism merely consists in this, "That each one sweep before his own door, attend to his own business, learn his own lesson, that it may be well in his own household," and that is essentially true. A good patriot is first of all a good man—true to himself and true in his relations, to his fellowmen. If he respect not the dignity of human nature in himself, but degrade it by drunkenness, or lying or sensuality or dishonesty, how can he feel a genuine and generous interest in the commonwealth, and do his part in correcting the abuses which threaten and impair the national life? It will indeed be easy for him to make his patriotism a theme for declamation, and easy, too, to throw suspicion on the loyalty and integrity of others, but if he is not a real man, he will never be a genuine lover of his country, a true American.

Here at hand lies the task that God sets us. If we are true to the principles which animated our past and secured our present, we can render a signal service to our country by suggesting remedies for the evils that threaten our national existence, and which can be applied in a way consistent with vested rights and prevent the outbreaks which menace the blessings of life, liberty and property, the consitutional guarantees. Our country is impregnable from without, she can only fall from within. This is our task, to which Ecclesiastes calls us. Let us develop our own inner life, enrich our minds, purify ourselves. "The education of ourselves through liberty and labor, the reform of our politics, the rooting out of cant, lying, vulgarity, greed and dishonesty, of drunkenness and lust, the correcting of our extravagant value of what is merely matter, is the work assigned us. Though we be a minority, if we work and strive with this purpose, the star of the republic which rose to herald the dawn of a new and better era shall constantly throw its resplendent rays athwart

the skies. Only as you make your individual lives accord with the sublime ideals of Christian knighthood, only as you meet the demand of God and Holy Church, that the good, the pure, the holy, the true, the noble shine forth in your lives, will you accomplish what you should for God and country. And because these are the ideals that actuate you, these the purposes that fill your hearts, the Bishops and clergy of Texas, gathered here to honor you as well as our great patron, join with you in faith and love of country, and upon their lips the poet's prayer:

"Sail on, O Union strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what masters laid thy keel;
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel;
Who made each mast and sail and rope;
What anvils rang, what hammers beat;
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.
Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock, and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea,
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee."

Address on Newman Hall

(Delivered at laying of Corner Stone at Austin)

"Going, therefore, teach ye all nations; . . . And behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii 19.)

It is eminently right and proper that this house of study and home for young women attending the State University should have been placed by the late, lamented Bishop Gallagher under the protecting care of the Children of St. Dominic. Whatever legend and myth may have been thrown about the foundation of Oxford by Alfred, and Paris by Charlemagne, and Bologna by Theodosius, and however we may exalt the celebrated schools of Athens and Alexandria, it is recognized by all candid scholars that universities first arose in the Middle Ages, the ages of faith. During the eleventh and twelfth, and particularly the thirteenth century, a revival of studies took place, the dialectical method was developed, all sorts of questions were taken up for discussion and examined with the utmost subtlety, and eventually law, medicine, theology were cast into systematic form at Bologna, Salerno and Paris.

By no means a small factor in that development of higher and systematic instruction was Thomas of Aquinas, the great Dominican Theologian whose "Summa" is still, in its accuracy, its lucidity, its brevity, its power of exposition and universality of knowledge, a guiding light to the best trained and best disciplined body of men in the world, the clergy of the Catholic Church. The "Summa" is Christian doctrine in scientific form, it is human reasoning rendering its highest service in defense and explanation of the Christian religion. It is the answer of the matured and saintly Doctor to the question of his youth "What is God?" Because of its soundness and fullness of doctrine, its conciseness and clearness of expression, its comprehensive grasp of revelation and tradition, its charmingly tender and enlightened piety, Leo XIII said of its author, "Among the scholastic doctors the chief and master of all towers Thomas Aquinas, who because he most venerated the ancient doctors of the Church seems, in a certain way, to have inherited the intellect of all of them."

THE CHILDREN OF DOMINIC

We celebrate today the anniversary of St. Thomas Aquinas, and it adds a special note of harmony to this ceremony. Across seven full centuries the Children of Dominic have enjoyed a legacy of culture and refinement, and the task here is not committed to neophytes in educational processes. They came with the approval of the beloved Bishop Gallagher, and in consequence, since it was his duty to judge of the necessity, with the formal approbation of the historic Church of Jesus Christ.

As Catholics we believe the advent of Jesus Christ to mark the most important epoch in the history of education: "God who at sundry times and in diverse manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets,

last of all hath spoken to us in these days by his Son" is how the great Paul expresses the thought, and he tells Titus "the grace of God, our Savior, hath appeared to all men, instructing us that denying ungodliness and worldly desires, we should live soberly and justly and piously in this world, expecting the blessed hope and coming of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ." (Titus ii, 11-12.)

The knowledge which Jesus Christ came to impart was no mere intellectual possession or theory. "I am come that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly." "I am come a light into the world; that whosoever believeth in Me may not remain in darkness." Jesus Christ is to us "the way, the truth and the life."

THE DIVINE COMMISSION TO TEACH

Had Christ's mission ended when He quitted the earth He would still have been in word and work the ideal teacher, and would have influenced for all time the educational processes of mankind. But He made provision for the perpetuation of His work by training in His own school a select body of men, and to them He gave the command of my text "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." These words are the perpetual charter of the Catholic Church as the teaching institution. By the very nature of religious truth and its consequence for life, they have had, and must have in future years, the greatest formative influence on all educational problems.

Conscious of her divine mission, conscious of Christ's permanent abiding with His appointed teachers, she accredits herself as the visible agency through which Jesus Christ continues for all time the work He began during His earthly life as Teacher of the human race. The spread of His doctrine was entrusted not to books, not to schools of philosophy, not to the governments of the world, but to an organization that spoke in His name and with His authority. "As the Father has sent Me, I also send you." (John xx, 21.) No other body of teachers ever undertook such a vast work, and no other ever accomplished so much for education in the highest sense. She established catecuminal schools to impart a knowledge of Christian truth, and catechetical schools for the instruction of her clerics, and gave expression to the spirit which has animated all subsequent Christian education. In addition to formal instruction the Church from the beginning carried on through her liturgy and forms of worship an educational work embodying the deepest and soundest psychological principles. Around the cycle of years she has followed her Divine Master from the joy of Christmas to the desolation of Good Friday, the triumph of Easter and the secure confidence of Pentecost. Along with these greater solemnities come year by year the commemorations of the Christian heroes, the men and women who have walked in the footsteps of Christ, labored for the spread of His kingdom or even shed their blood for His sake. These are

held up as models to be imitated. And among the saints the foremost place is given to Mary, the Mother of Jesus, the ideal of Christian womanhood, to whom the Son of God was "subject" in the humble home at Nazareth, under whose patronage and protection we erect this foundation today, with the hope that all who dwell therein may copy her virtues and know her motherly care. The Church's liturgy is an application on a large scale of those principles which underlie all real teaching—appeal to the senses, association, apperceptions, expression and imitation, and whilst modern educators call them psychological and accredit themselves with their formulation, like many other things, they treat "Non nova sed nove," nothing new but in modern form.

Across the centuries the Church necessarily came into contact with influences and practices which were the legacy of paganism, but to-day, as in her earlier life when controversy and difference of opinion centered about the pagan classics and their literary value, the Church is more anxious about the purity of faith and morals than the cultivation of the sciences or literature. Where danger of contamination presents itself the matter is left to the decision of the Ordinary.

The problem in all its phases presents itself in the life of the great Cardinal Newman whose name this Hall for Women bears; and the spirit of loyalty to Holy Church, a recognition of the attendant dangers of mixed education, permeated every line of his "Scope and Nature of University Education," which is still a manual for all correct thinkers. "We cannot possibly keep our youth from plunging into the world with all its ways and principles and maxims when their time comes, but we can prepare them against the inevitable, and it is not the way to learn to swim in troubled waters, never to have gone into them." "You cannot refuse him the masters of human thought, who would in some sense have educated him, because of their incidental corruption."

On the other hand you have Cardinal Manning's view, not narrow but sincere and truly Catholic: "I was and am convinced that no Catholic parents ought to send their sons to the National Universities; that no Catholic can be there without danger to faith and morals; and that to engraft ourselves on the un-Catholic and anti-Catholic intellectual culture of England would have two effects, the one that the Catholic Church would abandon all future efforts to form its own university, and the other, that our highest laity would be, like the laity in France, Catholic in name, but indifferent, lax and liberalistic."

THE CHURCH'S LAW ON EDUCATION

Whatever difference of viewpoint the past has developed the Canon Law of the Church gives the only solution:

"All the faithful are to be so instructed, that not only nothing contrary to the Catholic religion or adverse to good morals shall be inculcated, but religious and moral instruction should hold the first place.

"Parents are held by the strictest obligation to provide for the religious and moral,

as well as the physical and civil education of their children and also provide for their temporal welfare.

"Catholic youths shall not frequent non-Catholic, neutral or mixed schools and it is the privilege of the Ordinary alone, with due conformity to the rule of the Holy See, to determine in what circumstances and with what religious and moral safeguards attendance may be permitted.

"Youths who frequent superior schools, who take higher courses of instruction, should be fortified by a fuller course of religious instructions, and it is the duty of Ordinaries to see that this instruction is given by priests eminent for their zeal and knowledge."

The Church will never rest satisfied until she has established universities of her own, and upon the faithful the Canons place the obligation of helping by their material wealth to establish and sustain higher institutions of learning. Upon the Ordinary of the diocese there is a strict obligation to protest when anything contrary to faith or good morals is inculcated in any institutions of learning in his territory.

WHY BISHOP GALLAGHER FOUNDED NEWMAN HALL

It was in strict conformity with his concept of these basic laws that some years since our late, lamented Bishop invited the Paulist Fathers to establish themselves here under the shadow of the university. Knowing conditions in Texas, and realizing that distance and comparative poverty rendered it impossible for our boys to be sent to Catholic universities, he wished to save for God and religion those who come here, forced by necessity, to acquire a knowledge of law, engineering, the sciences or to fit themselves as teachers. He weighed all the consequences, he knew that their presence here might be construed as tacit approval of purely secular institutions, but he was caught up with the burning desire of the Good Shepherd. And when the occasion demanded and our young women in large numbers were frequenting this institution he asked the Sisters of St. Dominic to find a way for their protection in the midst of an environment that is necessarily irreligious and materialistic.

ADVICE TO CATHOLIC STUDENTS IN SECULAR UNIVERSITIES

Catholic students will do well to avoid, or at least neutralize by prayer and the study of religion, the atmosphere of the secular university. At all secular universities, Texas not excepted, the students encounter instructors who go out of their way to make sarcastic and sensational attacks upon religion in general and the Catholic Church in particular. They like the notoriety that comes from professing odd and sensational opinions. As a man who knew conditions recently phrased it: "The poorly instructed Catholic who doesn't know enough to read the Catholic Encyclopedia or to consult a priest intelligently, is apt to conclude that such an instructor has grasped the absolute by the hair, that he has uttered the final word on the subject, and that at last after nineteen hundred years, the Church together with her great theologians, philosophers and scientists, must be relegated to the fossils of the past." When they come

back from lectures to this institution some good nun will tell them Aesop's fable of the fly on the bull's horn.

Outside the Church there is wide-spread indifference to religion. Everything is important except that which really matters, God, Christ and the Church. Religious indifference is not the result of thought and study; it is the result of thoughtlessness and gross ignorance of sound philosophy. Persons who are poorly instructed in religion do not perceive how vain and superficial are the current attacks upon religion. They fail to realize that for every difficulty advanced against their faith there is a complete and satisfying answer; that unbiased history, true science and sound philosophy splendidly support the teaching of the Church.

PATRIOTISM AS TAUGHT IN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

Some really sincere patriots have in the past doubted the wisdom of our separate Catholic schools. They feared a lack of co-ordination and harmony when real danger threatened the Republic. Cast your vision across camp and cantonment and find Catholics 200 per cent strong in the brown khaki of complete and perfect sacrifice to country's call. We have furnished twice our quota. We have seventeen per cent of the population, we have thirty-five per cent of the enlisted strength of army and navy today. If this be dangerous, make the most of it. We have the men in the ranks; we lack our due proportion of those in the line and staff, because our young men were deficient in the educational requirements. Their hearts are right, their heads need development. They have never been infected by the Teutonic germ which developed rapidly in higher educational institutions in this land, they are not pacificists, socialists nor anarchists. They have an inherent love for law and order, they know the difference between liberty and license, and they ring as a fence of steel to the command of the President of these United States, Woodrow Wilson.

We commend this work being done here by the Paulist Fathers and the Dominican Sisters to the attention of thoughtful patriots and earnest Catholics throughout the great State of Texas, and we bespeak for their appeal, "Come and help us," a sympathetic hearing and generous response. We pray that the tender appeal of John Henry Newman, "Lead, Kindly Light," the intellectual grasp and sanctified vigor of Thomas Aquinas, the motherly protection of Our Lady of the Rosary, may linger round about them and their charges and guide them in the ways of truth and life everlasting. Amen.

Words on Victory

Inspiring Patriotic Sermon by Very Rev. James M. Kirwin
(November 21, 1918)

We are assembled here this morning to celebrate the victory which has just been won for us in Europe; let us give thanks to the Lord our God. We assembled just a little west of this spot on a similar beautiful day on May 30, when Chatigny was fought and the American soldier started his victorious march to the Rhine. Last Monday we were given evidence of the power and valor in conflict of that army; the German emperor was interned in Holland and an armistice was signed that insures a glorious and lasting peace. Let us give thanks to God.

Some years ago, in his eager anxiety to increase the size of American families, Theodore Roosevelt was vehement, both with his voice and in his writings. Adam Bede, then in the house of congress, suggested that we change the American eagle on our flag and substitute the stork, because "the stork is the bird that delivers the goods." Our thoughts today are that the old storks in the Cathedral in Strassburg, where for centuries they have made their home, are looking down on the American eagle and sadly reflecting that he can not only scream but that he has surely "delivered the goods."

WE ARE NOT TO BOAST BUT TO GIVE THANKS

We are not to boast. The casualties of France are 4,500,000, Great Britain 2,000,000 and our total less than 90,000. We can not bombastically say that we alone won the war. The total casualties will be 7,000,000, and the money cost of the war $250,000,000,000. We can only join in the triumphant chorus and say that we have taken part in the greatest battle ever waged for freedom and liberty.

We are here to give thanks to God because we can now imagine Abraham Lincoln on the field of Gettysburg making his immortal address, "Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." We can look up in the heavens this morning and thank the Eternal God that we are free. When I see that flag the emotion that thrills me is emphasized by the laconic words of Major General Beaumont Buck of Texas: "I have received word to retire; our soldiers will not understand it; I am going to counter attack."

The Germans had the war won four times. They had a perfect secret intelligence service; perfect behind their own lines, but at all critical periods in the affairs of the allies a failure. The battle of the Marne, which has been rightly called the miracle of the Marne, was the first failure. An aperture of twenty kilometers developed in the French lines, the German intelligence service was blind and the miracle of the Marne was won by France. If his intelligence department had permitted, he had an opening at Ypres to the channel ports. Again this spring the

British army of Gough left an aperture of twenty kilometers of open space directly to Amiens; his intelligence department failed and he did not get through, and he has now paid the price.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE VISIBLE

The press carried to you and me the story of Kemmel Hill. Do you know that the brigade of French troops that fought so valiantly at the peak of the salient was a lost brigade? Its station was presumed to be twenty kilometers away, but somehow lost, without orders, it threw a little French cement into the wavering line, stood as steel in a corset, and prevented the taking of the channel ports. We accredit the French infantryman as "the world's greatest foot soldier," but somehow we see God's Providence in this lost brigade that saved the channel ports.

When we study these glaring failures of the enemy we are impressed with the belief that, in spite of the wonderful ability of Marshal Foch, there has been with us the guiding hand of Providence and that liberty has been assured to you and to me. Let us attune our voices and cry out: "We give thanks to thee, Lord God, for thy blessings."

We are grateful for the officers of our army. Some civilians had the idea that the effective soldier was the rollicking, cussing kind who did not have much regard for the externals of religion. Thank God, that is not true of the American officer, nor is it true of the greatest soldier of the world today, Marshal Foch.

I must here pay tribute to Guynemer, that wonderful birdman of the air. It is said that he was a daily communicant. He never came down out of his ship without going into the presence of the Blessed Sacrament and thanking God for the protection afforded him. His example will live.

We are grateful to our forefathers who builded Annapolis and West Point. It would have been impossible for us to have raised an army without the graduates of these schools. They have been the assembling points that developed the army we have of 4,000,000 men and our wonderful navy. And now I wish to pay a tribute to the first sergeants of the line, both of the army and of the marines; the old fellows who served their hitches and whom you call "hard boiled."

We are grateful to God that the war is over and that the iniquity of Germany's military power has gone forever.

OUR NEW TASK

We are grateful to God for the benefits that will flow from peace; our task in the months to come will be hard, harder even than war; the government has announced that it will return our men to peaceful works as rapidly as possible, but we must be patient meanwhile. Today our troops are moving to occupy Strassburg and Metz. Our government owes it to the men over there to give them every opportunity of seeing the

countries that they offered their lives to free. Some of you men here are doubtless today feeling dissatisfied; you have served here and not over there, but "he also serves who only stands and waits." The German intelligence department failed, thank God, to realize that an American army was in the building, when it realized that the army was there and increasing daily, the plea for an armistice was forthcoming. You have been just as effective here as the men who handled the big guns in Europe.

We are grateful to the founders of this, our republic. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a mustard seed, the smallest of all seeds, yet when grown it becometh a tree." You and I have always interpreted this as referring to the Church of God, but it can also be interpreted as meaning a rule of the people over a peaceful earth; the nations of the earth will become republics and be governed firmly and surely by their own people. This is the lesson that you and I shall take from this morning's Gospel.

MUST DO FULL DUTY

There is also the parable of the leaven. You know how the baker mixes his dough; the chemist tells that there are dead cells in this dough. This is true of democracy. We can only penetrate when we are good citizens. Unless we do our full duty we are dead cells. Jesus Christ spoke these parables that He might utter truths hidden from the foundation of the world.

Look out on the sunlit sea; look up at our starry flag floating in glory for our soldiers on the Rhine, and with grateful hearts give thanks unto God for all His blessings.

On Knights of Columbus

(Extract from Sermon at Fourth Degree Services, Galveston, March 16, 1922)

Holy Mother Church takes us up on the mount of transfiguration this morning, and with Peter and James and John we behold "Moses and Elias talking with him." The law and the prophets tender tribute to Christ and "behold a voice out of the clouds," which said: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him." As firm believers in the divinity of Jesus Christ, attested to by His Heavenly Father in the Gospel, we also are assembled upon a mountain apart, and witness a transfiguration. More than eighty years ago, a few hardy pioneers assembled here for the first celebration of Holy Mass in the frame church that Father John Marie Odin had constructed on this site (February 6, 1842), at a cost of $900, and around an altar that had been placed at a cost of $20. The surgeon who was in charge of the medicine chest and who had acted as interpreter for Santa Anna after San Jacinto's glorious victory, took up the collection and had acted as financial agent and collector for the simple structure. Five years afterward the cornerstone of this venerable Cathedral, the bricks of which came from Belgium, was laid with pomp and ceremony, and Tuesday we shall solemnly commemorate the historic fact.

The Catholic Church is no stranger in Texas. The brown-robed Franciscan looked across the upper reaches of the Colorado and the Nueces with Coronado in 1541. La Salle and his colonists, among whom were five priests—and we know nothing of the story of La Salle's death except what Joutel gleaned from the lips of Father Anastase—had looked across Espiritu Santo Bay, and settled near Victoria. Padre Massanet had established San Francisco de los Tejas near Crockett in 1690. The venerable Antonio Margil, perhaps the most remarkable missionary spirit that set foot on this western continent, more than two centuries ago, crossed the Brazos and labored near Nacogdoches. Padre Espinosa has left the evidence of his belief in the Immaculate Conception in La Purissima Concepcion.

Within the sanctuary you see the brown-robed children of Francis and before your vision there arises the heroic work which they performed in the great Southwest for civilization and Christianity. The Bishop of this diocese welcomes you to this venerable Cathedral because he believes that, following in the wake of the great Columbus, and carrying the flaming torch thrown from the hands of hardy pioneers, you desire to continue the work they so valiantly commenced. That work must be for God and country, and in the doing of it you must be unselfish.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

The Knights of Columbus is an order of Catholic gentlemen, more than 800,000 strong, banded together in love and charity, recognizing individual weakness and appreciating organization; it is a patriotic one, and in that patriotic service it knows no selfish interest, it entertains

no ambitious hopes. It carries no menace to religious or civil freedom. After the cross of Christ there is no standard more sacred, no symbol more venerated by them than the flag of our country. And why should it not be so? Was it not a Catholic monk who bade Columbus hope; was it not a Catholic crew that with him, our great patron, crossed the trackless main? Did not the generosity of Isabella, a Catholic queen, render the expedition possible, and was not the name of a Catholic impressed upon the entire continent?

Let us not forget that it was upon the Eastern shore of Maryland, in a Catholic colony, that the day-star of religion's freedom arose, and presaged the important principle that thereafter upon American soil, religion was to be free, unfettered, unhampered. And from that time down to the present, whether groaning under despotic rule, whether amid the trials of the revolutionary struggle, or amid the wars that threatened the autonomy of our nation, there sharing in the trial and tribulation and participating in the subsequent triumphs were to be found the Catholics.

WORDS OF WASHINGTON

The Father of Our County uttered no words of flattery, no commonplaces of courtesy; but what he felt and knew to be the truth when in reply to a Catholic address, he said: "I presume your fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of the revolution, and establishment of their government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed." There is no need in this splendid presence to draw a bill of particulars. Our country is doubly dear to us. We were here at its discovery; we participated in the struggle for civil and religious liberty, and in turn have shared its glories and enjoyed peace, security and happiness. Archbishop Carroll's desire has been fulfilled: "He did not wish the Church to vegetate as a delicate exotic plant—he wished it to become a sturdy tree, deep-rooted in the soil, to grow with the growth and bloom with the development of the country, inured to its climate, braving its storms and invigorated by them, and yielding abundantly the fruits of sanctification." And the same great prelate, "Knowing the mischief bred by national rivalries, desired that the clergy and people, no matter from what country they sprang, should be thoroughly identified with the land in which their lot is cast—that they should study its laws and political constitution and be in harmony with its spirit."

That message of pure Americanism was spoken a century ago. It has been lived up to religiously.

FRIEND OF LAW AND ORDER

Whilst we rejoice today in a united Catholic front and in the wonderful development of the Catholic Church in America, it is not for our sakes alone, for that would be a narrow and selfish satisfaction. We re-

joice for our country's sake, firmly believing that the progress of Catholic faith will contribute to the stability and perpetuity of the government. The Catholic Church is the friend of law and order; she is the upholder of legitimate authority; she is the stern opponent of anarchy on the one hand and oppression on the other, and by her conservative spirit she is an element of strength to the nation. To proclaim our loyalty to a government like ours is a spontaneous act of love.

FUTURE OF CHURCH

Upon the Catholic laity depends largely the future of Catholicity in this great State. The Church today, as when she overthrew pagan Rome and won over to grace the ferocious Northman, the Church of divine truth and divine power. Her mission is today, as then, to teach the nations, to preach the gospel to every creature, and Christ is with her to the consummation of ages. God's arm is not shortened. Let us set to work with resolute will and knightly enthusiasm to bring Christ's truth in all its fullness and beauty to those who are without her pale. We shall seek out opportunities to serve religion and never pass them unheeded when offered. Let us be good Catholics, and then we must be good Americans.

. . . . And to our fair lady, Charity, in accord with the sublime ideals of Christian knighthood, we bid you lift your visors and pledge anew your service.

And with the pledge of fealty to Holy Mother Church here in this historic Cathedral where General Sydney Sherman worshipped his God and where Dick Dowling and his valiant band of Irishmen knelt in prayer; in this sanctuary where Father Chambodut ministered to the boys in gray and whence Father Chataignon and myself both followed the Star-Spangled Banner to conflict, there comes to all our lips the poet's prayer for our beloved country:

"Sail on, O Union, strong and great,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea,
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee."

Knights of Columbus

(Extract from Sermon at Beaumont, February 24, 1918)

You, Knights of Columbus, and particularly members of the fourth degree, have been the object of the most insidious attacks and malignant slanders to which decent Americans have ever in a body been subjected. Your allegiance to country is questioned, yet this degree was formulated to teach patriotic devotion to the flag and the Constitution of the United States, and none but an American citizen can take the degree. Some of you express surprise at the recrudescence of bigotry so soon after the great war when we spent ourselves in the effort to do more than our country demanded, but you have been doing things and traveling fast and attracted attention to yourselves.

The Knights of Columbus is not only a religious organization, it is a patriotic one, and in that patriotic service it knows no selfish interest, it carries no menace to religious or civil freedom. After the Cross of Christ there is no standard more sacred, no symbol more venerated by them than the flag of our country. And why should it not be so? Was it not a Catholic monk who bade Columbus hope, was it not a Catholic crew that with him, our great patron, crossed the trackless main? Did not the generosity of Isabella, a Catholic queen, render the expedition possible, and was not the name of a Catholic impressed upon the entire continent? More than this, the early history of our country is the history of its Catholicity. Catholics planted the Cross, claiming it for Christ's heritage at every extreme of its territory. It has been fertilized by the blood and sweat of priests and martyrs along the Canadian border, in Florida, on the plains of the West, and on both slopes of the Rocky Mountains. And here where we are gathered today the gentle Franciscans passed "as ships in the night of darkness," bearing the message of Catholic faith. They have left the impress of their labors upon the golden prairies and flowing rivers of Texas, and the old missions still proclaim that we were the first among pioneers. We can truthfully say that not a land was found, not a mountain crossed, not a valley entered nor a stream forded, but Catholic missionaries led the way; and wherever, from the depths of the primeval forests, cities, towns and States sprang up, where instead of the savage there appeared men longing for freedom, there we find the trace of the missionary's footsteps.

Let us not forget that it was upon the eastern shores of Maryland, in a Catholic colony, that the day of religious freedom arose, and presaged the important principle that thereafter upon American soil religion was to be free, unfettered, unhampered. And from that time down to the present, whether groaning under despotic rule, whether amid trials of the revolutionary struggles, or amid the wars that threatened the autonomy of our nation—there, sharing in trial and tribulation, and participating in the subsequent triumphs, were to be found Catholics.

The Father of Our Country uttered no words of flattery, but what he

felt and knew to be the truth when in reply to a Catholic address, he said: "I presume your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of the revolution, and the establishment of their government or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed."

Our country is double dear to us. We were here at its discovery, we participated in the struggle for civil and religious liberty, and in turn have shared its glories and enjoyed peace, security and happiness. Archbishop Carroll's desire has been fulfilled: "He did not wish the Church to vegetate as a delicate exotic plant: he wished it to become a sturdy tree, deep-rooted in the soil, to grow with the growth and bloom with the development of the country, inured to its climate, braving its storms and invigorated by them, and yielding abundantly the fruits of sanctification." And the same great prelate: "Knowing the mischief bred by national rivalries, desired that the clergy and people, no matter from what country they sprang, should be thoroughly identified with the land in which their lot is cast, that they should study its laws and constitutions, and be in harmony with its spirit."

That message of pure Americanism was spoken a century ago. It has been lived up to religiously. When from across the seas, "War's alarm" sounded for us, these children of Holy Mother Church rushed to camp and cantonment. Many of them did not speak perfect English, and did not comprehend the Manual of Arms in its details, but they were there, volunteers two hundred per cent strong to lay down their life.

While we rejoice today in a united Catholic front and in the wonderful development of the Catholic Church in America, it is not for our sake alone. We rejoice for our country's sake, firmly believing that the progress of the Catholic faith will contribute to the stability and perpetuity of the government. The Catholic Church is the friend of law and order; she is the upholder of legitimate authority; she is the stern opponent of anarchy on the one hand and oppression on the other, and an element of strength to the nation.

We have hurriedly reviewed the past, evoked from its shades the spirits of its heroes in discovery, in upbuilding, in war, in peace, but it will not do to recall the deeds our fathers wrought and rest content. Let us not boastingly say: "We are the seed of Abraham," for the Master saith, "If ye are the children of Abraham, do the works of Abraham."

The past our fathers wrought, the future must be wrought by us. If there be any message worthy of this splendid organization that throws before our vision today the heroic deeds and activities of Christian zeal of the past, it can be delivered in the poet's words that all ends we aim at be our God's, our country's and truth's.

Whilst our material progress is great, we seem to be drifting from the anchorage our forefathers set. We are living without God in the world. Our political and commercial life is undermined by dishonesty

and we are becoming so reckless that abuses which endanger our very existence as a nation give us little concern. The voice of discontent is heard in a land of plenty, and what is to still it? The hopeful patriot and the virtuous citizen knows and feels that the evils that menace us, the apparent social inequalities, and the rights of capital and labor can be reconciled in ways consistent with law and order, and that something must be done to prevent the outbreak of a class of men prepared to seize upon any occasion, and seemingly mad enough to tear down the very constitution upon which our peace, our happiness and our security depend.

There is a remedy to be found. It is to be found in the return to those principles of virtue and religion with which our forefathers were imbued. It must be remembered that materialism, infidelity, agnosticism and other forms of irreligion have never been fruitful in either forming or perpetuating a State. They are powerful in pulling down, but never in building.

Upon the Catholic laity depends largely the future of Catholicity in this great State. The Church is today, as when she overthrew pagan Rome and won to grace the ferocious Northman, the Church of divine truth and divine power. Her mission today, as then, is to teach the nations, to preach the Gospel to every creature, and Christ is with her unto the consummation of the ages. God's arm is not shortened. Let us set to work with resolute will and knightly enthusiasm to bring Christ's truth in all its fullness and beauty to those who are without the pale. We shall seek out opportunities to serve religion and never pass them unheeded when offered. Let us be good Catholics and then we must be good Americans. The men most devoted to the institutions of this country, the most ardent lovers of the flag, should be those who breathe the air of Catholic sanctuaries and believe in Catholic truth. They should be models of civic virtues, taking an abiding interest in public affairs, and bearing cheerfully their part of the public burdens, they should be very pure-minded and clean-handed in the exercise of their civic privileges.

They must take a stand for constitutional rights and privileges, they must be unwilling to yield one iota of the sacred bill of rights. The Constitution of the United States guarantees to every man "the enjoyment of his personal liberty and that he may not be deprived of his life or his liberty except by the judgment of a jury of his peers and the law of the land." A great many people are just now making themselves happy by reforming the world. They will make the world happy by reforming themselves.

Goethe, the old German poet and philosopher, says that in time of peace patriotism merely consists in this: "That each one sweep before his own door, attend to his own business, learn his own lesson, that it may be well in his own household." and that is essentially true.

A good patriot is, first of all, a good man and true in his relations to his fellow-men. Let every Catholic so live, so speak, so act that no just

criticism can be pronounced against him. Let him not fear scurrilous sheets, and let him not heed scandal-mongers, whilst he lives soberly, piously, justly, and may I add, cheerfully, in this world.

Every Catholic should so inform himself that he can make an intelligent defense of his faith. He can best answer lies by living the truth and showing to all the world that his standard of faith and morals is the stainless banner of the crucified Christ.

And now, when unbridled luxury is riding roughshod over the sacred precincts of home, and it is preached from the house-tops that the home is but a survival of barbarism and must be abolished, the Church of God sets her face towards her Divine Master and rings as a fence of steel to His command, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." The Pope calls upon you to put Christ at the foundation of your family life at a time when human science—and how arrogant and dogmatic it has become in a decade of years—declares that man is an animal to be perfected by breeding even as other animals are perfected by breeding, and the Church of God cries out that birth-control is a sin against God and society and starts a campaign against the exaggerated regard for personal comfort by the limitation of families. When the mere natural philosopher, astray from the retorts and test tubes in the fields of ethics, would kill the physically unfit, she points to the poor broken frame and wasted limbs that lie helpless on the cot of some charity hospital, and in trumpet tones she cries out, "Thou has made him a little less than the angels." Real charity bends the strong to serve the weak, it keeps the mother by the cradle, it chastens wealth by the service of the poor, it refines and uplifts ignorance by the touch of culture, it dries tears "wet on heaven's grey cheek."

And to our fair lady, Charity, in accord with the sublime ideals of Christian knighthood, we bid you pledge anew your service. May the vision of her loveliness at all times enthrall you, and in the fulfillment of your duties to Church and State may you keep her before you, "not as in a glass darkly but face to face." As Knights of Columbus, advancing to higher planes of service, let me entreat you to keep ever before your vision the Church of God, to which you pledge allegiance.

"The house from which the heavens are fed,
The old strange house that is our own,
Where tricks of words are never said,
And Honor is as hard as stone."

"Remember the Days of Old"

Address by Very Rev. James M. Kirwin, V. G., at Dedication services at St. Joseph Infirmary, May 8, 1919. "Remember the days of old; ask thy elders and they will tell thee." (Deut. 32.)

There is no occasion for us to remind you, Sisters of the Incarnate Word, this morning of the blessed song that Moses wrote, and taught the children of Israel, the opening words of which I have taken as my text, for you have set the dedication of this magnificent building, and consecrated it to the service of mercy and the ministry of pain upon the feast of St. John; and to those who know the strenuous labor and far-seeing vision of Mother St. John, it is an act of remembrance and a sign of recognition of the days of old.

Woman's soul treasures memories more closely than does man. Woman's heart keeps alive the fire on the altar of love, of religion, and of country. It was on a woman's breast that the Infant Saviour slept, and in her arms was He carried to a foreign land; and about her knees He played at Nazareth, to her His bowed head looked when He spoke His last words. Women followed Him with more tenderness, and more loyalty, and more sympathy, and more abounding love than His Apostles. And through all the ages woman excels man in faith, in hope, and in love, and these are the great central powers in religion the great hidden roots in human life.

Today we gather round holy memories, memories of pure and virginal and heroic women. We might turn our vision to the dawning of the 16th century, and dwell upon the mysticism and illumination of the life of Jeanne de Matel, the saintly soul, who at Roanne, in the Lyonnais, founded the order of the Incarnate Word. We might pursue it across a century of trial, and intense persecution. We might dwell upon the intrigue, trial, and difficulty which ended in the French Revolution when "ecrasez l'infame" became a password, and reason was dethroned, and the sensual woman enthroned. The order walked in the land of desolation and exile, until the Revolution had spent itself in its own excesses and France, stricken and sore distressed, sought anew the favor and grace of God.

At Limoges (whose first Bishop, St. Martial, was the little child who according to tradition was blest by the Savior and shown to His disciples as an example of simplicity and confidence, the representation of whom flashes through the oriel window of the chapel of this institution) the vows were once again pronounced, and the Incarnate Word began anew its glorious work, the education of poor children, the care of the sick, and the service of the poor. Eventually it found its way back to Lyons, and in 1852, with the formal consent of the Holy See at the request of Msgr. Odin, the first Bishop of Texas, it sent its spiritual children across the seas, and began its labors in Texas.

In 1866 Msgr. Dubuis, the second Bishop of Galveston, besought Mother

Angelique at Lyons to train subjects who would be able to care for the sick, and the orphans of his vast diocese. His letter ran as follows: "Jesus Christ suffering in a multitude of poor, sick and infirm applies to you for aid." The ideal that actuated the great St. Benedict in his hospitality "all guests shall be received as Christ" has manifested itself constantly, and through the rough pine shacks in which they commenced, and through the stately corridors which they now grace, that spirit has lingered, and "hospes venit" has always echoed the generous response, "Christus venit."

Their labors began in Galveston, and three young French women bearing the names of Sister Mary Blandine, Sister Mary Joseph, and Sister Mary Ange entered the humble cottage at 8th and Market, and from this small beginning in scarcely half a century of time they have developed materially so that great institutions like unto this bless Beaumont, Lake Charles, Shreveport, Texarkana, Alexandria and Temple, who render allegiance to the Mother House at Galveston. And a branch founded from Galveston with headquarters at San Antonio but pursuing the same blessed work, has flourished even more abundantly.

In 1887, at the request of the Rev. Thomas Hennessy, and with the approval of the Rt. Rev. N. A. Gallagher, the late lamented Bishop of the diocese, they opened a small hospital in Houston; at the northwest corner of Caroline and Franklin Streets, a two-story wooden structure was entered into, and here Mother St. Louis and Mother Theresa, now Mother General of the congregation, and whose presence here today adds interest and sympathy to these ceremonies, St. Joseph's Infirmary was started.

As the daughters of Zion they entered in, a song in their hearts and a smile on their faces, and God has given them the increase. It is a privilege for their Bishop to be present and consecrate this magnificent building to its ministry of pain, and for their friends amongst the priesthood and the laity to rejoice with them upon its completion. If this were a little community, isolated in history and locality, it would still be worthy of study and sympathy, because wherever pure hearts and loving souls and gentle minds unite themselves for any human and worthy purpose, there is interest, there is power, there is charm. But this is not an isolated phenomenon; it is a world-wide fact. Not a few gatherings of consecrated women like vestal virgins here and there, but great armies organized into regiments and battalions and companies, with a thousand uniforms, and many leaders looking toward one great invisible Captain, and working in the service of man, as Christ himself worked. They have heard the whisper of His gentle voice, they have left weeping friends, and with joy and contentment in their hearts, they have turned from the promise of Paradise, which the world holds for every youthful soul.

This is to me the living, convincing proof of the Divine Mission of the Catholic Church, for the growth and power and permanence of the Cath-

olic Church rises out of man's personal love of Jesus Christ. Our blessed Master said "I was hungry and you gave Me to eat, I was a stranger and you welcomed Me, I was sick and you visited Me," and behold the service of the poor, the suffering, the weak and helpless children of men is created, and the tenderest hearts and the fairest souls ask no greater boon of life than to rest in the love of Christ whilst they minister to the least of His brethern. This is social service, and it was not discovered yesterday, it found itself in the hearts of Christ's infant Church, and it has followed wherever the corporal works of mercy have been lisped by Catholic children learning their Catechism, and today, as in the yesterdays of the centuries past, they have always been coupled with the spiritual works of mercy.

Even the great Virchow is compelled to render tribute to this fact: "All the benevolent institutions, which the human race still enjoys, all who care for the deserted and needy through every stage of suffering from the first moment of birth to the return of the material part to earth, have had their origin in the Church, some of them directly, some of them indirectly, through the sentiments and feelings which she aroused, strengthened and vivified into action. That these great humanitarian needs were not neglected, and their remedies not lacking in any respect is essentially due to the influence of the Catholic Church upon human character."

It is not my intention to trace the growth and development of St. Joseph's Infirmary, nor shall I mention the gentle and devoted nuns whose names and deeds come to the lips for prayer and praise this morning. In carrying on their blessed work they have lived strenuous lives, and many of them died as fearlessly as any soldier of the thin red line, and all their lives stand high relieved above the flat human plane. But the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word in Texas have emblazoned their names in deeds of high emprise that will never die. Their heroic work in the small-pox epidemic in Houston during the winter of 1890, and '91, is illumined in the city records; the loss of Sister Dolorosa, and her companion in old St. Joseph's when fire was king, and their supreme courage when the storm king flashed over the Texas coast and ten of them perished with their helpless orphan charges tied to them.

"These through the darkness of death, the dominion of night,
Swept, and they woke in white place at morning tide."

Texas owes a debt of gratitude to France for the foundation of this community, but the daughters of Erin form the legions of today, and Kickham's lines have an added meaning,

"Oh brave young Irish girls,
Well may we call you brave,
For the least of all your perils,
Is the stormy ocean wave."

They heard the Macedonian cry of Benedict, the youthful and saintly daughters of Erin, and they came in numbers and they have labored

earnestly with generous Celtic souls for this growth and development which we see today. Across the arid wastes of simple duty patiently performed there flashes a sublime and heroic spirit of self-sacrifice. It is an every-day occurrence in the life of a Sister of the Incarnate Word:

"Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves 'mid the vapors of death,
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague tainted face,
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace,
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him."

And so we are glad to be here this morning, and whilst the remembrance song of Moses thrills your hearts, the royal Psalmist's prayer is upon our lips: "Specie et pulchritudine tua prospere, procede, et regna." May you settle down and gather in many another place to nestle like doves in your innocence, and spread the ministry and service of healing. May you continue in the footsteps of those who have gone before you, telling the rosary of the years, and making each bead a bead of merit until the Great Captain calls you to pin upon your breast the cross of His legion of honor. And in our love your service shall avail, so that the very stars shall fade before St. Joseph's light grows pale.

"Catholics Inform Yourselves"

Sermon at Houston, February 23, 1923, exemplifying Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus. "Lord it is good for us to be here." (Matthew xvii, 4.)

Holy Mother Church takes us up on the mount of Transfiguration this morning, and with Peter and James and John we behold, "Moses and Elias talking with Him." The law and the prophets tender tribute to Christ and "behold, a voice out of the clouds which said, 'This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him.'" As firm believers in the divinity of Jesus Christ, attested to by His Heavenly Father, we also are assembled upon a mountain apart and witness a transfiguration.

You remember the Gospel contract, as it is portrayed by the brush of Raphael. On the top of the mountain we behold a vision of the Kingdom of Heaven, at the foot of the mountain the demonized boy holds the sorely perplexed apostles in check and the Scribes take occasion to decry them and their Master. Then Christ comes down into the valley, and rebukes "a faithless and perverse generation" for lack of faith.

A great world upheaval has almost ceased. From the mountain top the successor of Peter, Pius the Eleventh, comes down, in his latest encyclical, reviewing the ills from which the world is suffering and suggesting remedies by which peace may reign in the hearts of men. Christ must be at the foundation of the family in the Sacrament of marriage; Christ must be at the foundation of individual life in Christian education; Christ must be in the hearts of men by Christian charity and love. The remedies are simple, but we, ourselves, are the complex that render them difficult of application. "There can be no peace save in the reign of Christ, and there is no surer way of seeking to establish peace than by installing the reign of Christ." We hear this great Pontiff pleading for the reign of law and order throughout the world. How strange his words must seem in the ears of those who fear that he is plotting the destruction of nations. "Holy Scripture says: 'Keep discipline in peace' (Eccles. xli, 17); 'Much peace have they that love Thy law, O Lord' (Ps. cxviii, 165); 'He that feareth the commandment shall dwell in peace' (Prov. xiii, 13), and Christ Himself not only said 'Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's' (Matt. xxii, 21), but also professed respect for Pilate himself for the power given him from above (John xix, 11), just as He had admonished His disciples to reverence 'the Scribes and Pharisees, who have sitten on the chair of Moses' (Matt. xxiii, 2). Admirable, too, is His tribute to paternal authority in the home, being subject, as an example, to Mary and Joseph, and His indeed is the law handed down by the Apostles: 'Let every soul be subject to higher powers, for there is no power but from God' (Rom. xiii, 1)." That is the Pope's view of obedience to lawful authority, even though it were vested in a Pilate, or expounded by Pharisees.

Knights of Columbus, you have a special duty to read the latest encyc-

lical of the Holy Father and to familiarize yourself with its simple but sublime teaching. This particular degree, the fourth, has been perhaps the object of the most insidious attacks and malignant slanders to which decent Americans have ever in a body been subjected. Your allegiance to country is questioned, yet this degree was formulated to teach patriotic devotion to the flag and the Constitution of the United States, and none but an American citizen can take the degree. Some of you express surprise at the recrudescence of bigotry so soon after the great war when we spent ourselves in the effort to do more than our country demanded. But you must accept some of the blame. You have been doing things and traveling fast and you have attracted attention to yourselves.

Every Catholic should so inform himself that he can make an intelligent defense of his faith. He can best answer lies by living the truth and showing to all the world that his standard of faith and morals is the stainless banner of the crucified Christ, but even then he cannot hope to escape entirely the malicious darts of prejudice, but "blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil things against you falsely, for My sake, for yours is the kingdom of heaven."

And now, when unbridled luxury is riding roughshod over the sacred precincts of home, and it is preached from the house-tops that the home is but a survival of barbarism and must be abolished, the Church of God sets her face toward her Divine Master and rings as a fence of steel to His command, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." The Pope calls upon you to put Christ at the foundation of your family life at a time when human science—and how arrogant and dogmatic it has become in a decade of years, declares that man is an animal to be perfected by breeding even as other animals are perfect by breeding, and the Church of God cries out that birth-control is a sin against God and society and starts a campaign against the exaggerated regard for personal comfort by the limitation of families. When the mere natural philosopher, astray from retorts and test tubes in the field of ethics, would kill the physically unfit, she points to the poor broken frame and wasted limbs that lie helpless on the cot of some charity hospital, and in trumpet tones she cries out, "Thou has made him a little less than the angels." Real charity bends the strong to serve the weak, it keeps the mother by the cradle, it chastens wealth by the service of the poor, it refines and uplifts ignorance by the touch of culture, it dries tears "wet on heaven's grey cheek."

And to our fair lady, Charity, in accord with the sublime ideals of Christian knighthood, we bid you lift your visors and pledge anew your service. May the vision of her loveliness at all times enthrall you, and in the fulfillment of your duties to Church and State may you keep her before you, "not as in a glass darkly, but face to face." As Knights of Columbus, advancing to higher planes of service, let me entreat you to

keep ever before your vision the Church of God, to which you pledge allegiance.

"The house from which the heavens are fed,
The old strange house that is our own,
Where tricks of words are never said,
And Honor is as hard as stone."

And with the pledge of fealty to Holy Mother Church, here in this city where General Sherman, commander of the left wing in San Jacinto's glorious victory, and faithful son of the Catholic Church, left the impress of his name and deeds, here where Dick Dowling and his Irish company, victors at Sabine Pass, worshipped their God, here where Edmund Riesner, who fell at the height of the German tide in the first offensive of the American Army in the woods of Belleau, sleeps in his little green cell, here before God's altar in the city named for Sam Houston, whose grandchildren pay tribute to Catholic faith there comes to our lips the poet's prayer for our beloved country:

"Sail on, O Union, strong and great,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea;
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee."

The Flower of Knighthood

(Sermon, October 15, 1916)

"I give thanks to my God always for you, for the grace of God which is given you in Christ Jesus, that in everything you are made rich in Him, in all utterance and in all knowledge. Who also will confirm you unto the end that you may be blameless." (I Cor., I chapter, 4-8.)

I love the commendation of the Corinthian Church that finds itself in the epistle of this Sunday, and because it seems for the moment apposite to the magnificent gathering of Catholic men before me, I turn aside from that wonderful cure of the paralytic and the power to forgive sins asserted by Jesus Christ, to consider the epistle. I had hoped that the eloquent Bishop of Dallas would preach today, but death came to one of his faithful priests and prevented his compliance with my request. Your faith that Jesus Christ, the Son of man, "hath power on earth to forgive sins" is unquestionable, for you come here this morning with the seal of the Sacrament fresh upon you, and your ideal is that of the great mariner whose name you bear, that it is not enough to carry the principles of Catholic faith in your heart, you must externalize them and carry the message to others who "sit in darkness and the shadow of the valley of death."

Nigh four and a quarter centuries have passed, since Christopher Columbus, fervent Catholic and intrepid navigator, gazed upon the primeval beauty of the new world, and left the impress of his faith and courage in the naming of San Salvador.

You are assembled here this blessed October morning, primarily to commemorate his landing and the planting of the cross of Christ in the ends of the earth and publicly to pledge your loyalty to the faith that actuated him, "the bearer of the Christ."

After the cross of Christ there is no standard more sacred, no symbol more venerated by them than the flag of our country. And why should it not be so? Was it not a Catholic monk who bade Columbus hope, was it not a Catholic crew that with him, our great patron, crossed the trackless main? Did not the generosity of Isabella, a Catholic queen, render the expedition possible? And was not the name of a Catholic impressed upon the entire continent? More than this, the early history of our country is the history of its Catholicity, and the Catholic names that cling in the four quarters of the land attest the fact. Catholics planted the cross claiming it for Christ's heritage at every extreme of its territory. It has been fertilized by the blood and sweat of priests and martyrs along the Canadian border, in Florida, on the plains of the west and both slopes of the Rocky Mountains. And here where we foregather today the gentle Franciscans passed "as ships in the night of darkness" bearing the message of Catholic faith. They have left the impress of their labors upon the golden prairies and flowing rivers of Texas and the old missions still proclaim that we were first among the pioneers.

Just two centuries ago that marvelous Franciscan, Blessed Antonio Margil, founded the old mission of Guadalupe near Nacogdoches, and we commemorate this year the bi-centenary of a permanent parish within the limits of Galveston diocese.

We Catholics love Texas. The first blood shed for its conversion was that of three Franciscans martyred among the Tiguas in 1582, and the greatest influence of its exploration and civilization has been the Catholic priest. He has left the impress of his faith and his deeds upon the Trinity and the Brazos de Dios, as well as upon the missions circling San Antonio. The first permanent structure dedicated to God's service within the present limits of the United States, finds itself at Ysleta del Sur in the diocese of El Paso. We can truthfully say that not a land was found, not a mountain crossed, nor a stream forded, but Catholics led the way, and wherever, from the depths of primeval forests, cities, towns, and States sprang up; where instead of the savage there appeared men longing for freedom, there we find the trace of the missionary's footsteps.

Let us not forget that it was upon the eastern shore of Maryland in a Catholic colony, that the day star of religious freedom arose and presaged the important principle that thereafter, upon American soil, religion was to be free, unhampered, unfettered. And from that time down to the present, whether groaning under despotic rule, whether amid the trials of the revolutionary struggle, or amid the wars that threatened the autonomy of our nation, there sharing in the trials and tribulations and participating in the subsequent triumphs were to be found the Catholics.

The Father of our County uttered no words of flattery, no commonplaces of courtesy, but what he felt and knew to be the truth, when in reply to a Catholic address, he said, "I presume your fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of the revolution, and establishment of their government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed." There is no need in this splendid presence to draw a bill of particulars. Our country is doubly dear to us. We were here at its discovery, we participated in the struggle for civil and religious liberty, and in turn have enjoyed peace and shared its glories, security and happiness. Archbishop Carroll's desire has been fulfilled: "He did not wish the Church to vegetate as a delicate exotic plant, he wished it to become a sturdy tree, deep-rooted in the soil, to grow with the growth and bloom with the development of the country, inured to its climate, braving its storms and invigorated by them and yielding abundantly the fruits of sanctification." And the same great prelate, "Knowing the mischief bred by national rivalries, desired that the clergy and the people, no matter from what country they sprang, should be thoroughly identified with the land in which their lot is cast, that they should study its laws and political constitution and be in harmony with its spirit."

Whilst we rejoice today in a united Catholic front and the wonderful

development of the Catholic Church in America, it is not for our sakes alone, for that would be a narrow and selfish satisfaction. We rejoice for our country's sake, firmly believing that the progress of the Catholic faith will contribute to the stability and perpetuity of the government. The Catholic Church is the friend of law and order; she is the upholder of legitimate authority; she is the stern opponent of anarchy on the one hand and oppression on the other, and by her conservative spirit she is an element of strength to the nation.

The intelligent Catholic lays no special claim to distinction for the service of his co-religionists to America. Catholics and Protestants together settled America, together they laid the forests, drained the swamps and ploughed the land. They stood side by side in the conventions and congresses that secured the liberty of the people. There is no State today but where they live together, do business together, vote together; no city but where their churches lift their spires toward the same heavens, no railroad, no steamship and hardly a factory, mill or mine, but where their moneys or their interests are joined, and whilst they take justifiable pride in what they have done religiously, they are not going to permit uncharitable, un-Christian, and un-American appeals to prejudice, passion and ill-feeling, to disturb their friendly relations.

Catholics and Protestants, Jews and Gentile, must live together as neighbors and we cry out with all our hearts "It must be as friends." Catholics and Protestants who love their country and will preserve it must make common cause in many things. They must put suspicion and ill-will out of their hearts and come together to preserve the constitutional guarantees, to vitalize our free institutions, to correct the social evils that, as a cancerous growth, threaten the very life of the nation.

The Catholic faith is still the essence of modern chivalry, it is still her task to raise the moral level of humanity. The Church is no longer seated on a throne around which knights stand with drawn swords. Islam is no longer the hereditary enemy: we have others which threaten us nearer home. With a world awar and helpless to save itself men cry out "Where is the Church?" and we answer "In the sacristies where the chancellories of the continent have imprisoned her." They too demanded complete separation of Church and State and now in helpless grief they insist that she accomplish the impossible.

The Sovereign Pontiff like Paul of old cries out "I a prisoner in the Lord, beseech you," but his tender appeal is lost in the tempest of national prejudice and the desire of race prestige. A "Truce of God" was possible of enforcement in the so-called dark ages. Because I believe that there remains in you, Knights of Columbus, at least in the marrow, some leaven of chivalry, I would have you lift your visors and behold the tasks which the Catholic code, ever ancient, ever new, sets for your performance. The old order changes and God Himself changes not. So it is with the Catholic Church. Her touch transforms, her spirit renews the face of

the earth. She is always the same in her character, her mission, her doctrine, for these are all of God. But in her dress, her step, her carriage, her mode of dealing with nations she must vary. She has waited in the wilderness and crouched in the catacombs, and from her throne of honor she has ruled the world. She met the barbarian and curbed his rage, she organized a new civilization on the wide ruin of the old, she cleared the forests and drained the marshes and builded the towns. She gave the impulse and sanction to the organization and practices of chivalry, she inspired the sacred warfare of the Crusades, she covered Europe with colleges and Cathedrals; she was the mother of learning and the patroness of art, and yet all the while she forgot not that which was ready to perish, but in weakness and voluntary poverty she went her ceaseless rounds of mercy, she entered the hovel, the dungeon, the slave-mart, she ventured forth alone and patient into the desert and jungle, through fire and martyrdom, pursuing the lost souls even to the ends of the earth.

The past our fathers wrought, the future must be wrought by us. The preacher of Ecclesiastes cries out to us "That a man should rejoice in his own works for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?" An eminent priest has recently said: "The Church's past is great and glorious; we may view it with pride, we may dwell upon it in sermon and oration, but we cannot stand upon the past of any living thing; if the Church were dead we might glory only in its past, but the Church is living, thriving, flourishing and if it would triumph, it must be through its present ability to meet and solve and conquer the needs of humanity."

If there be any message worthy of the splendid organization that throws before our vision today the heroic deeds and active Christian zeal of the past, it can be delivered in Anselm's words: "He who lives for truth and justice lives for Christ." Our form of government being a Republic is essentially founded upon the virtue of its citizens, and this foundation can neither be weakened nor destroyed without threatening the entire social structure. The early discoverers of America and our revolutionary forefathers were imbued with strong religious principles, upon which alone virtue can be grounded. Whilst our material prosperity is great, we seem to be drifting from the anchorage our fathers set. We are living without God in the world.

Our love of principle and moral conviction seems to be growing weaker. And the more we are dominated by greed, the more and more we become reckless of the means by which money is obtained. Vast fortunes are quickly heaped up but those who toil are little benefitted. Our political and commercial life is undermined by dishonesty, and we are becoming so reckless, that abuses, which endanger our existence as a nation, give us little concern. The voice of discontent is heard in the land, in a land of plenty, and what is to still it? The hopeful patriot and the virtuous citizen feels and knows that the evils that menace us, the apparent inequalities, and the rights of capital and labor, can be reconciled in ways

consistent with law and order, and that something must be done to prevent the outbreak of a class of men prepared to seize upon any occasion, and seemingly mad enough in their fury to tear down the constitution upon which our peace, our happiness, and our security depend.

Thank God! the Knights of Columbus have the courage of their convictions and by press and platform are voicing their opposition to the Utopian dream of Socialism. Upon their lips is the song of the "Westerner":

"I dream no dreams of a nurse-maid State
That will spoon me out my food.
A stout heart sings in the fray with fate
And the shock and sweat are good.
From noon to noon all the earthly boon,
That I ask my God to spare,
Is a little daily bread in store
With room to fight the strong for more
And the weak shall get their share."

It must be remembered that materialism, infidelity, agnosticism and other forms of irreligion have never been fruitful either in forming or perpetuating a State. They are powerful in pulling down, but never in building up. Against irreligion, the implacable foe of our pregnant civilization, whatever form it may assume, all those, whether Protestants or Catholics, who believe in God and the vital force of religion, have a common ground upon which they can stand. And surely this band of Christian knights who aspire to be Christ-bearers, like their illustrious patron, will prove a mighty phalanx, standing before the onslaught of infidelity and irreligion, like the Crusaders of old, upon their lips the cry "God wills it," and they will never cease from battle until the marshalled hosts of the opposition have been dissipated. To do this, they must lead loyal, brave, chaste and helpful lives themselves. They must ever stand, like Christophorus of old, by the surging torrent and help the weak and struggling across and keep before their vision always the old ideals of the true knight of old, to prove themselves worthy to carry the sword "Excalibur", worthy of the quest of the grail. In our multiplied numbers and resources, unhampered by civil and religious disabilities, basking under the noonday sun of liberty, let us leave monuments of faith and good works to which posterity will point with pride. Upon the Catholic laity depends largely the future of Catholicity in this great State.

The Church is today, as when she overthrew pagan Rome and won to grace the ferocious northman, the Church of divine power and divine truth. Her mission is today, as then, to teach nations, to preach the Gospel to every creature, and Christ is with her unto the consummation of ages. God's arm is not shortened. Let us set to work with resolute will and knightly enthusiasm to bring Christ's truth in all its fullness and beauty to all those who are without her pale. We shall seek opportunities to serve religion and never pass them by unheeded when they offer.

Let us be good Catholics and then we must be true Americans. The men most devoted to the institutions of this country, the most ardent lovers of the flag, should be those who breathe the air of Catholic sanctuaries and who believe in Catholic truth. They should be models of civic virtue, taking an abiding interest in public affairs and bearing cheerfully their part in public burdens. They should ever be pure minded and clean-handed in the exercise of their civic privileges. Goethe, the old German poet and philospher, says that in time of peace patriotism merely consists of this "that each one sweep before his own door, attend to his own business, learn his own lesson, that it may be well in his own household," and that is essentially true. A good patriot is, first of all, a good man; true to himself and true in his relation to his fellowmen. If he respect not the dignity of human nature in himself, but degrades it by drunkenness, or lying or sensuality or dishonesty, how can he feel a genuine and generous interest in the commonwealth and do his part in correcting the abuses which threaten and impair the national life? It will, indeed, be easy for him to make his patriotism a theme for declamation and easy, too, to throw suspicion on the loyalty and integrity of others, but if he is not a real man, he will never be a genuine lover of his country, a true American. Our tasks are at hand; we do not have to ride far afield to break a lance. Let every Catholic so live, so speak, so act, that no just criticism can be pronounced against him. Let him not fear scurrilous sheets, and let him not heed scandal-mongers whilst he lives soberly, piously, justly, and, may I add, cheerfully in this world. Every Catholic should so inform himself that he can make an intelligent defense of his faith. He can best answer lies by living the truth and showing to all the world that his standard of faith and morals is the stainless banner of the crucified Christ, but even then he cannot hope to escape entirely the malicious darts of prejudice but "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil things against you falsely, for my sake, for yours is the kingdom of heaven."

The Church of God received Paul's message to the Corinthians "The greatest of these is charity" and she has transmitted it, not merely in the written word, but deep in the hearts of men. She has endeavored to apply it to the varied social conditions which have confronted her "down the arches of years," down the labyrinthian ways, and she has "trelissed them with intertwining charities." And now when unbridled luxury is riding rough-shod over the sacred precincts of home, and it is preached from the housetop that the home is but a survival of barbarism and must be abolished, she sets her face toward her divine Master and rings as a fence of steel to His command, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

One of your own knights errant threw his gauntlet down in the halls of the United States Senate the other day. Your individual tilting field may not be so large, but whatever its sphere, stand in public protest and private

action, for the integrity of the home, for personal purity, for clean living. At a time when human science—and how arrogant and how dogmatic it has become in a decade of years—declares that man is an animal to be perfected by breeding even as other animals are perfected, and when even a Ramsey, astray from retorts and test tubes in the field of Ethics, would kill the physically unfit, she points to the poor broken frame and wasted limbs that lie helpless on the cot of some charity hospital, and in trumpet tones cries out, "Thou has made him a little less than the angels." Real charity bends the strong to serve the weak, it keeps the mother by the cradle, it puts the Sister of Charity by the cot of pestilence, it chastens wealth by service of the poor, it refines and uplifts ignorance by touch of culture, it dries the tears "wet on heaven's gray cheek."

The knights must realize that they have broken up the smaller organizations, they have made organization along other lines difficult and unpractical, they should valiantly meet the responsibilities they have thus assumed, otherwise they will not justify their existence, and instead of Paul's commendation "Who also will confirm you unto the end blameless" there will be an insistent cry from Bishops, priests and laymen that they had better dissolve.

As Knights of Columbus, advancing to higher planes of service, let me entreat you to keep before your vision the Church of God, to which you pledge allegiance,

"The house from which the heavens are fed,
The old, strange house that is our own,
Where tricks of words are never said,
And mercy is as plain as bread
And honor is as hard as stone."

The Church and Flag

And with the pledge of fealty to Holy Mother Church, there should be upon your lips the poet's prayer for our beloved country.

"Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea,
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee."

In conformity with this injunction of our illustrious President, and in union with our fellow Americans throughout the land, we are assembled here, under the auspices of the Elks, to pay our tribute of love and devotion to the flag. You have heard in most inspiring form and beauty of ritual the history and the symbolism of the flag related. One hundred and thirty-nine years ago today the continental congress adopted it as an ensign and flew its starry folds to the breeze. It was followed in patience and heroism by Washington's continental troops at Valley Forge, it flared at sea from the mainmast of ships commanded by Jones and Barry; it knew the final tribute of victorious combat and triumph at Yorktown; it floated high above Lake Erie on Perry's glorious craft; it enthused the valiant men who stopped Pakenham at New Orleans; it was carried in triumph above the heights of Chapultepec, and when it had conveyed its message of peace with honor, its cry of justice and truth and charity, it was carried back to its own borders. It went through the sea gates of Corregidor, it stormed the heights of El Caney, it was dedicated again to truth and charity at Vera Cruz, it lifts its starry folds across the arid plains of Mexico anew tonight, and when it has completed its punitive purpose it will come out, and when it crosses the Rio Grande you and I will salute it reverently, for not a stain shall sully its virgin white of justice, no thought of conquest and tyranny shall have defiled it, no breath of cruelty shall have tarnished it. It is your flag and my flag, and with all the enthusiasm of our souls we hail.

"The Star Spangled Banner,
Long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave."

The president rightly demands that we should take stock of ourselves on this occasion, that we should consider the dangers that threaten our national life from without and from within.

FEW DANGERS FROM WITHOUT

From without the dangers are comparatively few, thank God! We have stood by the landmarks. We have fostered no entangling alliances. We have drifted nothing from the anchorage set us by the glorious Wash-

ington. We have been berated as traitors to the clarion call of civilization. We have been decreed as fattening in wealth upon the destruction and desolation of the Continent. We did not start the war; we would stop it tomorrow if within our power, and whilst none of the combatants love us, we are still the friend of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and we are grateful to God for the peace that is ours and blessed that not a spark of the European conflagration has touched our glorious flag.

There is no danger from within because of national ties or credal convictions. We can not but heed the call of the blood that is ours, but when there is question of America,

"The red, white and blue are but one
And the flags of all nations were dipped in the sea,
When their children set face to the westering sun
No Teuton, no Celt, all Americans we."

In the face of embattled millions and the shock of armored dreadnaughts we yield to prudent preparedness and we are confident that no power dare threaten our might and security. Fearless and unafraid we look into the future and freely will we give the blood to crimson again its red folds.

"For in that hour of stern command
Called to a martyr's grave,
The flower of our beloved land
Our nation's flag shall save."

We are threatened only by our own indifference to high ideals and patriotic purposes. We are inclined too much to material things, to what we can weigh and measure and count, and in the mad rush for wealth and pleasure we heed not the country's need. Our country's gravest danger comes from the spirit of selfish indulgence and complacent optimism. It is not the foe without, but the enervating force from within that cause a nation to sicken and die. We must show by our deeds that we prize honor above comfort and justice above gain and mercy above justice, and that we would gladly lay down our lives rather than by living in peace and prosperity prove false to God and man.

MUST CULTIVATE PATRIOTISM

We must cultivate patriotism, for it is a virtue and comes to flower by repeated acts. We must honor the old heroes who fought and died in the years agone, and we must keep alive in the hearts of our children the sentiment that—

"On fame's eternal camping ground their silent tents are spread
And glory guards with solemn round the bivouac of the dead."

We must externalize on patriotic occasions, and particularly on flag day and the Fourth of July, the holy sentiments of love of country, national pride, confident hope and peaceful security that pulsate in our hearts

and upon our lips, as in our determined souls there must be the confident cry of old Sam Houston:

"So long as that flag shall bear aloft its glittering stars, bearing them amidst the din of battle and waving them triumphantly above the storms of ocean, so long, I trust, shall the rights of American citizens be preserved safe and unimpaired and transmitted from one generation to another, till discord shall wreck the spheres, the grand march of time shall cease, and not one fragment of all creation be left to chafe on the bosom of eternity's waves."

We Have a Work To Do

(Part of sermon at 13th State Council of Catholic Knights of America, Corpus Christi, May 8, 1906.) Text: "I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims to refrain from carnal desires."

It is a most appropriate and fit epistle that Holy Church reads for us. We are assembled here in the city most beautifully named Corpus Christi, with all its precious memories of the faith of the Spanish padres who left the evidence of their culture and civilization upon the broad plains of Texas; with the inspiration of the same faith that impelled LaSalle on the feast day 200 years and more ago, when he showed his love for the Real Presence by calling this beautiful land and bay by that most sacred title.

Holy Church celebrates today the feast of the apparition of St. Michael, and recalls to us the conflict upon the heights of Gargano, where Michael, panoplied as a warrior, conquers the dragon, Satan, in disguise, and warns us that, as of old, Satan "goeth about seeking whom he may devour," and bids us pray, "St. Michael, Archangel, protect us in the conflict with the powers of darkness." The worldwide and unending conflict is ours, the fight with sin and passion. You need no sword today to show your knightly valor, and carve your way to the shrine of the Lord. The conflict is no longer in the East, where the courage and chivalry of a Godfrey de Bouillon or a Richard Coeur de Lion found glory and death. It is here at home, and whilst "Religion pure and undefiled before God and the Father is to visit the widow and orphan in their distress"—and the Catholic Knights of America have done this admirably and consistently—let us not forget, "and to keep oneself unspotted from this world." What are the plague spots of the world today? Divorce, dishonesty in public and commercial life, lack of respect for authority, parental and governmental, intemperance and socialism. The man who plays his part in the conquering of these must be just as chivalrous, just as untiringly energetic as were his forbears upon the plains of Ascalon. What are we Catholic men doing to aid the Church in her endeavors to heal the ills of modern society? We glory in the fact that she is the Church that elevated womankind, that civilized the barbarian, that freed the slave and ennobled the child of serfdom, but her work is not done. We are not consecrated soldiers of Jesus Christ in Confirmation and dubbed Knights by Catholic societies merely to say our prayers and pay our pew rent. We have a work to do far more important than that performed in the middle ages, which saved the literature, learning and culture of Greece and Rome for you and me. The very basis of society is threatened, under the name of liberty—made, as Peter says, "a cloak of malice"—proprietary right to thrust aside, and we stand idly by. Into the conflict with the evils of the day, divorce, dishonesty, impurity, intemperance, socialism! The Church of God is the only institution that can trample the dragon under foot, and she bids you hear the cry "God wills it," uttered as fervently as of old it fell from the auditors of Peter the Hermit and asks you to imitate their example and join her army.

Church a Spiritual Agency

(Sermon by Monsignor Kirwin, May 21, 1916.)

The Church is not a social agent. She must carry the cry of justice to the ends of the earth. This is the fourth Sunday after Easter. There are two thoughts dominant in the Epistle and Gospel of this day, the one moral in its guidance, the other doctrinal in its comfort. The moral light is struck by the pen of St. James and it is phrased: "Be quick to hear and slow to speak, and slow to anger."

This runs counter to the inclinations and habits of most of us today. We know well enough that the water is still carried to the seas by deep, silently running rivers and not by babbling brooks. We are a vocal, not a reticent, not even a hesitant age. We refuse to listen. We read little except the world's passing phases as they are portrayed in the daily press, and yet we deem ourselves competent to criticize authority in church and state. We are inclined to gossip even though a woman's virtue or a man's good name be destroyed. We become angry at little things, cherish hatred, and pay the penalty in some disturbance and mental remorse. This advice given by the great bishop of Jerusalem to the early Church will prove of incalculable benefit in our individual and national life, if we will but apply it.

The Gospel of the day, clothed in the sweetness and love of Jesus Christ, as St. John portrays Him, carries the promise of the Holy Ghost and outlines his mission in the Church of God. He is to convince the world of sin, of justice and of judgment, and teach all truth. Therein is the entire work of Christ's Church. She is not a social agency. She is a spiritual one. She must carry the cry of justice to the ends of the earth.

The Church of Jesus Christ must ever proclaim the truth even though it offends ears caught up by the prospects of material wealth or estopped by racial or national prejudice.

The Church must ever keep the judgment of the eternal years before the vision of her children and she must frequently remind them that life will have been lived in vain "if they gain the whole world and lose their immortal souls."

She must go forward confident of the truth of her message, certain that the unfailing promise of the Master is her hope, never changing her message to suit the age, but changing the minds and hearts of men to take the message in its fullness and conform their actions to its saving principles.

These epistles of the Sundays after Pentecost have been so selected and arranged that they seem to catch the momentary phases of the world, and intensely grip them. How thoroughly we realize with St. Paul, in the face of the world's news this morning, "Our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of darkness, against the spirit of wickedness in high places."

We whisper a prayer for the great president who guides our destinies, that God may enlighten and strengthen him. For us, whether we be of the army or of civil life, there is but one command, "at the post of duty." That means that we must work and labor and give as though the task were to take five years. We all have views of what we would like to see done, of the penalties we would exact, of the map as we would remake it. We yield to the world vision and uncompromising grip of justice which we know our president possesses, and will ring as a fence of steel to his cry "Carry on." We seem, however, to catch a new meaning in the Gospel of this Sunday. We hear the piteous appeal of the ruler of Capharnaum, "Lord, come down before my son die." Upon the lips of countless world mothers, and in the hearts of millions of fathers in America and beyond the seas, there is the same prayer this morning.

We have come down the road to greet Him, and, believing Him to be present here as truly as He was on the Galilean hills, we whisper our heart's desire, "Lord, come down before my son die." We trust that the psalmist's prayer is to be realized, "Peace and justice have kissed." We hope that the stricken world will hear His gentle voice, "Go thy way, thy son liveth."

We shall arise from the carnage and desolation and war to the larger tasks of peace, and we shall find a new message in Paul's cry, "See how you walk circumspectly; not as unwise, but as wise; redeeming the time." We shall go on our way, "speaking in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, singing and making melody in our hearts to the Lord, giving thanks always." (Eph. v.)

"Go thou and do likewise." The Church reads for us this morning that wonderful parable of the good Samaritan. It has been the effort of the church of God to translate the incident into the life of nations and upon a thousand hillsides in this fair land and upon tens of thousands around the world the cross shines resplendent this morning in the sunlight over the battlements of mercy. Companies and regiments of noble men and heroic women show mercy. They have volunteered for life in His service and a call to the battlefield or a call to pestilence sounds the same in their ear.

> "Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
> Like an angle she moves in the shadow of death.
> Where sounds the loud trumpet and flashes the sword,
> Unfearing she walks, for she follows her Lord."

Wherever a great cathedral raises its spires to heaven close by the good Samaritan in hospital, orphanage or home for the aged is doing his blessed and saving work. The ministry of pain is not of yesterday. It rose in all its beauty and devotion in the early Church, it developed across the centuries and in the ages of faith when knighthood was in flower and chivalry appealed, it flourished. Science has given it direction and security, but science cannot keep the hearts throbbing and the recruits coming. 'Tis

only the appeal of humanity and religion that bends the strong to serve the weak.

The parable, of course, has a spiritual as well as a physical message. St. Chrysostom interpreted the man to be Adam, who fell into sin and was robbed of virtue and grace. The priest and the levite failed to help him, but the good Samaritan, Jesus Christ, came and picked him up and put him in the inn of the Church and commanded that he be nourished, promising upon His return to reward those who cared for him. He poured oil and wine into his wounds and fed him. The sacraments of penance and Holy Eucharist were in evidence to Chrysostom, as they are to us, and he impressed upon his hearers the obligation of caring for wounded, afflicted souls as well as for the body. May something of the tender pity, the loving service, the absence of selfishness that illuminates the good Samaritan find its reflection in our individual and social lives.

The Christian Soldier

(Sermon Preached October 21, 1917.)

The Catholic Church pays but little attention to the passing phase of social life, and "to preach Jesus Christ, and Him crucified for our sins" —as St. Paul phrases it, is ample field for thoughtful sermons. But occasionally out of the Epistle or Gospel, there stands a picture or a parable that seems to have been written for today alone, so apt is the figure, so compelling the illustration. Today we have St. Paul's perfect presentation of the Christian soldier, and his cry to "put on the armor of God." He assures us that "our wrestling is not against flesh and blood," but "against the spirits of wickedness in high places," and, phrase it as you will, no better statement in our national aims in this world war could be selected. But it was not material or economic warfare that inspired St. Paul's brush, it is the conflict for heaven "against the deceits of the devil."

"Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of justice, and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; in all things taking the shield of faith wherewith you may be able to extinguish all the fiery darts of the wicked one, and take unto you the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit, which is the Word of God." The picture is so complete and apposite that one would think it were selected from out the dispatches from the western front, rather than from the sixth chapter of Ephesians.

"Having your loins girt about with truth." The most insistent demand of our military academy is, "Tell the truth." Whether it redound to your credit or to your disgrace depart not from the ways of truth, and surely the Christian soldier should realize its importance. "Having on the breastplate of justice." They have returned to these old forms of body protection in this world war. The Christian who does not pay his honest debts, who strives to live by fraud and deceit, who deals not squarely with his fellow-men, scandalizes those outside, and is written down by them and by his own conscience as a hypocrite.

"Having your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." The old axiom that an army moves forward on its stomach has been eliminated. Trench feet and pedal weakness fill the military hospitals and are the most frequent cause of rejection from army service. There are a great number of Christians suffering from the same disease. They are not shod with the preparation of the Gospel, and subjected to trial and temptation, to spiritual swamp and morass, they easily succumb.

"In all things taking the shield of faith." You will observe that St. Paul realizes the necessity of faith. He would hardly fit into the modern religious theories, by which it is figured as excess baggage.

St. Paul insists that it is only by faith we will be able to extinguish the fiery darts hurled against us by the world, the flesh and the devil. And then his soldier is helmeted, and again the conflict across the seas

presents itself to our vision. Salvation depends upon that protection in the trenches. St. Paul calls it by that name, "The helmet of salvation." Unless the Christian soldier helmets himself with prayer and the sacraments, he can expect to be "picked off." "And the sword of the spirit." Ah, yes, let us heed the Word of God. It is written for instruction and guidance. It is our firm hope when our earthly comfort fails. It is the only sword that can clear the way to the promised land, the hope of victory in heaven.

The Existence of God

(Sermon of October 15, 1917.)

Prejudice against credal statements or dogmatic truths seems to be making its way from the university to the man in the street through the pulpit, and dogma is characterized as dialectical play, sham, science, reasoning made to order. The downright unfairness of this attitude is obvious when one considers that the universities sprang up and developed in the shadow of the Church and of theology, and that the exaggeration of scientific freedom may prove fatal to the profane sciences. Unless it presupposes certain truths, which can no more be demonstrated than the mysteries of faith, science can achieve nothing. The logician starts from notions, the jurist from legal texts, the historian from facts, the chemist from material substances which demand no proof in his case, so the theologian receives his material from the Church, and deals with it scientifically. The content of faith is not obscure, it is capable of demonstration. The articles of faith are not troublesome barriers, they are beacon lights that warn the mariner, show him the true course and preserve him from shipwreck. To the freedom of science the authority of the individual conscience, and of human society sets an impossible limit. We know that civil authority exercises its rights to prevent the open teaching that revolution and anarchy are permissible, and no presumption of scientific thought and research will justify such an attitude toward law and order.

The Catholic theologian, being subject to ecclesiastical authority, is bound more closely than the professor of the secular sciences, but the difference is one of degree only, and every science and every investigator is bound by the moral and religious duty of subordination.

When one takes a survey of the field of dogmatic theology, the starting point is the existence of God. It is also the first article of the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in God". Personally, I do not believe there is a positive atheist in the world. There may be many indifferent negative atheists, of whom David cried out, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." You will observe that the royal psalmist said "in his heart," not with his intellect.

Formal dogmatic atheism is self-refuting and has never won the reasoned assent of any sane man. The arguments for God's existence are variously classified and entitled by different writers, but all agree in recognizing the difference between deductive and inductive reasoning. It is with the latter form of reasoning we prefer to deal and briefly summarize the conclusive proofs.

First, effect and cause. We reason from a watch to watchmaker, from a painting to an artist, from a foot print to the man on the desert island. Why not from a world to World-maker?

Second, law and order. The wonderful order and evidence of intelli-

gent design which the universe exhibits, implies the existence of a designer, of a law-giver who is no other than God.

The moral argument from the common consent of mankind, the ethical argument from the internal witness conscience to the supremacy of the moral law, the esthetic argument from the existence and perception of beauty in the universe may be indefinitely multiplied and distinguished. There can be no question of blind chance. The absurdity of supposing that the human eye, a conspicuous embodiment of intelligent purpose, originated suddenly by a blind chance, or developed into perfection by natural selection without a designing creator, is augmented a thousand-fold by suggesting that it may be the product of a progressive series of chances. I look out tonight upon the stars singing in harmony and the poet's cry fills my heart and mind.

"Thou art, O God, my east,
In Thee I dawned.
Thou art, O God, my south,
Thy fervent love perennial verdure,
O'er my life hath shed.
Thou art, O God, my north,
My trembling soul like charmed needle
Points to Thee alone.
Thou art, O God, my west,
Glad as the setting sun
Into Thy arms may I descend."

"The Necessity of Religion"

(Sermon of October 7, 1917.)

Whether we accept the derivation of Cicero or Lactantius, whether we derive the term from one Latin root or another, matters little; but the fact of having a religion to guide our free acts, to determine our purpose in life, is most important.

Religion, broadly speaking, means the voluntary subjection of one-self to God. It implies first of all the recognition of a living personality in and behind the forces of nature, the Lord and ruler of the world—God. In every religion is implied the conviction that the mysterious, super-natural Being has control over the lives and destinies of men. There thus arises in the natural order a sense of dependence on the Deity, a deeply felt need of divine help. What man aims at in religion is communion with the Deity, in which he hopes to attain his happiness and perfection.

Free will, with its necessary application, moral responsibility, is taken for granted in all religions. Agnosticism, in maintaining that we have no sufficient grounds for asserting the existence of God, makes religion im-possible, and scarcely less fatal is deism, which, putting God far from the visible world, denies His providence and the efficacy of prayer.

In Christianity the things to be believed and the things to be done in

order to obtain salvation are based upon divine revelation. Right belief is essential to religion, if man is to do justice to his moral and religious duties and thereby attain to perfection. The popular cry of today for religion without dogma comes from the failure to recognize the supreme importance of right belief. How completely men have boxed the compass religiously in four centuries! The first cry of justification by faith alone insisted upon faith. "Sin, sin, if you will, but believe. Good works avail nothing." Today we hear that good works alone count, that faith or credal statement amounts to nothing. The present position is just as far away from the logical center of true religion as was the first. The dogmatic teachings of Christianity, supplementing and perfecting the intellectual basis of natural religion, are not a mere series of intellectual puzzles. They enlighten man on the whole range of his religious and ethical duties.

The philosophy of religion is the most interesting study that can engage the mind of man. It is the crown and perfection of scientific investigation. It carries the inquiring mind beyond the sphere of natural causation to the recognition of the great First Cause, and shows that only in God is a satisfactory interpretation of the universe possible. It is the science which examines the value of religion, and investigates with careful scrutiny the grounds of religious belief. In presenting this series of discourses on the fundamental truths of religion we are anxious to have you investigate, to make you realizes that "all men are vain in whom is not the knowledge of God." "To know, love and serve God" is the most important work of life. "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his immortal soul, or what exchange shall a man give for his soul?"

"Thy Sins Are Forgiven Thee"

"Be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee." Matth. ix, 2.

The historic church of Jesus Christ is proud of the ninth chapter of Matthew's Gospel. She has a firm faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ. "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth." Today she follows Him across the sunlit sea to His home town. The neighbors and friends of the palsied man brought him into the presence of the Master. Jesus looked beyond the quivering, limping body and saw the soul defiled by sin. With a tenderness and love characteristic of Him, He admired the faith of those who carried him, and whispered, "Son, be of good heart, thy sins are forgiven thee."

Certain scribes were present and they put the question for the first time, "Who but God can forgive sins?" We have heard it repeated a thousand times by earnest, sincere souls seeking knowledge. We have found it upon the lips of Mary, who like the scribes can only be answered with the response of Jesus Christ, "Why think ye evil in your hearts?"

But mere questioning of their sincerity would not suffice, and so we find Him effectively proving His divinity and His power, "That you may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (then saith He to the man sick of the palsy) arise, take up thy bed and go into thy house."

"And the multitude marveled and glorified God, who had given such power to men."

With a firm faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ, we know that He can forgive sins by the spoken word or through delegated agents. The proof of delegation is always rightly demanded. We find that He selected twelve ignorant men from the lakeside and the hillsides of Galilee, and after paying on Calvary's heights the penalty for sin, returning triumphant from the tomb, He conferred upon them this delegated power.

"He therefore said to them again: Peace be to you. As the Father hath sent me, I also send you.

"When He had said this, He breathed on them; and He said to them: Receive ye the Holy Ghost.

"Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." John xx. 21-23.

In consequence I believe that the apostles had power to forgive sins, and I believe that their successors, historically qualified and rightly delegated, have the same power.

"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Matt. xxviii, 20.

I realize that the penitent must present himself in sincere, earnest faith, with a hearty sorrow for sin committed, with a firm determination to avoid the sin and its occasions in the future, and then just as certainly

as the palsied man felt the throb of vigorous health and walked upright, just so certainly do the words of absolution spoken by the commissioned agent of Jesus Christ effect the cure of the soul palsied by sin.

You and I have heard the blessed message a hundred times, "Son, be of good heart, thy sins are forgiven thee" and like Longfellow's maiden, we know the comfort of the sacrament:

> "A celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
> Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
> Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her."

Duty to French Clergy

(Address at Cathedral Hall on persecution of French Church)

We Catholics of Galveston owe a peculiar debt of gratitude to the French clergy. They came here during the early construction days of Texas, they followed the missionary line in poverty, want and distress. They are buried in front of the Cathedral door, where they sacrificed themselves in the days of the yellow peril, and they were not cowards, and when they are in distress, and when the arm of persecution and injustice is laid upon them we would be false to every sense of gratitude and manhood if we did not raise our voice in protest.

Now I want to say that the Associated Press is usually a fair medium. It endeavors to get at the truth, but in its present narration of the facts in France and the situation there—and we must rely upon it—it has not assumed the attitude of the reporter, it has not given us the details as they occurred. It has assumed the position of the government, and to a certain extent becomes its advocate. It may not be subsidized, but it has been influenced.

The salient facts leading up to the present lamentable conditions are easily presented. In 1789, in the days of the French Revolution, all the churches and all the property of the bishops and priests and religious communities were declared National, confiscated to the State. As early as 1791 the Corps Legislatif, or National legislative body, recognized the injustice of the confiscation and declared in consequence that the salaries of the Catholic bishops and clergy of France were "a portion of the National debt." The First Napoleon in 1801, realizing that the tranquility of the empire depended on the restoration of religion, entered into an agreement known as the "Concordat." This agreement was signed by Napoleon, representing France, and Pope Pius VII, as head of the Catholic Church. Under the terms of this agreement all churches, residences and other ecclesiastical buildings not already disposed of should be handed over to the bishops; that neither the Pope nor his successors should molest those who had purchased confiscated church property, and that in compensation for confiscated church property the Government should guarantee a sufficient salary to all bishops and priests. This was not a donation; it was a restitution. It was merely interest on a state debt. This compact has been a source of trouble and difficulty for more than a century. The liberty of teaching, guaranteed by the "Concordat" and amplified by Napoleon III in 1852, has particularly been an object of hatred and alarm to these enemies of religion, and to abrogate it they introduce a sweeping measure, which became a law in July, 1901. This was the infamous law of associations, which provided that no body of religious men or women could open or teach school, or engage in any work of charity, without the authorization of the Government. Before this authorization

could be obtained each community was required to give an inventory of its property. Of sixty communities of religious persons who applied for legal authorization fifty-four were refused and their property confiscated to the State. In consequence 3,000 schools were closed, 1,600,000 children who had been voluntarily confided to their care were deprived of educational facilities, and thousands upon thousands of religious men and women, Sisters of Charity, Little Sisters of the Poor, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, were driven from their institutions and from their native land in the name of liberty by men who claimed themselves apostles of freedom, fraternity and equality. But this did not satisfy.

The demand of the Pope that two French bishops should come to Rome to render an account of their personal conduct, was made as a pretext for its abolition on July 30, 1904. A separation bill was immediately prepared and passed. This bill confiscated all churches, the residences of bishops and priests and all ecclesiastical properties restored to the Church by the terms of the Concordat, also all churches, colleges, schoolhouses, orphanages, hospitals, seminaries and property of whatsoever kind built or purchased by the Church, or endowed by Catholics in the course of the last hundred years, and in which there is not a cent of Government money. The use of the churches alone was allowed for a specified time under conditions which it was impossible to accept, because the control of church affairs was placed entirely in the hands of the Government.

It was not separation of Church and State. God knows, the Church in France would joyfully accept the conditions that prevail here. It was separation with a string tied to it, direction of Church worship by proclaimed infidels. The bishops of France refused to accept the conditions. This peremptory refusal was not expected by the Government, and in consequence they took refuge in the law of 1881. This law was originally promulgated to regulate political meetings, and required that notice must be given of the place, the date and the hour, and must be signed by three persons. If it prevailed here and a parishioner presented himself at the door of the rectory with a dying child clamoring for its baptism, I could not perform the ceremony until the Chief of Police had been notified by three laymen and two policemen assigned for duty at the ceremony. A visiting priest could not say mass without a notice to the Chief of Police, and only yesterday a visiting bishop of Brazil was fined five dollars and costs in Paris for saying mass without notifying the Prefect of Police of the day and hour. Is it any wonder that the bishops of France rejected this law and cry out against such a separation of Church and State!

At the conclusion of the address by Father Kirwin a committee on resolutions was appointed by the chairman, and the following resolutions were prepared and presented to the meeting and unanimously adopted:

"The citizens of Galveston, in mass meeting assembled, witnessing the pitiless expulsion from their homes of the Sisters of Charity, the

despoilation of the churches, the persecution of the people by the infidel Government of France:

"RESOLVED, First: That we express our profound sympathy with the Holy Father and the Christians of France in their dire affliction.

"Two: We brand the infamous action of the Government of France in expelling from their homes, and thereby depriving of the means of subsistence, thousands of religious women and Sisters of Charity, whose only crime was teaching the young duties most sacred, nursing the sick and infirm, giving solace and comfort to the feeble, aged and decrepit, caring for the little orphans and abandoned, ministering to the afflicted in the abodes of misery and pestilence, as an outrage against humanity, and as cruelty befitting only an uncivilized nation.

"Third: We condemn the outrageous theft of Church property as unparalleled in the history of the civilized world, and as an injustice appealing to all mankind for redress.

"Fourth: We denounce the shameless hypocrisy of those persecutors who talk of separation of Church and State, when they mean not separation merely, but enslavement and destruction of the Church.

"Fifth: We resolve to transmit these resolutions to the papal secretary of state, to the aged cardinal of Paris, to President Roosevelt and to the French ambassador in Washington."

A cablegram was sent by Bishop Gallagher to Cardinal Richard at Paris and Cardinal Merry del Val of Rome advising them of the action taken.

The Sabbath

(Sermon, Sunday, September 16, 1917.)

It is singular how often in the life of our Divine Saviour the critical and condemnatory position of the Pharisees toward the concept of the Sabbath presents itself. You remember the incident in the cornfield when He enunciated the great truth, "The Sabbath was made for man—not man for the Sabbath," and today (Luke xiv) Jesus turns to ask, "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day? And they held their peace." He then cited their own course of action with domestic animals, and wrought the miracle by which the poor, palsied creature felt anew the throbbing power of physical vigor.

I cite the Pharisaical attitude toward our Divine Saviour because the Catholic Church is quite frequently the subject of criticism for her concept of the Sabbath. She established it in apostolic times to commemorate the day on which her Divine Founder returned triumphant from the tomb, and the day on which the Holy Ghost descended in power on the apostles. She was breaking away from the traditions and precepts of the Mosaic law. Her broadening vision of worldwide and permanent mission possessed her, and so she set aside the first day of the week as a day consecrated to the physical rest and recreating of man. She insists that her children observe it under pain of sin, and in consequence from early morn till high noon her children in successive masses kneel before her altars and manifest that recognition of God which the Author of the universe and of time expects from His creatures.

The practice of meeting together for the celebration of the Eucharistic sacrifice on the first day of the week is indicated in Acts xxii, 7, and in Corinthians xvi, 2.

During the first three centuries practice and tradition consecrated the Sunday to the public worship of God by the hearing of mass and the resting from work, and in the early fourth century we find in the apostolic constitution that "the hearing of mass and rest from work are prescribed," and the precept is attributed to the apostles.

Now, this is not all that a Catholic is exhorted to do on the Sabbath. The Church is insistent that the entire day should carry uppermost the thought of the Lord's day, that spiritual reading and prayer should be evidenced; that charity should reign.

But from the lips of her Divine Lord and from St. Paul (Cor. ii, 16; Gal. iv, 9-10; Romans xvi, 5) she knew that joy and praise, rest and recreation were not prohibited, and across the centuries she has carried forward the Sunday as a day of sunlight and happiness. She has no patience with those who would make it a day of gloom, when every innocent amusement is prohibited and every physical enjoyment denied. Criticism of the continental Sunday does not affect her, and the playing of games and the opening of clean, pure places of amusement, the excursion into the

city or the seashore, meet with no condemnation from her. She leaves to the individual conscience, under penalty of sin, the due observance of worship, and when abuses creep in and man forgets his duty to God, and thinks and plans for his own selfish enjoyment, heedless of the commands of God and of the Sunday, primarily a day of worship, secondly a day of rest and recreation.

"CLEAN LIVING AND HONESTY"

The epistle and Gospel of this Sunday touch the basic foundations of society in their appeal to clean living and honesty. In the epistle St. Paul cries out to the Romans: "If you live according to the flesh you shall die." The message is for the individual as well as for the nation. When he wrote, Rome was degenerating. Cornelia, the noble Roman matron who placed her hands upon the heads of her boys and said, "These are my jewels," had been succeeded by the Roman courtesan, and "consuls changed their wives as they did their shoes."

Rome is a memory; the power that ruled the world vanished. 'Tis the 14th of July and those who read history know that the French Revolution was God's visitation upon the tyranny and sensuality, and its unconscious instruments ended their mad saturnalia by putting a wanton woman upon the altar as the goddess of reason. The Pilgrim and the Puritan were a powerful element in the development and civilization of our own fair land. Their children manifested selfishness and love of pleasure. Children were tabooed and the legions of foreign birth and descent march out to France and they at home, like Rachael, "bewail their children because they are not."

The message to the individual can be read as you run. Summon out of the line the companions and friends who gave themselves to sensuality and the lusts of the flesh and the answer is "Dead"—not on the field of honor, not in high enterprise, but dead in their sins.

"But if by the spirit you mortify the deeds of the flesh, you shall live."

The Gospel tells this story of the unjust steward. He would have fitted into our time without difficulty. He was a waster of substance and dismissal came. He was fearful as to his ability to dig and he would not beg. So he "fixed the books" and entered into collusion with his master's debtors. He was an educated thief.

Mere knowledge will not save. 'Tis power, but it is not moral strength and courage. One's will must be trained as well as his intellect. Our blessed Lord does not commend the unjust steward when He says: "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," but He does condemn our spiritual lethargy and indifference, our tendency to conform to the world's standards and surrender our conviction to the world's appeal.

"GRACE FOR ALL"

There are three very important suggestions presented in cursory read-

ing of the epistle and Gospel proper to this Sunday: St. Paul cries out to the Corinthians, "By the grace of God I am what I am and His grace in me hath not been void." St. Paul was a marvelous character. He protested humbly that he was not worthy to be called an apostle because he had persecuted the church of God: He asked fervently for progress, "lest whilst he preached to others he himself might become a castaway." Yet, when there was question of his citizenship or his rights he never suffered oppression without resistance. He cried out to Festus: "I am a Roman citizen," and he royally proclaimed that he was of Tarsus, "no mean city." He proudly asserts today his correspondence with the grace of God, and this point of his character is worthy of our solicitous conformity.

God gives to every creature sufficient grace to save himself, just sufficient—not a superabundance, for that would destroy the free will of man. If we are lethargic and negligent of the grace of God, if we heed not the invitation of grace, we endanger our soul's salvation. This grace becomes void in us, but it does not lose its sanctifying effects. The invitation unheeded by us, the cry goes out to the highways and byways and to others the grace is given. Since the salvation of our immortal souls is the most important affair of our lives, let us cry out with St. Paul, "and God's grace in me hath not been void."

The Gospel records the healing of the deaf and dumb man by the blessed Saviour. The early Church was so impressed by this incident that it translated it entirely into the baptismal service and over each of us the priest of God has cried "Ephpheta" which is "Be thou opened in the odor of sweetness."

The Church would have our ears attuned to gracious, pleasant things. She would have them closed to scandal, gossip, untruth.

"And he spoke right" one might conclude from the English translation that it was simply a turn of correct functioning and that the organ of speech had been restored.

But the original carries a much broader and deeper signification. It means that he used his tongue wisely and well. He never applied the acid test to his neighbor's character, he did not reveal and magnify the faults of others; he did not attribute false motives; he had a pleasant word for everybody. The lesson is not difficult to apply. Let us conform to the grace of God and not render it null and void. Let us keep our ears open "in the odor of sweetness," with no eager anxiety to hear bitter things. Let us speak right and sure of the foundations of justice and truth upon which we take our stand. Let us always remember that "Charity covereth a multitude of sins."

"PEACE IN SIGHT"—GREAT WORLD WAR

We are grateful this morning to God. Our president—and I believe God in His wisdom gave him to America and the world as a great leader and a just guide—has received a reply from the German people, which,

analyzed, spelled abject surrender. Their will to war is broken, and out of the crushing defeat impending, they appeal to him, "with his loins girt about with truth, having on the breastplate of justice and his feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace," to supervise the march of their victorious and proud armies back to the border of the fatherland. They plead for an armistice when their defeated military forces shall have been interned in their own territory.

The decision rests with the president and we pray that God may enlighten and strengthen him. The American people stand at "attention" awaiting his word of command. He has cleft asunder with "the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God, the principalities and powers, the rulers of the world of darkness, the spirits of wickedness in the high places." How completely that program of Paul to the Ephesians, which is the epistle proper to this Sunday, covers the ideals that actuate us as a people this blessed day.

We read in connection with it the parable in Gospel of "The king who would take an account of his servants." We know the mercy of the king, the ruthless lack of pity shown by the servant "who had been forgiven all," and had no compassion himself. We hear the tender appeal of Jesus Christ, "So also shall my heavenly Father do to you, if you forgive not everyone his brother from your hearts."

We have much to forgive our enemies. The natural man pleads for the "evening up of the account." Who shall outrage the women and children of Germany? Who shall burn their cities and destroy their fields?

We have 256 men from the cathedral parish upon that service flag, which hangs there by the blessed Mother's altar. A priest from this sanctuary is "over there" this morning in the battle line. We trust that none of ours shall attempt to "tie the score" in rapine and assault. The flag went forth untarnished. Let them bring it home unsullied. We have paid our debt of gratitude to France, we have freed her holy places from the tramp of the invader. We pray that

> "Peace may over all the world
> Its blessed banners fling,
> And the whole world send back the song,
> Which now the angels sing."

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

The introit of the mass of the 24th Sunday after Pentecost opens with the prophetic call, "I think thoughts of peace, and not of affliction, saith the Lord. You will call upon me and I will hear you and I will bring back your captivity from all places. Thou hast blessed thy land, O Lord."

With hearts attuned to that glorious message we join our prayers and praise to those of the Czeco-Slavs, the Jugo-Slavs, the Poles and other peoples for whom this world war ends with the right of self-direction and

the attainment of national aspirations. Across the weary wastes of years they have known captivity and subjection, and suddenly their dreams and long-deferred hopes are realized. America has been God's instrument through which the powers of autocracy have been crushed and the rule of the people has been enthroned.

What of the future? We may know something of storms and stress. The Gospel tells the story of Peter's bark upon the sea of Galilee. The Master taught the multitude therefrom, and then set out for the other side. Storm-tossed and sore distressed, the apostles cried out to Him, "Lord, save us or we perish." The Master lay asleep in the stern of the ship. He arises and stills the storm and gently reproves them. "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?"

The Gospel narrative has left its impress architecturally on the living Church, and the Catholic faith finds the Master asleep in the stern of the ship. When trial and difficulty come to the individual soul, they rush here to His presence to ask aid and comfort. When the storm breaks over nations and the world and men are fearful and disturbed, we catch the impress of this vision, the Master will still the tempest, Peter's bark will ride the storm-tossed waves. He is with her "all days even to the consummation of the world."

The Cataclysm of 1900

"Out of the depths I have cried unto Thee, hear, oh! hear my prayer." Psalms cxxxix.

Up before my vision rises a fair island city, by wind and wave winnowed as a thresher's floor by death and desolation, and where the day before homes abounded and peace and plenty and happiness, frightful ruin grimly greets the smiling sun, and like the Burmese woman, Galveston,

> "With a look of woe and garments rent,
> Worn as one whose life was spent,
> And in her arms a burden dread
> She bore, her children cold and dead."

For the first few hours despondent, like Rachael of old, she bewailed her lost children "And would not be comforted because they were not," and then the pressing needs of those who braved the storm and lived smote her heart with weight of added woe.

A messenger to let the world know! How hopefully, how confidently that cry arose and was answered.

"Out of the depths I cry unto Thee, hear, oh! hear my prayers." I seem to catch the plaintive tones of the Davidic psalm ringing along the wires and pulsating beneath the ocean wave in electric currents to arouse the citizens of the world, and whilst from the busy marts and commercial centers of this fair land, where selfishness and greed and private gain were supposed to hold high court, special trains thundered southward bearing the precious burdens of food and raiment and ministering angels to heal the broken hearts and bind up the wounds. From our nearby sister city —once a rival, now an admiration—came immediate succor and relief. Though torn and wounded herself, she forgot her own losses, merged them in our greater sorrow and lifted the burden from stricken Galveston that she might rise to her feet; and once the footing was gained, the sturdy, strong, heroic sons and tender, merciful daughters of Galveston lent themselves to a task that far surpassed the former griefs of human kind. The horror of it all! The teeming morgues! The heavily freighted death barges! The funeral pyres! Shall we ever forget them?

Great God, Galveston thanks Thee for those strong men and tender women, whom death could not blanch nor desolation overwhelm! Galveston thanks Thee that she can claim them, as the mother of the Grachi, her own and challenges the world's admiration as well as the world's pity.

Galveston was so busy burying and burning her dead children, feeding the hungry with her spare stores and clothing the naked with her scant remnants that abundant relief stood at the docks of Texas City, the clearing house of the nation's charity and Galveston's sorrow, before she was prepared to receive it, and then communication by wire and rail was restored and we were made to realize that not only the great State of Texas and its noble governor, not only this great nation and its honored presi-

dent, but the world stood aghast at our horrors and rang with our necessities, and back of us stood the humanity of the world with aid and assistance. Not only every village and hamlet, every city and town of the United States responded readily, but from across the Atlantic foam and out from our sister republics to the south, relief and financial help came. It is my pleasant duty today to feebly express Galveston's thanks for the benevolence, the charity, the humanity of the world. Galveston were indeed but little thankful if simple words of mine could say how much Galveston thanks her benefactors and above all the modest, efficient adjutant general, who brought order out of chaos, and ruled for ten brief days; whose reign was so benign and helpful that we would fain have retained him; the Red Cross and its sainted president, Clara Barton, noble woman; the oft-called soulless trusts and corporations, who forgot themselves and exposed their tender, solicitous hearts; the moneyed men for their remittances of thousands; the widows and the poor for their mites, and the little tots, "of such is the kingdom of heaven," who gave up their dolls to her orphaned children who had lost their own in the flood.

On this day of national thanksgiving Galveston cries out with a full heart:

"My eyes are open now to see
That all the world has wept with me.
Great God, I thank Thee."

The world's charity has healed the broken heart, and like the plants that throw their fragrance from the wounded parts, breathed sweetness out of woe, and her sorrow, touched by it, grew bright with more than rapture's say, for

"Darkness showed her worlds of light
She never saw by day."

And with the munificent offerings of a generous world comes a message, and Galveston has caught its every word and enshrined them in her innermost heart, a message of hope and confidence, most fittingly expressed by slightly changing that classical expression of patriotic emotion, the mast song of Longfellow:

"Galveston! Build on, nor fear to breast the sea,
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!"

When God Shall Judge the Evil and the Good

(Sermon November 23, 1913.)

(At St. Mary's Cathedral)

Thirteenth verse of the twenty-fourth chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew: "And they will see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of Heaven with great power and majesty."

This is the twenty-fourth and last Sunday after Pentecost. With it the Catholic Church closes her ecclesiastical year, and next Sunday the songs and sighs of Advent will be upon her lips. The Gospel of the Sunday is St. Matthew's description of

"That day of wrath, that dreadful day
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
When shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead."

We shall be there, my dear brethren, and hear that trumpet sound, and shall fall into our places at the bidding of the angel's trumpet. It is no poet's dream, no philosopher's concept, no idealist's imagination, that Matthew presents for our consideration, but the blessed truth of Jesus Christ. The Church advocates reflection upon this scene, which the Master Himself has pictured, for we shall all be participants in this tremendous tragedy. Briefly let us consider.

WHO SHALL BE JUDGE?

Who shall be the judge? The gentle Saviour will judge us. He who came in the poverty and want of the cattle stable, He who loved little children, who dried the tears of the widow of Naim, and protected the adulterous woman from the stoning hypocrites; the gentle Saviour who permitted the Magdalene to know and love Him, who associated with sinners and ate with them, and who in the triumphs of mercy and forgiveness prayed for His persecutors, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

What shall He judge? All our thoughts, words and actions, "and then shall He render to every man according to his works." We may deceive the world, we may wear the mask of a hypocrite and receive its adulation and praise, when we deserve its condemnation, but the truth will be there exposed, and justice meted out. Then shall the judgments of the world be signally reversed. Then shall be discovered how delusive were the standards by which it measures men and things, then shall be found that things which men had long agreed to call success have been signal failures and that poor souls who were thought to have failed have succeeded. For in truth, success is a different thing estimated by man and

by God. There is no possibility of deceiving the Judge, for He is all-wise, all-just, all-knowing.

WHAT SHALL THE VERDICT BE?

What shall the verdict be? Oh, that, my dear brethren, concerns us most. I am not a pessimist, religiously speaking. I know that when the Master has called us all to the harvest home, like a good husbandman, how he will look across the field. Here and there the blight and drought will be in evidence, here and there stalks will be beaten down by wind and rain, by temptation and sin; but across the fields the red, ripening corn will be in abundance. Oh, may we hear the blessed words, "Well done, good and faithful servant." But let us remember that many will hear "depart from me into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels."

Let us so employ our time in the year that will open for us next Sunday that we may be prepared, and let these be two rules of life: be solicitous about your own daily duties. Perform well the actions of your daily life, do them for God, and the doing of them will make you Saints. To your neighbor be a neighbor in the widest sense of Christian charity, but seek not to be his judge. Leave that to the gentle, merciful "Son of Man, coming in the clouds of heaven with great power and majesty to judge the world."

Faith Shown by Charity

(Sermon for the Second Sunday of Advent.)

"What went ye out into the desert to see?"

The Church, in solemn form through this forty hours' devotion, calls upon us, as St. John the Baptist from his prison cell commanded his followers to visit Jesus Christ. They came to ask whether He was the long-looked-for Messiah. We come to recognize His holy presence and to plead with Him for a continuance of His mercy and love. We follow the messengers of St. John out into the desert place, and from the Blessed Saviour's lips we hear the response, "the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the poor have the Gospel preached unto them."

He gave as an evidence of His divine mission the works of mercy and pity which He had performed, and if we would give evidence of our allegiance to Him, we must carry His Gospel in our hearts and manifest it by works of benevolence, of charity, of compassion. It is the only effective way in which the poor have the Gospel preached to them.

The Church has caught the message, and in every country and clime has translated it into action. She has erected hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged, the blind, the deaf, the helpless, the defenseless; and in her service she bends the fairest of her daughters, the daughters of her sons.

We hear Christ's commendation of St. John the Baptist, that he was an angel sent "to prepare the way before me;" and the courage, the fidelity of the great precursor arises before our mind. We catch the vision of drunken Herod and dancing Salome, and the beheading of St. John, for he never leaves the prison cell from which he sends his followers in this morning's Gospel to interrogate the Master, and then we whisper a prayer for those of our boys who in far-flung battle line in France and Flanders carry our standard. We know that they shall not be "as a reed shaken by the wind," we pray that the consistent self-sacrificing courage of St. John the Baptist may fill their hearts. You will not forget them as you come to the house of God today in earnest prayer. They are not "clothed in soft garments," and even in the camps at home sickness and hardships are visited upon them. Let us not be critical and condemnatory to others. Let us manifest by our own co-operation with the Red Cross, by service in the work room and at surgical dressings, on the part of every woman who has a bit of leisure, that we realize that they carry our burdens, and our every effort shall be exercised to protect and keep intact their physical strength.

St. Paul's exhortation to the Romans, as we find it in the Epistle of this Sunday, breathes the prayer and voices the desire of the Church and country: "Now the God of patience and of comfort grant you to be of one mind."

Work of Sisters of Charity

In that beautiful co-ordination or logical development of the same theme that frequently characterizes the Epistle and Gospel of the Sundays, as they are read by the Church, we find this morning that woman's fidelity and loyalty are the theme of commendation in both the Epistle and Gospel.

In the early Philippian Church she exercised the right to differ with her sister as to the means to an end, and we find St. Paul exhorting: "I beg of Evodia and I beseech Syntyche to be of one mind in the Lord." What was the occasion of the difference is not recorded, but there was no question of the earnest adhesion of these women to the cause of Christ, and heart interest, mixed though it be with a little of self, is preferable in any cause to cold indifference.

The great heart of woman has always played its parts in the cause of Christ and in the development of His Church. On Calvary's heights, when all seemed lost, there were four women and only one man, and he, St. John, was the gentlest of the Apostles.

One catches St. Paul's cry, "Help those women who have labored with me in the Gospel," and before his vision passes an innumerable army of fair, devoted souls, in every kind of garb, who have served and still serve in the great Commander's corps.

"Suffer little children to come unto me," He whispers; and they catch His voice and in a thousand schools they serve. They have left home and country. They have left the world and all its fleeting joys, to carry the beauty of Christian life into the hearts of His little friends.

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me;" and the Sister of Charity ministers by the bedside of pain and pestilence.

> "Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath!
> Like an angel she moves 'midst the vapors of death;
> Where sounds the loud trumpet and flashes the sword,
> Unfearing she walks, for she follows her Lord."

She takes the orphan to her bosom; she eases the rough ends of the way for the aged. From a thousand battlements where pain is eased and mercy shown, the Cross of Christ flashes in the sunlight this morning, and under this glorious standard faithful, devoted women, whose unselfish service would have rejoiced the heart of St. Paul, battle in Christ's name.

"I am the Good Shepherd," echoes across the centuries; and when the soiled doves of society, the women whom passionate man has used and cast aside, can find not "where to lay their head," the Sister of the Good Shepherd lends herself in service to those who have no friends.

The Catholic Church has ever been proud of her devoted Sisterhoods serving in silence and sincerity, and her constant plea to the laity is to share in their good work, not merely by alms and benefaction, but by recruiting in their own households the reserve forces that will take their places in the front line trenches when disease and death have depleted their numbers.

In the Gospel narrative we have the incident of the woman of great Faith. "If I touch only the hem of His garment, I shall be healed." The Gospel continues with the healing of the ruler's daughter, and life comes back to the heart that had gone silent to the touch of death, because of a father's tender plea and confident faith. Let us approach in the same spirit of confident faith the Blessed Master and ask Him, here present in the Sacrament of the altar, to come down and heal the world's wounds and to whisper gentle words of peace.

Our Duty to God

"But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." James 1, 22.

This rule of Christian life which the apostolic Bishop of Jerusalem gives to his people has been especially significant this morning. The idea of service has taken possession of the world for the moment, and we seem to forget that the first service is the obligation of worship and adoration which we owe to Almighty God. We will never grasp the correct concept of duty and service to our fellow-man, until we have based it on our love and duty to God. St. James is practical. He cries out that faith alone will not save; that we must be not merely hearers but doers of the word. He presents that familiar illustration of the man who looked at himself in the mirror and presently forgot what manner of man he was and went away; and it is the greatest reproach that unbelievers bring against us, that we do not carry into our daily lives the faith which we readily bear; that we do not apply to our own practice the idea of Christian precept.

St. James cautions us to bridle the tongue or else our religion will be vain; and in this day of trial and stress, when the world stands appalled at the loss of human life, let us remember that Christian charity and not tempestuous criticism becomes the Christian American. The task set the authorities of this republic will not be lightened by vehement and condemnatory speech.

St. James cries out again: "Religion pure and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction;" and the cry of distress and famine that arises from Belgium and Poland affords an opportunity for the exercise of religion pure and undefiled. When the inclination to become vocal assails us, let us quiet it by contributing our mite to the relief of those whom the war has despoiled and impoverished.

Address in Honor of Thirtv-Six Who Died Serving Their Fellowmen

Annual Memorial Exercises of the State Medical Association were held at the City Auditorium in Galveston. Rev. Father Kirwin said:

One hardly knows the form this Memorial Address should take, for, personally, but few of the honored dead whose names have just been read crossed my orbit; but Hall and Burditt, Nave and Pope, carry a message, for I personally knew that honest, faithful service was their line and compass; and McCain who died down there by the Rio Grande, ruthlessly slain, whose armor was his honest thought and simple truth his utmost skill!

But as I heard the death-roll of the year called, my mind flew far away across the Atlantic foam and on the heights of Verdun I could see the general in command assembling his routed forces and some sergeant major calling out the dread response: "Dead on the field of honor!" Surely, if that response is won by men of iron mold, by grey captains leading bands of veteran men, and fiery youths to the vultures' feasts, it should be on the lips of civilization's heralds sounding the praises of those who save rather than those who destroy.

"The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious army
That minister's to pain is open still."

What is it so contradictory in human nature? Why should great generals thrill us, great captains of industry enthuse us, great builders of railways command attention whilst names like Reed and Carroll, who died that men might live, are comparatively unknown, unhonored and unsung? Not to the blare of trumpets, not to the touch of elbows, not to the soldiers' charge, they went to face death with the resistless strength of knowledge, and they went forth conquering and to conquer warriors for life; and bearing their crest high above the thick of the fight, they staid the call of the great white rider to more millions of men than dread war shall claim in its ruthless destruction.

As the list was read, gracious memories of the old family physician who stood guardian at the doorway of life for me, whose gentle counsel and noble life illumined the village byways, whose physical care and intellectual power shed a radiance in memory, comes like a benediction to me. Then a picture comes of a noble young man whom I first met in my priestly ministry here, a dark room, poverty, desolation in evidence. Upon the altar of his country a young man had laid his life, and because of lack of medical attention in Cuba he had returned gangrenous. How tenderly he cared for him; how tenderly he dressed that corrupted limb! and he had no thought or prospect of compensation. How reluctantly, despite the burden and the heat of the day, he yielded him, and with inverted torch did stand

by and lead him with gentle hand into the silent land! You men know a thousand such characters, and you know too how little thought of material compensation controls the actions of the vast majority of the ministers of pain. These memorial exercises furnish the opportunity to those who know the seamy side of life, who love you for your unselfish service, who know how freely you give that which heaven has lent you, skill and science, to the poor who see in the still watches of the night how readily you answer to duty, stern daughter of the voice of God, to say a word of praise. May the Great Physician, under Whose banner, the red cross of service, you pledge your faith, be present always when you carry out your dead, to pin upon their breast the cross of the legion of honor. And may we all, assembled here to honor your dead comrades, realize with you that "in the morn those angel faces smile, which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

Charity, Brotherly Love and Kindness

There are two thoughts prominent in the Epistle and Gospel of this Sunday—the one moral in its suggestion, and the other prophetical in its utterance, upon which we can look back with confidence, and, fortified by its historic fulfillment, we look forward to its continued repetition. St. Peter in the epistle warns his early converts to be prudent and watch in prayer, but "above all things to have a mutual constant charity among yourselves, for charity covers a multitude of sins." (I Peter, iv.)

The great Apostle is not referring to the dole of charity, whereby immediate physical stress is relieved, but to that wider conception of fraternal love. Adherence to this precept caused the pagan world to cry out: "See how these Christians love one another," and won it over to Christian standards. Unfortunately this virtue is not characteristic of our age. We are torn by conflicting views and private interpretation into a thousand sects; we are filled with curiosity and the sin, the vice, the impurity of the world and of our neighbor is served at our breakfast table in the daily record of the world's story. It flashes in suggestive form from screen and book; it fills our idle moments with gossip, in which the faults and not the virtues of our friends are manifested. The charity which St. Peter exhorts us to display is the charity of the intellect that thinketh no evil, the charity of the heart that loves the good and the true, the beautiful, and covers a multitude of sins; the charity of the tongue speaketh no evil, the charity of the hand that giveth freely in money and service to relieve distress.

In the Gospel we are confronted with our Divine Lord's promise that the Church must continually know criticism, conflict and the direct persecution. She must suffer misrepresentation if she genuinely adheres to the standards which He has set for her to defend. Today she is accused of desire of world-power, of putting her spiritual chief above political rulers, of seeking the kingdom of the world, of failure to stop the world war; but confidently she faces the future, knowing that the very same charges have been met and overcome a thousand times in the conflicts of twenty centuries. Above the turmoil she can hear the Master's gentle voice: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you, for my name's sake." Her mission is a spiritual one. She never concerns herself with political problems. She knows no national lines. Against the trenches where the brave French priest fights in the ranks at Verdun, the hardy Bavarian peasant storms, and though both give a ready allegiance to the same faith, it in no way interferes but rather gives zest to the performance of their patriotic duty.

The Catholic can well afford to be patient under such insinuations. Charity should fill his heart and cause him to hold his tongue. Upon his lips should be the Blessed Master's response: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Cannot Serve God and Mammon

(Sermon, September 2, 1917)

There is a tremendous reserve power in the word of God, and, as the lights and shadows fall upon this world, the days seem to take on a new meaning, to carry a new message. Yet the message is ever ancient, ever new, and it is only our viewpoint that endows it with change.

St. Paul's epistle to the Galatians, particularly that portion dealing with sexual sins and their condemnation, is read for us this morning. In the light of the departure of our soldier boys of the great selective army, and the realization of the snares and pitfalls that surround them, all good people have become vocal and are striving to protect them. This helps and eliminates the dangers which threaten them. Mere knowledge will not save. Mere information of the devastating conditions that prevailed upon the border last year will not prevent. We must bring a sense of the enormity of sin to bear upon the individual conscience.

"All who do such things shall not obtain the kingdom of God." We must cultivate the love for the pure, the virtuous in the young lives. The Catholic mother will kneel with her boy before the shrine of Mary, the Blessed Mother of God, and implore him to shun temptation and to come back to her triumphant over sin and disease.

"They who are of Christ have crucified their flesh with its vices and lusts." And what an indictment of our present civilization is presented in the beautiful picture which Jesus Christ gives us in the Gospel of this day! "You cannot serve God and mammon." For decades we have been caught up with the ideas of personal efficiency and national prosperity. We have been anxious only for what we shall eat and what we shall put on —the nations of the world have cherished economy, control and domination of the world's markets. We have had no time for the finer, the spiritual things. Poetry, painting, the arts, architecture, have had no appeal, no soul, no vigor. They have been strangers in our lives. But instead we have turned aside in mad pursuit of worldly wealth, and we have failed to answer the question, "Is not the life more than the food? And the body more than the raiment?" We had no concept of God's providential care of the nations of the world and, being "of little faith," we were anxious only about what we shall eat, or what we shall drink, or wherewithal we shall be clothed.

The indictment of heathen civilization, the condemnation of pagan ideals, is justly deserved. And where have we landed? In the midst of desolation and destruction, with the nations of the world clamoring for food and pleading for raiment. We have served mammon and abandoned God, and we are wasting in war and destroying in world conflict the very things we set our hearts on. Our hopes turned to dust and ashes—and like smoke upon the dusty desert's face, lighting a little hour or two, are gone.

The cry of Jesus has an added meaning this morning. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice." Let us pray that the Blessed Master Who presents for our consideration the lilies of the field, the birds of the air and the grass of the field, and draws from their beauty and conservation the lesson of God's protecting care, may lift our vision from material to spiritual things, and that realizing His constant blessings, His glorious sunshine and developing rains, His ever-watchful providential care, we may be spurred on to go forward to higher and better living, seeking "first the kingdom of God and His justice," and confident that "all these other things shall be added unto us."

Power of Jesus Christ

(Sermon of September 30, 1917)

"And the multitude seeing it, feared and glorified God that gave such power to men." Matt. ix, 8.

The entire Catholic world joins itself in reverent fear and faithful praise to God "that gave such power to men."

When the poor, palsied man, let down through the roof, because of the crowd, came into the presence of Jesus Christ, the Master looked beyond his physical condition to the state of his soul and gently whispered to him, "be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee." Then for the first time was the familiar objection put: "Who but God can forgive sins?" It was formulated by the Scribes and Pharisees, the bitter enemies of Christ, and He answered that He was more than man, that He was God; for immediately through the palsied frame of the victim there was the electric touch of divine power and the vigor of health; and Christ's response, "That you may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins, then said He to the man sick of the palsy, arise take thy bed and go unto thy house."

It was this miracle which roused the fear and praise of the multitude; and it is the marvelous continuation of that power which brings consolation and comfort to the Catholic soul palsied with sin.

Jesus Christ is more than man. He is God. That conviction of His divine power is the cornerstone of faith. He forgave sins in His own name and by His own power. He saw fit to communicate that power to men, to His Apostles: "He breathed upon them and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." John xx, 22-23.

It is the dynamic power of Jesus Christ operating through men. I know that by turning the switch there upon the wall light will diffuse itself through those electric bulbs. The power is generated elsewhere, but it lies there ready for application. I know that when, with the proper disposition, I present myself before the authorized agent of Jesus Christ, that dynamic power will cleanse my soul from sin. The Catholic realizes that light will not diffuse itself if the little platinum films be not perfect. He knows that, unless he has sorrow for his sins, a firm purpose of amendment, a determination to repair all injury and to avoid the occasions of sin in the future, the light of God's grace will not diffuse itself in his soul and drive away the darkness of sin. He must present himself with the proper dispositions and he realizes that the absolution of the priest is both a prayer and a mystery: "May our Lord Jesus Christ absolve you, and I, by His authority, and in His name, absolve you."

By the pronouncement of these solemn words by the priest, God's representative, sins are forgiven. Then, like Longfellow's maiden, "Homeward he walks—with God's benediction upon him."

In this connection two pictures present themselves constantly to the Catholic vision. They are the broken and bruised body of Jesus Christ upon the Cross of scorn: "Greater love than this hath no man that he lay down his life for his friend." The other the gentle presentation of the Master whispering to the palsied man: "Be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee."

Parable of the Mustard Seed

(Sermon, November 18, 1917.)

The Church reads for us this morning two of the inimitable parables of Jesus Christ in which He foresees and foretells the development of His kingdom on earth. He compares it to a grain of mustard seed, which is the least indeed of all seeds; but when it is grown up it is greater than any herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and dwell in the branches thereof.

How impotent Christianity seemed in its beginning! Its tenets came from Him who was born in a cattle stable and was crucified as a malefactor. They were propagated by rude Hebrew peasants whom He had gathered by the lakesides and hillsides of Galilee. His doctrines were difficult and hard to understand. They ran counter to the culture of Greece and the power of Rome, and yet despite persecution and death, they were carried to Athens, the center of the world's culture, and to Rome, the center of the world's power, and triumphed. At first it would seem that the hand of a Roman proconsul had but to be lifted and it would be crushed. Three centuries scarcely passed ere the cross of infamy was emblazoned on the banners of Constantine, and the libarum, carried as a standard, proclaimed "In this sign thou shalt conquer!" Surely the finger of God was there.

But we cannot rest satisfied with the intellectual contemplation of the growth of Christ's doctrine in the world, and the fact that the nations of the world find rest and security in the branches of the tree which is planted. The parable has an individual application. What growth and what developments have taken place in our own souls? The same seed of divine truth, justice, purity and sobriety has been planted in our souls and the obligation rests with us individually to so act, to so live that the world may see the beauty of our faith and the security of our doctrines and find rest therein. Again, Christ says: "The kingdom of heaven is like to leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened." His own blessed doctrines have leavened the world. We know the chemical or fermenting process. Each cell must carry on what it receives, or an additional burden is placed on the original mass and surrounding cells, and where cells fail to assimilate their portion, a void, an empty space, results. 'Tis true in the Christian life. The Catholic who resists God's grace, who fails to observe truth, justice, purity and sobriety, becomes a void across which others of the Church must carry the beauty and security of her teachings.

What influence have you had upon those who come in contact with you? St. Paul cries out to the Thessalonians in the epistle of today: "Our Gospel has not been to you in word only, but in power also, so that you were made a pattern to all that believe in Macedonia and Achaia."

The tremendous growth of the early Church was not traceable to

miracles. Those early Christians lived their faith and the pagan world stood at attention and marveled: "See how those Christians love one another!" The divine leaven has not lost its power. Spiritually we do not carry on. We fail to communicate its powers to others and to lift them, because we ourselves do not exemplify our faith. We are wanting in charity. We are critical of others and self-centered. We lack that high sense of justice that should characterize a Christian, and the outside world believes our religion is but a Sunday suit.

We lapse from truth where a lie will serve for material gain and worldly influence. We know nothing of self-denial, and when God and country together call, we are hesitant and prefer our own physical comfort to our neighbor's needs. If we would witness a renewal of the leavening process it must commence with ourselves. Let us not be concerned about our neighbor's failure to carry on; let us yield ourselves to serve and the world will cry out, as did St. Paul of old: "being mindful of the work of your faith, and labor and charity, and of the enduring of the hope of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Be Slow to Speak

(Father Kirwin made many patriotic addresses after we entered the war, advising, inspiring and encouraging his fellow countrymen.)

That beautiful yet simple co-ordination of the Epistles and Gospels of the Sunday strikes us anew. Dogmatically, we catch the message of St. James, which, like every perfect gift, "cometh down from the Father of lights, with Whom there is no change nor shadow of alteration."

We have been "begotten by the word of truth." In the Gospel there is the promise of Jesus Christ, "I will send the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, who will teach you all truth." We are not fearful of the future. The church of God is confident in the protection of the "Father of lights," she can know no change nor shadow of alteration. Her base of triangulation has always been her firm belief in the Holy Trinity, her confident assurance of the divinity of Jesus Christ, her absolute faith in the guidance and protection of the Holy Ghost, "who will teach all truth." She does not know how to shift her base of opinion and individual judgment, she knows that faith alone will not save, and that good works are necessary. She loves the Epistle of James and she reads it to her children praying them "with weakness receive the engrafted word which is able to save your souls." She lingers upon the moral advice "be swift to hear, but slow to speak, and slow to anger, for the anger of man worketh not the judgment of God," and she would have us adopt it as a spiritual slogan.

Unfortunately we are a people quick to speak and somewhat slow to hear. We are voluble and vocal. If the chancellories of Europe had heeded the advice the world would not be drenched in blood. If we heed it individually the ready word of scandal and gossip shall find no place on our lips, we shall not attribute selfish motives to our neighbor's conduct, we shall not utter the thoughtless word that corrodes and destroys the fair name of woman, we shall not whisper the insidious suggestion that undermines the character of virtuous men. We are inclined to "say what we think without thinking," an eminent public man cried out last week. The advice is especially applicable at the present time. In every public conveyance and assembly place in France there are warnings, "Be silent." Thoughtful and wise men warn us that much valuable information is being communicated to our enemies because we are not "slow to speak." Our very national existence is in supreme danger, and yet we indulge our predominant characteristic of wanting to know and wanting to tell.

AT THE WORLD-FAMOUS GROTTO—MONSIGNOR KIRWIN AT LOURDES, IN FRANCE

LAST SEMINARY FACULTY UNDER MONSIGNOR KIRWIN. FATHER G. ELMENDORF, COMPILER OF MEMOIRS SECOND FROM RIGHT, SECOND ROW

No Place for Prejudice

Tendencies to question the loyalty of anybody because of racial or religious differences must not manifest themselves.

The American and Teutonic lineage shows as large in the death lists by land and by sea as any other element of our people. Blind prejudice is likely to undermine the unity of the nation.

Despite the efforts of certain fearful Christians who see a new religion and a new morality after the war, I find no better guidance, for yesterday in the face of history, for today in the face of conflict and death and for tomorrow in the face of freedom and victory, than Peter's exhortation to his little flock: "I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, that you refrain yourselves from carnal desires, which war against the soul." What better advice could be given our brown clothed pilgrims in the army, members of whom I see before me? The old mother church before whose altars you kneel was uttering this cry long before the moral commissions and a thousand social socialists were heard of, and she will keep repeating it, shot through with supernatural motives, when they have ceased their activities. You will observe that Peter aims his objective at the inner citadel of the heart, carnal desires, not actions. He dissipates the force of attack before the tempter has developed his plans. "Blessed are the clean of heart" was the Master's cry from the mountain top, and Peter's message is the same. An army moves forward on its stomach, and perishes without food. It must have a soul, it must have morale, and the individual who enters it "a pilgrim and a stranger" and gives way to passionate, sensual, carnal desires, will soon be the victim to disease, and even though prophylactic measures may ward off disease, he destroys his own efficiency, he lacks the first qualifications of a loyal soldier, that he be a "clean man;" and "Be ye subject to every human being for God's sake," is Peter's second injunction, and that lesson of obedience to authority and respect for every command, as though it comes from God, is a principle of conduct that badly needs application just now. Too many of us confound liberty and license, freedom and independence, and we must be made to realize that having our own way means a lack of co-ordination and is pregnant with failure. "For so it is the will of God that by doing well you may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."

An appeal is made for 20,000,000 of American men and women to become subscribers to the third liberty loan. I know of no more effective way of grounding and anchoring our love for country than by personal sacrifice and the giving of our money. By doing well in this regard we shall most effectually silence the ignorance of foolish men, who question our determination to see this conflict through to a victory for right and justice.

"As free and not making liberty a cloak for malice, but as servants of God, honor all men." Tendencies to question the loyalty of anybody

because of racial or religious differences must not manifest themselves. The American of Teutonic lineage shows as large in the death lists by land and sea as any other element of our people. Insidious rumor and implied disloyalty can destroy the unity and harmony of this republic, and when we analyze the imputation we invariably find personal prejudice, "the cloak of malice." Constituted authority is well able to care for the situation that confronts us, and auxiliary patriots, overzealous and prejudiced, can find ample room in the front trenches.

A GATHERING IN FRANCE AFTER SERVICES AT THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN HERO

VIEWS OF ST. MARY'S SEMINARY AT LA PORTE, TEXAS

Father Kirwin on Pope Leo XIII

(This is a newspaper account of Pontifical Mass Requiem for Pope Leo XIII held at St. Mary's, July 21, 1903.)

Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem, for the repose of the soul of Pope Leo XIII, was celebrated in St. Mary's Cathedral, Galveston, on Tuesday morning, July 21. Rt. Rev. Bishop Gallagher officiated, and all the clergy of the city were present. The cathedral was simply, yet effectively decorated, great streamers of white and gold—the papal colors, combined with mourning black, being caught across the auditorium, and wound about the great pillars. A catafalque bearing the coat of arms of the dead Pope and a bust of Leo was erected directly in front of the chancel, at the end of the center aisle.

The faithful assembled to do reverence to the memory of the great Pope and there were many others attracted by a desire to hear the tribute of Father Kirwin to the deceased Pontiff. Father Kirwin delivered an able and eloquent sermon, taking for his text the words:

"Behold, a great priest who in his days pleased God and was found just. There has been found none like unto him."

After giving a biographical sketch of Leo XIII, with a glowing eulogy on his statesmanship, learning and piety, he said:

"My personal impressions of the man, Leo XIII—how like a benediction they are!

"Undoubtedly there is much in the atmosphere of the Vatican, in the religious and historical associations surrounding the sublimest personage on earth, be his personality what it may, that renders human language weak when it essays a verbal narrative of the emotions experienced in an audience with the Roman Pontiff. But laying aside all that may be derived from the poetical and the historical, there is no doubt that a blessed half hour of personal contact with Leo XIII a year ago evoked feelings of positive filial affection for him, coupled with sentiments of personal veneration and unbounded admiration of his great mind. His tall, but slightly bent and stately, aged figure, as he stood to receive us; his firm, deep, melodious voice; his face, as bloodless as that of a marble statue, with its deep furrows, its thin lips, slim, straight nose, its keen eyes, out of which there had gone the fire and intensity of youth; his geniality and his graciousness, the smile that illumined his venerable countenance, the trembling, thin hand, with its huge green seal ring, held above our heads in benediction; his fatherly sympathy and tender expression of interest in Galveston's disaster, made me feel that I was in the presence of the most ideal personage of the century. His feebleness and age were forgotten in his presence. The quick, bright, authoritative questioning, the thorough comprehension of details and the dismissal of them with animated face, but queer, feeble gestures, his tender solicitude for the Church in America, his amiable, fatherly and kind farewell and benediction at parting, these

memories shall always linger with me. I shall always think of Leo XIII as one of the figures that must have been more often seen when saints walked the earth, as indeed some saints do walk the earth even now.

"The Catholic Church mourns the loss of a great human personality, but has no fear of the future. 'The Pope is dead! Long live the Pope.' His successor may not have all the great human qualities of mind and heart that endeared the dead Leo to the world, but the divine element within her needs not the vigorous, strenuous gifts of any individual to accomplish its world-wide and all-age work. The voice of the Master has called to him across the waters as He called of old to Peter, but the Master Himself will guide the boat of Peter 'to the consummation of the world.' "

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